The Saturday Evening
# POST
February 16, 1957 — 15¢

FEB 12 '57
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

## VICTOR BORGE
### *Tells His Own Story:*
## EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME

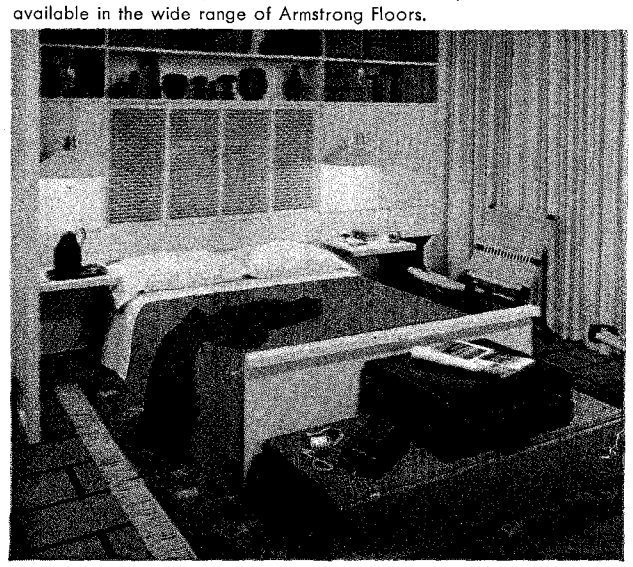
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Floor is Armstrong Corkstyle* Excelon Tile, Style No. 799, with feature strips of plain black, Style No. 790.

THE FLOOR ADDS 24-HOUR CHARM TO THIS

# den by day... guest room by night

**Ah! Here it is!** Just pull out a drawer and the den becomes a luxurious guest bedroom. The striking floor is Armstrong Corkstyle Excelon Tile—an economical do-it-yourself plastic. Other lovely cork effects are available in the wide range of Armstrong Floors.



By day, there's no hint of the bedroom that's hidden in this smart den, but you can see at once that it's a wonderful spot to relax—with an interesting book, a hi-fi record or a good TV show (like Armstrong Circle Theatre). Everything about this room says comfort—especially the warm, golden cork tones of the handsome floor. Cork? Wait a moment! That's not cork—it's the new *Corkstyle* effect in Armstrong Excelon Tile, a budget-priced plastic floor that you can put down yourself with just scissors and a brush for tools. It's very easy to clean, of course, but the best thing about Armstrong Excelon Tile is its modern, fashionable look—for any room in your home.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, "New Beauty, for Basements and Basementless Houses." It's full of stimulating new decorating ideas. We'll also send you a sketch plan of this practical den-guest room and list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5702 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. *Trade-Mark

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

**FLOORS**

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • LINOTILE®
CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • ASPHALT TILE

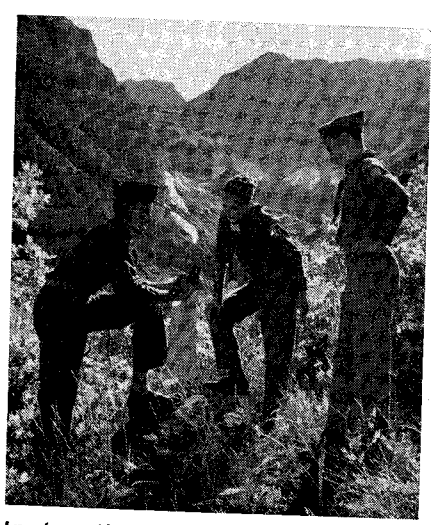
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Helping to speed your telephone call.** Telephone man Byron Jensen tests the intricate equipment that gets your number quickly and accurately.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

# He keeps an electric brain thinking clearly

## You benefit from skills like his whenever you use the telephone



**Instructing Boy Scouts.** Byron, a troop chairman, shows scouts how to orient themselves with a map and compass in the beautiful Wasatch Range near Provo, Utah.

Every time you make a call over a dial telephone, you start an electric brain "thinking" in one of our offices.

First, it tells you when to start dialing by means of a tone. Selects your number automatically from many thousands or millions. Then rings your party or tells you the line is busy.

Such equipment is indeed remarkable. But with all of its electronic magic, it still needs the help of people. So day and night, there is continuous checking and maintenance by telephone office craftsmen like Byron Jensen.

"A big part of the job," he says, "is to keep trouble off the lines. For every one of those calls is important to someone. And some can be very important.

"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many of his evenings and week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying.

"Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community."

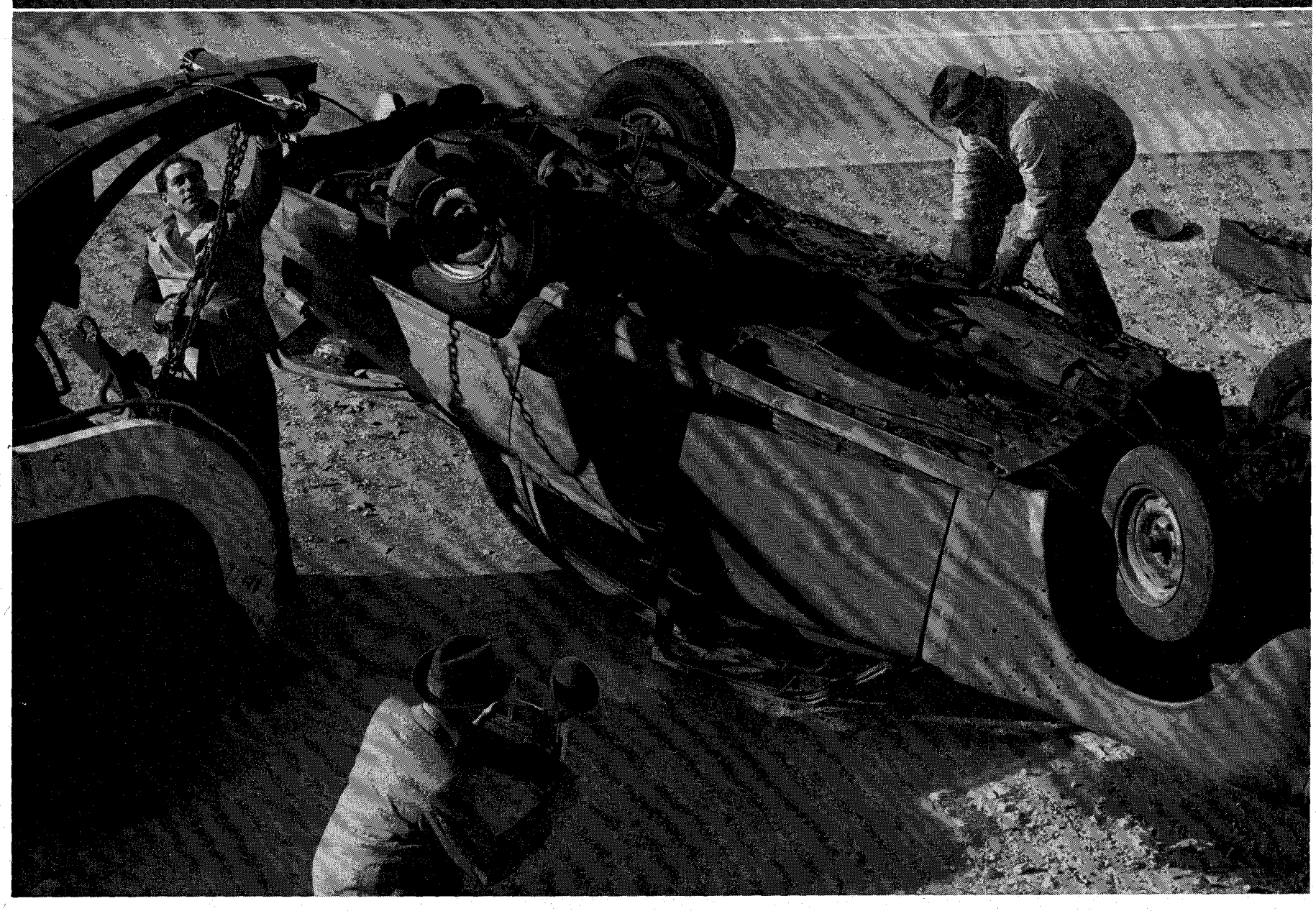
*Working together to bring people together*

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LIBERTY MUTUAL

**The Company that stands by you**



## Upside down crash

### HOW LIBERTY PROTECTS A POLICYHOLDER IN TROUBLE

"The world was upside down in more ways than one when I had that smashup. Although my car was on its back, I escaped injury. The car that caused the accident was badly smashed. Two passengers in it were severely injured. The driver immediately blamed me, swore he'd take every cent I had. I needed expert protection — and, believe me, I got it from Liberty Mutual. The Liberty claimsman got right on the job getting the evidence. The jury decided the case in my favor."

Although this is not an actual case, it illustrates the protection a Liberty Mutual policyholder can count on.

Wherever you drive, Liberty Mutual is ready to help you day and night, Sundays, holidays and weekends. The cost of this fine protection is low. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.

**IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS!** Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

**IT'S EASY TO SWITCH** to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, *Washington Editor*

*Associate Editors:* E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

*Editorial Assistants:* Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor


## IN THIS ISSUE

*February 16, 1957* *Vol. 229, No. 33*

### 4 Short Stories


The Happy Swindler . . . . . *Le Grand Henderson* 22
Already Engaged . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 26
The Notorious Miss Maggie . . . . . *Edward Gardner, Jr.* 31
My Sister's Mistake . . . . . *Dana Burnet* 34


### 9 Articles


Everybody Laughs at Me (First of seven articles) *Victor Borge, as told to Dean Jennings* 19
Take the President Out of the White House! . . . . *Peter Wyden* 24
North African Nightmare . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 27
Where Baseball Stars are Born . . . . . *Harry T. Paxton* 28
How to be Happy Though Incompatible . . . . . *Hannah Lees* 30
The Face of America: Ox Pull . . . *Photograph by Kosti Ruohomaa* 32
The Lincoln Cult . . . . . *Charles W. White* 36
The Queen's Justice is Quick . . . . . *Martha Gellhorn* 40
Man of Steel (Cartoon Spread) . . . . . *Ted Key* 47


### 2 Serials


Ambush at Blanco Canyon (Third of four parts) . . . *Donald Hamilton* 38
The Girl From the Mimosa Club (Fifth of seven parts) . . . *Leslie Ford* 45


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 42
Verse . . . . . 73, 95, 109, 120
Keeping Posted . . . . . 128

## THE COVER

Every girl should study the art of gracious homemaking, but as there is little time for this at home on account of take-home schoolwork, time is set aside for it in school. There, a girl learns how to bake an upside-down cake that doesn't turn out rightside up, how to create a dress which doesn't resemble a gunny sack, and how to make a table setting fit for a king or a husband. (*Re* setting a table, it has always seemed to one eater that, to avoid long reaches, which are impolite and get gravy spots on sleeves, the water glass, the butter dish and the salad should all be bunched together at the right of the plate—or at the left for southpaws. But teacher knows best.) Steve Dohanos has a theory that girls should not only be pretty but also pretty good cooks.


**The Saturday Evening Post,** © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.



Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.


The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.


**Subscription Prices:** U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

**Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

**How to read expiration dates** from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46–57 or May 18, 1957; 18–57 or November 2, 1957.

**The Curtis Publishing Company,** Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**
**INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.**

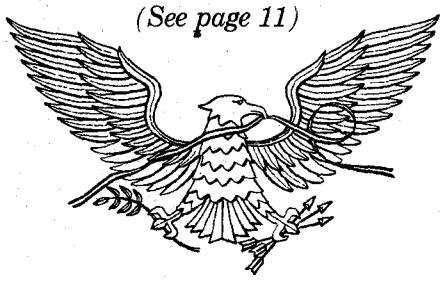
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



Have your new

IMPERIAL

*(See page 11)*



delivered with

SOLEX®

SAFETY GLASS

You can be justly proud of your new Imperial, for here you have the final expression of the "forward look"—the finest product of the Chrysler Corporation. Make this splendid car even more exciting . . . more comfortable and even safer—by having Solex Safety Glass installed as basic equipment.

The soft, greenish tint of Solex—almost unnoticeable from inside your Imperial—lessens eyestrain and driving fatigue. It does this by reducing the intensity of the sunlight entering the car. Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all the additional advantages offered by Solex when you buy your new Imperial?

SOLEX

PPG *is a product of*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to find time for your mate

## by KitchenAid

Actually you're still the same person you were when you married—you still like to go places together...do the things you used to do...or maybe ask somebody over—*but* what about those everlasting stacks of dirty dishes?

Simple! Let KitchenAid take over—*automatically*, to give you the time to do all those things, *together!* But, why a KitchenAid? Aren't dishwashers pretty much the same?

You might ask your friends who own a KitchenAid...or a dealer... why a KitchenAid is different! They'll show you how it *washes* and *rinses*—with the big, exclusive Hobart revolving wash arm that works so thoroughly...the only dishwasher that washes odd shaped pieces like gravy boats, salt and pepper shakers or crystal chandelier parts. It dries—with a separate power-blower that leaves no cloudy areas. *No other dishwasher has these exclusive features.*

'Nuff said. Except, of course, that your new KitchenAid comes in any style you wish. So you can be sure it will fit your kitchen as it fits your way of life—beautifully!

For information, write Dept. KQ, KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio. Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

KitchenAid®

The Finest Made...by Hobart

*The World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines*

# Letters

## "Peanuts" and the Record

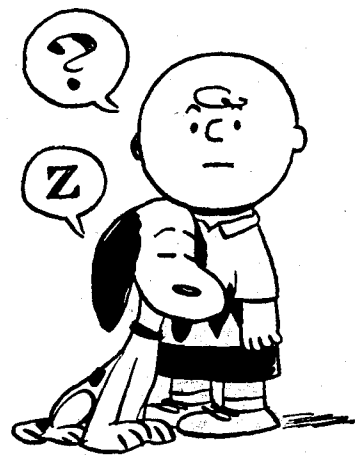
Dear Sirs:

Central High School's staff noted with considerable interest your January 12th biographical feature on Charles Schulz, THE SUCCESS OF AN UTTER FAILURE [by Hugh Morrow]. . . .

Since Mr. Schulz decided to make his academic record public, we feel a responsibility to set the record straight. Contrary to the article's statements, Mr. Schulz's permanent file does not show that he failed four subjects at Central. Actually he failed one, viz., physics. Further, this was not failed with the grade of "flat zero," but rather with a numerical grade of 55 in the scale of 100. Generally, Mr. Schulz's record was quite satisfactory and in some respects decidedly commendable, as in a series of art grades well over 90.

As to Central's failure to extend a speaking invitation to Mr. Schulz, the principal, Mr. William Scanlan, assures me that this oversight will be rectified in the near future.

THOMAS A. BRODIE, JR.
*Counselor, Central High School*
*St. Paul, Minn.*



*Charlie Brown and Snoopy.*

Dear Sirs:

Charlie Brown, Lucy, Schroeder, Snoopy, and the rest, are some of the best reasons I have for reading the comics.

JACK MERRITT
*Flint, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

In reference to your article on Charlie Brown . . . GOOD GRIEF!

In reference to your author's psychoanalysis of Charlie Brown . . . RATS!

JAMES E. BUCHANAN
DAVID F. SIELER
*Boulder, Colo.*

## Talkathon: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial THERE ARE GOOD REASONS FOR FREE SENATE DEBATE [Jan. 12] is . . . a rare gem of good Americanism. If only read, it would set straight much twisted thinking. It gives the lie to that growing segment of our population who think the end justifies the means—always.

REGINALD E. ROSS
*Ellijay, Ga.*

Dear Sirs:

The pages of history are replete with evidence that the majority is not always right. The once free and sovereign states have already been reduced to impotent and largely theoretical units. When Rule 22 is eliminated or seriously abridged the last vestige of States' Rights and State Sovereignty will have been swept away.

E. M. DOHERTY
*Memphis, Tenn.*

Dear Sirs:

I have read, listened to and observed many different ways to justify this infamous Filibuster Rule, but this editorial tops them all in giving what is termed a justifiable reason for this rule that makes a mockery of Democracy.

JOHN E. ROLLO
*Denver, Colo.*

## The Polls and the People

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing the article by Stewart Alsop, WHAT WE LEARNED ABOUT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE (Jan. 12) on the Alsop brothers' polling expedition during the recent national political campaign. . . .

One very amusing incident was the remarks of the dear old lady who liked Ike and said that "it was too bad that Stevens had that heart attack." Could that have been sparks from the backfire of Mr. Stevenson's intensive efforts to make political hay out of Mr. Eisenhower's personal misfortune?

EDGAR RAY PRICKETT
*Birmingham, Ala.*

Dear Sirs:

I am an interviewer for the Gallup Poll, so was very interested in Stewart Alsop's views on the subject.

I disagree that it takes lots of brass for the job. If you are friendly and courteous, the public on the whole will treat you the same. I find that people in my territory, which is mostly rural, are pleased when they are asked for their opinion. . . .

I go about my interviewing as I would want a pollster to interview me. No foot in the door or high-pressure stuff for me.

MRS. JUNE BAKER
*Walkerton, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps if all the opinion formers and lawmakers who inhabit Washington, D.C., and New York City would delve into the "hinterlands" occasionally on similar tours, asking opinions instead of mouthing them, and listening not to noisy ax-grinders but to sensible everyday Americans, many of our present

domestic problems, real and imagined, would vanish overnight.

Welcome, brothers Alsop, to the Greater U.S.A.!

THOMAS L. WRIGHT
*Seattle, Wash.*

(Continued on Page 6)

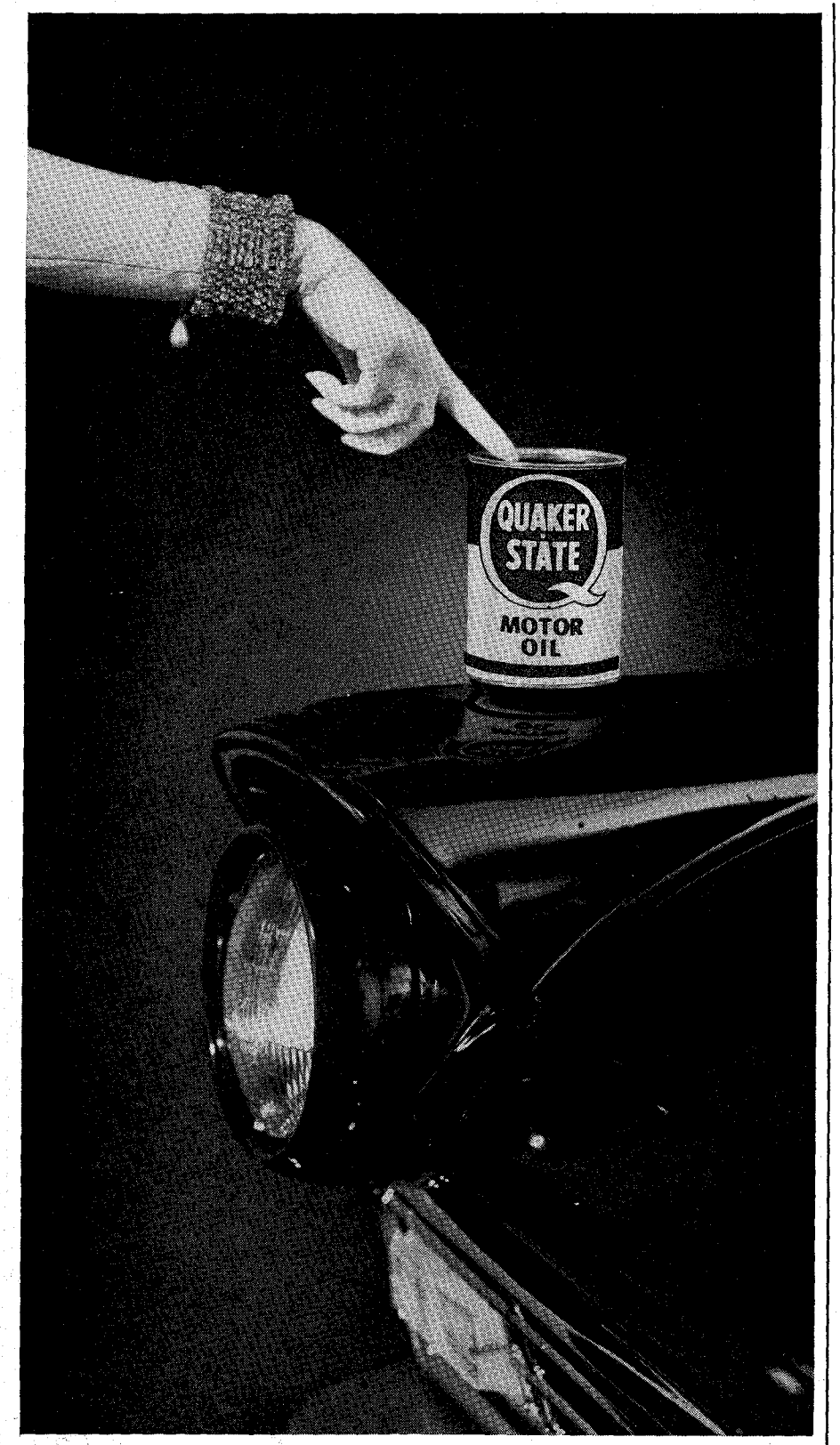
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Superb!

**Treat them royally with Hydrox** . . . the king of cookies. There never was such a captivating combination of crisp, rich chocolate wafers and dreamy-smooth vanilla cream. The sum total is superb . . . Hydrox! A regal treat for your family and guests! So do delight them the royal Hydrox way . . . tonight!

***the ORIGINAL cream-filled chocolate cookie***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

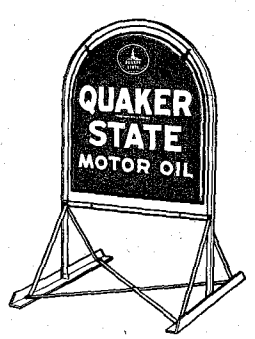



**Discriminating motorists**

**choose years-ahead Quaker State for long engine life.**

When you use Quaker State Motor Oil you get that most important of driving dividends—long engine life. Years-ahead Quaker State provides your engine with superior lubrication, protects it against harmful deposits and keeps your car at full power. It's specifically designed to keep today's high compression engines operating efficiently and economically mile after mile after mile.

To be sure your engine is delivering all the performance it was designed to give, be discriminating—choose Quaker State—the famous Pennsylvania motor oil. In every state it's Quaker State for quality! Always ask for it by name.




QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I consider the Alsop findings the most perceptive analysis that I have read since Middletown.

MRS. HAROLD F. BETTMANN
*Detroit, Mich.*

● *The book Middletown, by Robert and Helen Lynd, is a sociological study in American culture, published in 1929.* —ED.

## Boorish Tourists

Dear Sirs:

Please congratulate the editor on your staff who found one author who realizes that the only thing the matter with American children today is that they need at least one parent not afraid to discipline them. THE UNWELCOME TOURISTS by Hugh B. Cave in the January 5th issue is a splendid story.

MRS. W. B. WILLIAMSON
*Lake Charles, La.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Cave has seen, understood, and possibly loathed, the American on foreign soil. He has seen those *the-whole-world-is-ours* Americans so cruelly and damningly in action.

Notwithstanding, the father in the story offers hope. He imparts to the reader confidence that there are still those who sagaciously regard the rights and way of life of others.

HARRY NOBLE, JR.
*San Augustine, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

The January 5 issue contained an objectionable short story . . . by Hugh B. Cave. It illustrates the idea so prevalent among American adults. "American teen-agers are so thoughtless," they say. "So disrespectful to their elders, and so careless of others' rights and privileges." But they are wrong! . . .

Why make all of the teen-agers targets when just a few are this way? Why doesn't your magazine print the facts on how many teen-agers have gone straight? I have felt that your magazine's short stories have little taste and no quality.

ROZANNE SHERAR
*Paola, Kansas*

## "Butch"

Dear Sirs:

After reading BUTCH HAS A PAIR OF NEW ARMS [by Ben Pearse, Jan. 12]—my selection for "Boy of the Year" is Robert (Butch) Tipton!

W. F. SCHAFER
*Miles City, Mont.*

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for bringing nation-wide attention to my plucky young friend and parishioner, Robert (Butch) Tipton. Ben Pearse has written splendidly, but I should like to correct one statement: It was not I but Robert R. Stubbs, of the Government Employees Insurance Company, who sponsored Robert's trust fund in Washington, by making the initial deposit of one hundred dollars with the Munsey Trust Company. It was he who asked Dr. Rush and me to serve as trustees, and Mr. Donald W. Wooster, trust officer at Munsey, to be a financial advisor.

Also, Robert was baptized, not on the morning of his operation, but on the morning after his accident, when his life literally hung in the balance.

THE REV. WADE SAFFORD
*Washington, D.C.*

## Indestructible Senator

Dear Sirs:

Your article, THE INCREDIBLE SENATOR GREEN [by Beverly Smith, Jan. 5] was read with great interest by me, long a personal friend of Senator Green. I would like to add another proof of his indestructibility. For three years he has opened the American Jazz Festival in

Newport, Rhode Island, with a speech of welcome. In July, 1956, after his opening greetings to some 10,000 jazz fans, he sat in a pouring rainstorm throughout the concert some three and a half hours, refusing even the use of an umbrella.

L. L. LORILLARD
*President, The American Jazz Festival*
*Newport, Rhode Island*

## Hungary's Revolt

Dear Sirs:

Judith Listowel's dramatic, pointed coverage of the Hungarian Revolution [HUNGARY'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL, Jan. 5–12] is the most impressive account I've read thus far. She has done a great service.

Whatever place this bloody—and gallant—Hungarian chapter takes in world history, I for one feel convinced it will stand as a monument to the eternal shame of those evasive elements of "the West" who would not or said they could not come to the aid of a sacrificing populace.

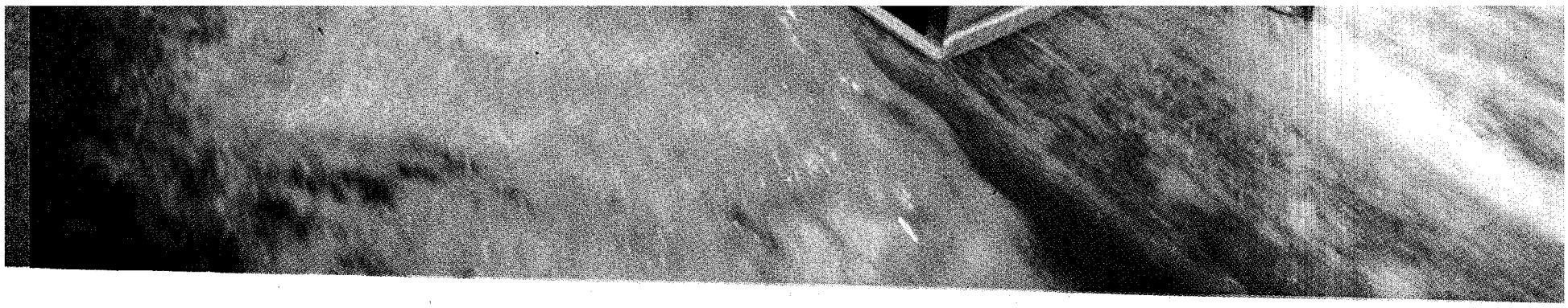
ROBERT BESCH
*Mansfield, Ohio*

**Post Picture Credits**

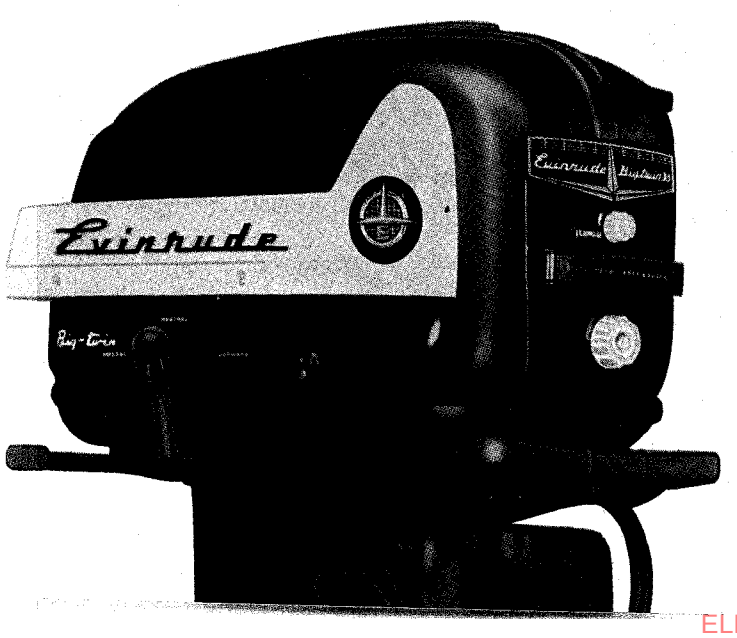
*Reading across pages, then down:*

4–Charles Schulz. • 19–Phil Burchman. • 20–Larry Fried, Gene Lester. • 21–Larry Fried. 22, 23–Ben Prins. • 24–Ollie Atkins. • 25–Two by Ollie Atkins; Newark Evening News. 26–Bob Hilbert. • 27–Gamma, Peter F. Petraglia. 28, 29–Bill Shrout. • 31–Amos Sewell. 32, 33–Kosti Ruohomaa. • 34, 35–Ernest Chiriaka. • 36–Frank Ross. • 37–Frank Ross; two from Lincoln National Life Foundation. • 38, 39–Harold Von Schmidt. • 40–Tom Blau, Wide World. • 41–Two from Camera Press, Ltd.; anonymous, Wide World, International. • 45–Edwin Georgi. • 47–Ted Key. • 86–Reni Photos, Pix. • 92–Frank Ross. 125–Bill Shrout. • 128–Larry Fried, drawing by Bill Bailey, S. A. Omega, Ivan Dmitri.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# "Sunday drivers" never had it so good!




SUNDAY DRIVING IS FUN AGAIN! A happy refuge from crowded highways awaits you with an Evinrude. Quietly, swiftly it takes you into the enchanted world of sun and spray and cool blue waters. So much to see, so much to do—cruising—skiing—picnicking on secluded beaches. All so easy, so inexpensive to enjoy!

Whatever your choice of boating fun, there's an Evinrude to match it . . . *most fun afloat* in every power class. Nine superb models for '57. Thrilling new high-performance 18 and 35 horsepower models that set new standards of big-load capability. New 12-volt electric starting. New high duty generator system. New fuel economy. A magnificently styled new Lark model.

SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER—He will gladly help you choose the right Evinrude for any type of boat. Time payments available. For big full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line, write EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4400 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 16, Wis.

Find Your Nearest Dealer in the 'Yellow Pages'

*A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation*
In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

**Evinrude**

*quiet* outboard motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Now! Automatic Drying for All Washables with

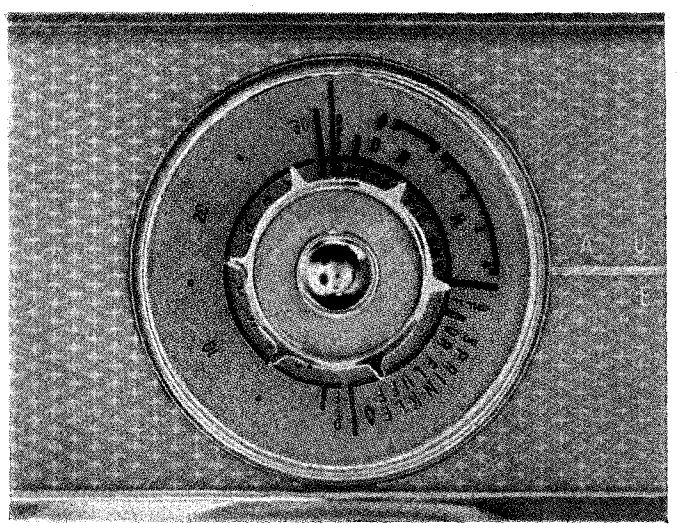
## Dries a typical-sized family wash in less than 35 minutes

**Just a touch of your toe** . . . and the full-width, magnetic door of this General Electric Dryer opens on a wonderful new way to dry your clothes! You get fast, perfect drying . . . indoors . . . any time at all. An average-size load of cottons and linens can be dried—and ready to use—in less than 35 minutes! And your clothes smell fresh . . . feel soft every time they are dried. Why not prove it to yourself? Ask your G-E dealer for a demonstration of the new high-speed General Electric Dryer with the Automatic Control (Model DA-820P) that truly eliminates all drying guesswork. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

February 16, 1957

# the 1957 GENERAL ELECTRIC DRYER!



## It's so easy to use!

**Just a simple setting** of the single dial gives you perfect results—every time—because the General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control adjusts drying times and temperatures to the requirements of each load—every kind of fabric.

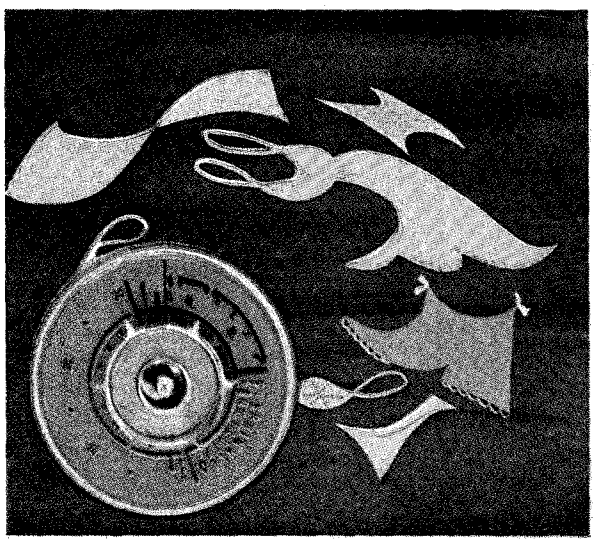
You never have to guess at correct drying times and temperatures—garments *can't* be overdried or underdried.

Clothes come out so soft and wrinkle-free, many pieces are ready to wear . . . or put away without ironing! And General Electric's high-speed drying means that you'll always have fresh, clean clothes available—no matter what the weather!

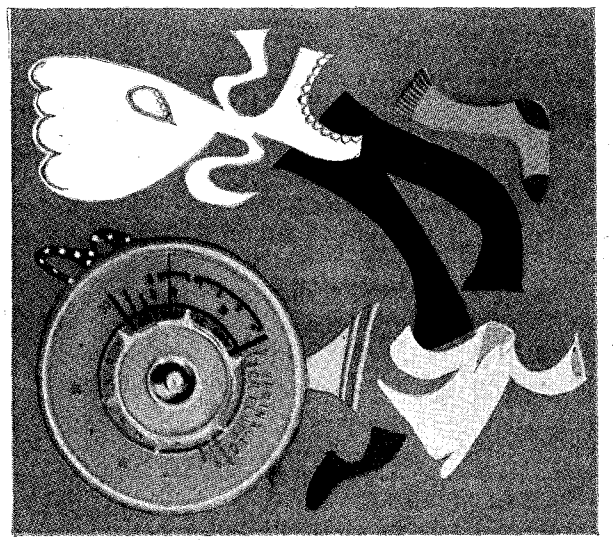
**General Electric's** new high-speed air flow system dries clothes quickly at low, safe temperatures because it makes maximum use of air circulation instead of direct heat for the drying process.

This also means the high-speed General Electric Dryer can be operated on standard 230-volt dryer circuits instead of the higher-than-standard circuits needed for some high-speed dryers.

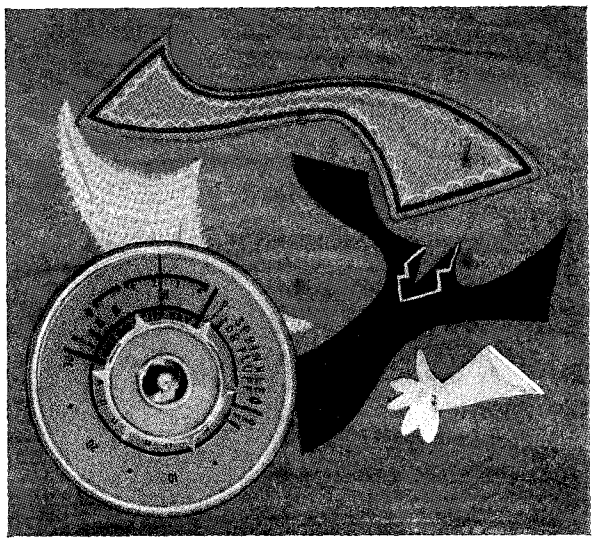
Your clothes will be ready to wear—or to iron—in a jiffy! Family cottons dry in less than 35 minutes . . . synthetics in less than 8 minutes—and a heavy shag rug, can be dried in less than an hour.



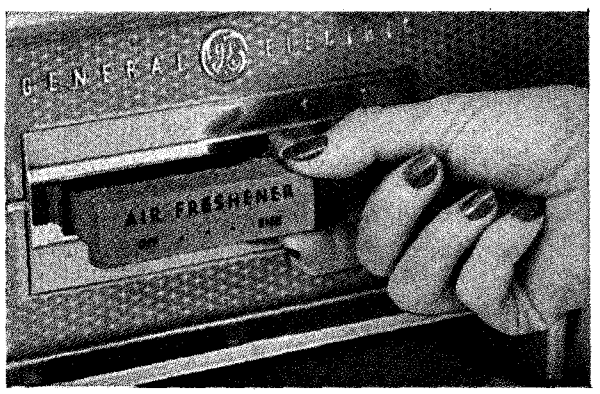
**D is the setting for delicate silks** and synthetics. There's never a worry about overdrying these dainty garments. They're tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until the warm, delicately freshened air dries each piece just right.



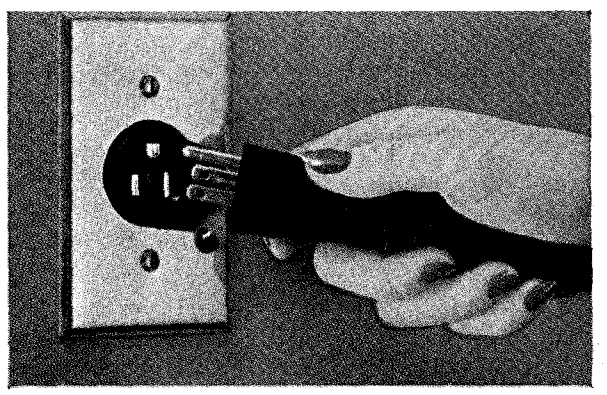
**N is for the cottons and linens**—the biggest part of your family wash. New high-speed air flow system will dry an average-size load in less than 35 minutes. And you'll save hours of ironing time because clothes dry so smooth and wrinkle-free.



**H is for usually hard-to-dry loads** . . . bedspreads, cotton rugs or heavy denim jeans. Even the double-seam thicknesses on blue jeans are perfectly dried. And corduroys—chenilles—heavy terry towels all come out looking soft, fluffy as when new.




**Gentle fragrance** from this G-E Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills your clothes with a fresh, breezy-day smell. You never need worry about weather-wear or sunshine-fade. Adjustable—it permits you to select your own degree of freshening.



**No special wiring!** For 115-volt operation, plug the dryer into standard appliance circuit. For 230-volt operation, connect to standard 230-volt circuit. Completely automatic either way—drying times take a little longer when used on 115-volt.

**Dampen clothes for easy ironing** right in your General Electric Dryer! Whenever you're ready to iron, just put in this Automatic Sprinkler . . . add the clothes to be dampened and turn the dial to SPRINKLE. Clothes will be ready to iron in minutes.

New General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70 per week after small down payment. Other high-speed G-E Dryers as low as $149.95. (Prices subject to local variation.)

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Editorials

## Who Says the Reds are Backed by Young People?

One of the more colossal and persistent Red hoaxes is the idea that communism, the most tyrannical and restrictive political philosophy ever heard of, is an enthusiasm of youth. Khrushchev's tanks and machine guns pretty well disposed of that fiction when they mowed down masses of high-school students and other young people in the streets of Budapest. But over the years the belief that "only the senile remnant of a decaying capitalism" opposed the communist dictatorship, has persisted despite evidence against it which has existed all along.

A good many people even attribute these sentiments to our own American youth, largely on the performance of a few self-constituted leaders of "youth movements" who have become involved in various Red-sponsored "cultural conferences" dealing with all sorts of subjects from atomic energy to civil rights. The Foreign Policy Research Association of the University of Pennsylvania, of which Prof. Robert Strausz-Hupé is the director, has published an interesting study dealing with the experiences of American students whose credulity or idealism got them mixed up in various youth meetings in Prague, Warsaw and other communist-operated places. The author of the study is Peter T. Jones, now at the Harvard Law School.

The story is usually that of a generous-hearted but politically ignorant boy finding himself surrounded by calculating communists interested only in producing a resolution condemning the U.S.A. for spreading disease germs in China or plotting a capitalist war against Russia, the socialist fatherland. The guileless American boy would put up as much resistance as he could muster but, according to Mr. Jones, all the Red manipulators of the conference had to do, as a rule, was "cite the specter of Fascism to submerge the issue under a wave of emotion."

Although this kind of nonsense did attract a good many American young people, many of them the victims of some pretty woolly-headed instruction in our universities, the great body of American youth hasn't been interested. Indeed, it is probably true that the young people in communist countries are even less sold on the Red system than some of our own young people have been. After all, a student in Moscow or Warsaw knows what happens to dissenters, and understands the fraudulence of communist propaganda from personal experience. He could hardly be fooled by the kind of nonsense included in a course on the Russian constitution offered by one of our great universities. In this course the students discuss that phony document as if the rights mentioned in it gave to individuals the kind of protections guaranteed in our own Bill of Rights.

The violent hatred of communism among young people in the Soviet-controlled area need not have waited on the butchers of Hungarian boys and girls for verification. As Eugene Lyons pointed out in Our Secret Allies (Duell, Sloan and Pearce—Little, Brown), the figures on "nonreturners"—those who have left the U.S.S.R. and never gone back—indicates that the average age of these self-exiles from the Soviet Union itself is about thirty. "This," writes Mr. Lyons, "is a telltale fact. It refutes the easy assumption of those who insist that the new generation, without memory of the past and completely indoctrinated by the Soviets, is forever lost to decency and the idea of freedom."

Our own "intellectuals," so many of whom have helped spread this Soviet propaganda against the common sense of young people, have much to answer for. They might far better have observed the youth around them—excluding the few misguided and miseducated victims of communist seduction—and concluded that it was just possible that young people in less-favored lands might love freedom with an equal if not more intense passion, despite an enforced silence.

## If Our Drama is "Unoriginal," So Was Most of Shakespeare

A pessimist whom we know in a casual way is very gloomy about the state of the theater and the screen in the U.S.A. Strangely enough, it is the hits like My Fair Lady that bother him. In the movies he takes a stern puritanical attitude toward War and Peace, and Around the World in Eighty Days—spectacles that the public tumbles over itself to see. In defiant mood he declares, "They can't gloss over their lack of originality by taking an old play like Pygmalion or an old book like Around the World in Eighty Days, adding incidental music and some popular actors and calling the result 'a stirring event in dramatic history.' I'm keeping my money for something new and original."

There is a case for this point of view, but, if our man really intends to wait for something incontestably new and original to come along, he may not see a play or a motion picture for a very long time. After all, Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion was inspired by the ancient classic myth Pygmalion and Galatea, and, if Shakespeare had not had Holinshed's Chronicles on his bedside table, the world would be minus some stirring dramatic experiences.

There is still plenty of opportunity for enlightened pilfering. Up to now we have not heard of any proposal to make a musical from Hamlet, with Stanley Holloway doing the gravedigger scene, including a song routine entitled Spades Vulnerable, a blues number for the ghost called I Ain't Got No Body, and a skit for Hamlet and ensemble built around the idea that, when your mother remarries, it's murder! Title for the whole thing: The Psychotic Prince.

Thousands of later works cry out for translation into smart stage plays or cinematic spectaculars. It will be denied, but a motion-picture outfit is looking into The Origin of Species by Charles Darwin as material for a wide-screen colossalia, with the actor assigned to play The Missing Link not yet announced. Title: Apes in Gray Flannel Suits.

When you come right down to it, there isn't much wrong with old tales in modern dress, once the principle is accepted that there are only five or six original plots anyway. The question is: Has anything newer and better been added?

## The Industrial War College Puts its Show on the Road

President Eisenhower's request for added powers to meet possible Soviet aggression in the Middle East and the subsequent discussion in and out of Congress rang like an alarm bell in the night for millions of Americans who hadn't thought too much about the possible involvement of this country in the troubles of that uneasy region. Perhaps it is unfortunate that so little of the realities of American interest in that part of the world has been grasped by ordinary citizens.

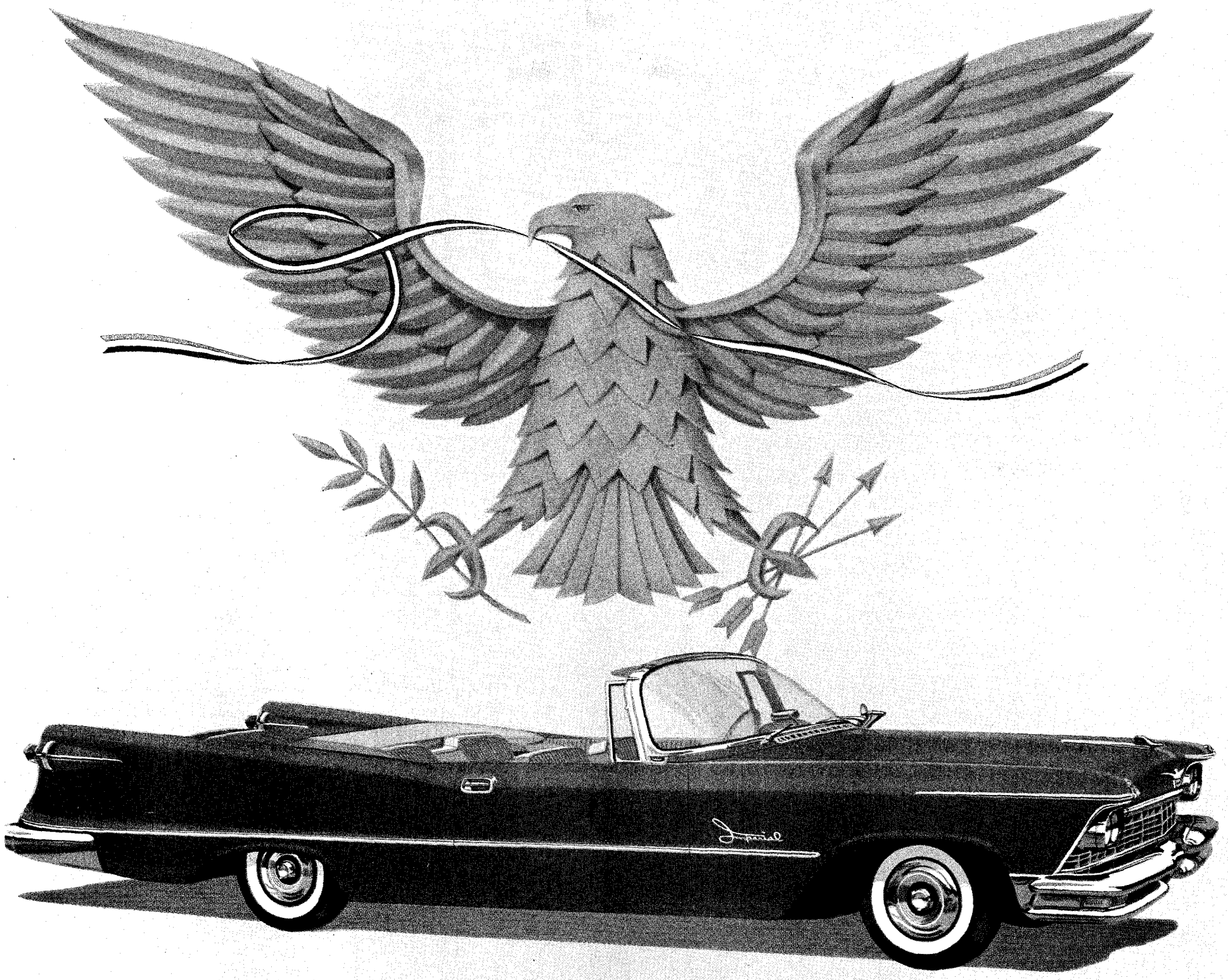
In at least sixteen American cities leading industrialists, politicians and other VIP's have been and are being informed straight from the horse's mouth upon the whys and wherefores of American concern in the Middle East and other places. The Industrial College of the Armed Forces, which performs a vital service in filling in officers of the various branches on the economic, psychological and industrial background of purely military operation, has been sponsoring a series of "national-resources conferences" throughout the country.

The material used is a condensation of the ten-month course which is given to the officers assigned to the Industrial College in Washington for advanced training. The "students" include, aside from reserve officers in the various areas visited, leaders in many fields, including industry, education, government, religion and labor. They are expected to pass on what they have learned to others in their communities.

Maj. Gen. R. P. Hollis describes the purpose of these conferences as "to foster a better understanding of the many interrelated problems associated with national security. . . ."

Nobody can read a daily newspaper without agreeing to the importance of this mission.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CAR ILLUSTRATED IS THE IMPERIAL CROWN CONVERTIBLE... ONE OF EIGHT BEAUTIFUL IMPERIALS FOR 1957 IN AN ATTRACTIVE NEW RANGE OF PRICES.

# Presenting the most glorious of the convertibles

# IMPERIAL

## Finest expression of The Forward Look

You step into a blaze of glory when you own this breath-taking car. It has the ultimate, wonderful dash that drivers dream about — and the sky-rocketing name that has changed America's mind about the best of fine cars.

Each moment at the wheel of the exclusive Imperial offers you a fresh, never-ceasing joy. This is all yours. This soaring, swooping glitter. This murmuring, lightning power. This superb ease of handling contributed by the nation's admittedly finest engineering.

See the Imperial Crown Convertible — see all 8 new models, ready now in a wide range of prices. Take that glorious place behind the wheel, reserved for the man of remarkable sense and taste — the man who drives the Imperial.

IMPERIAL . . . FINEST PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Time out for Pepsi–
# the *Light* refreshment

IF you're interested in averages—observe the looks of the average modern woman. She's trimmer, she's slimmer, because she prefers lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola—the modern, light refreshment—fits right in with her sensible diet. Today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. Wherever you play, say "Pepsi, please," and refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling

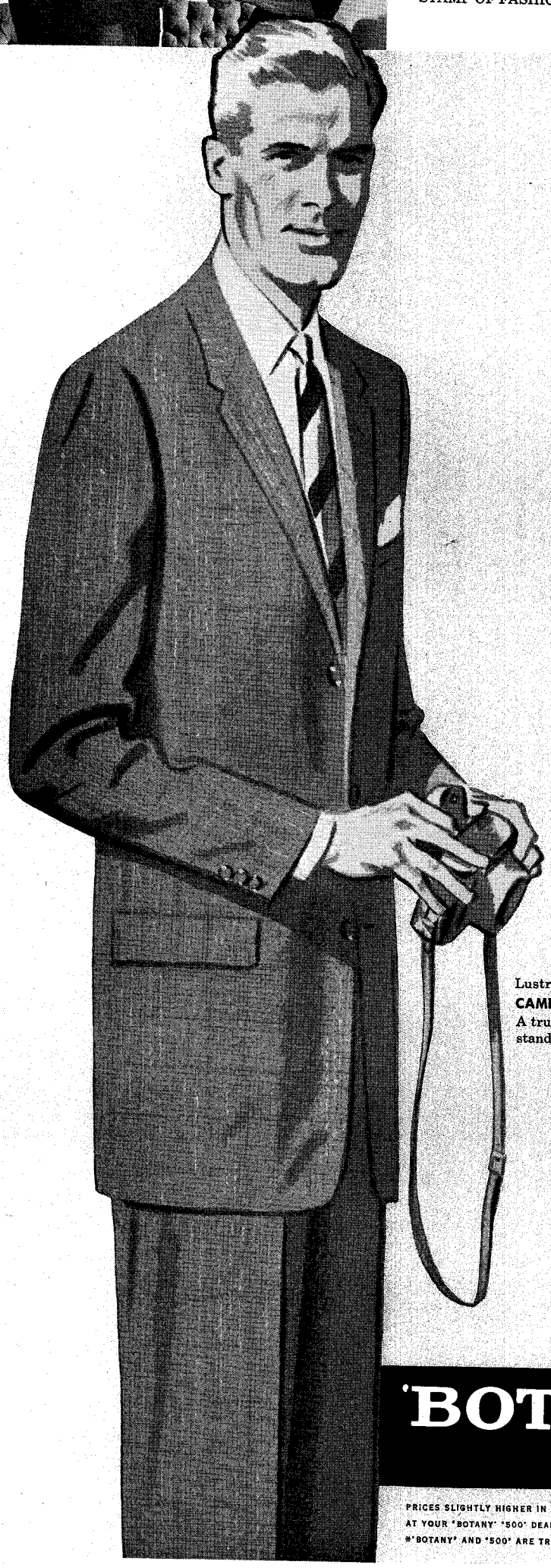
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**PAULINE TRIGÈRE** *puts her Stamp of Approval on* **the FASHION FOURcast**

"A very important fashion fundamental for a man is to acquire the new styles as they first reach acceptance by the fashion leaders. Here, in the 'BOTANY' '500' Fashion FOURcast, is a reliable guide to help any man make a perfect choice. Each one of these groups combines good taste with good sense. In short, it's good value. It is clearly in the same sensible pattern of the 'BOTANY' '500' STAMP OF FASHION".

# The 'BOTANY' '500' fashion four-cast

Now *you* can read the fashion future yourself. Here's an exclusive prediction of the fabrics most strongly favored to win every man's vote for a flattering, fashionable appearance NOW—and for seasons to come. All four of these choice fabric groups are yours for good taste and superb value in exclusive 'BOTANY' '500' patterns. See them soon! $65†



Rich-Looking
**'BOTANY' '500' WORSTEDS**
Worsteds with a rich look of distinction, a fine feeling for flattery

World-Famous
**'BOTANY' '500' FLANNELS**
The most famous name in flannel on the most distinguished flannel suit of all

Lustrous **'BOTANY' '500' CAMEO CLOTH, $67.50†**
A true pedigreed fabric, made to stand up as well as stand out

Conquers the climate
**'BOTANY' '500' MARK-10**
Specially woven fabrics for 10-months of superb wearing comfort

**'BOTANY' brand 500*** tailored by **DAROFF**

Dress right—you can't afford not to!

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST

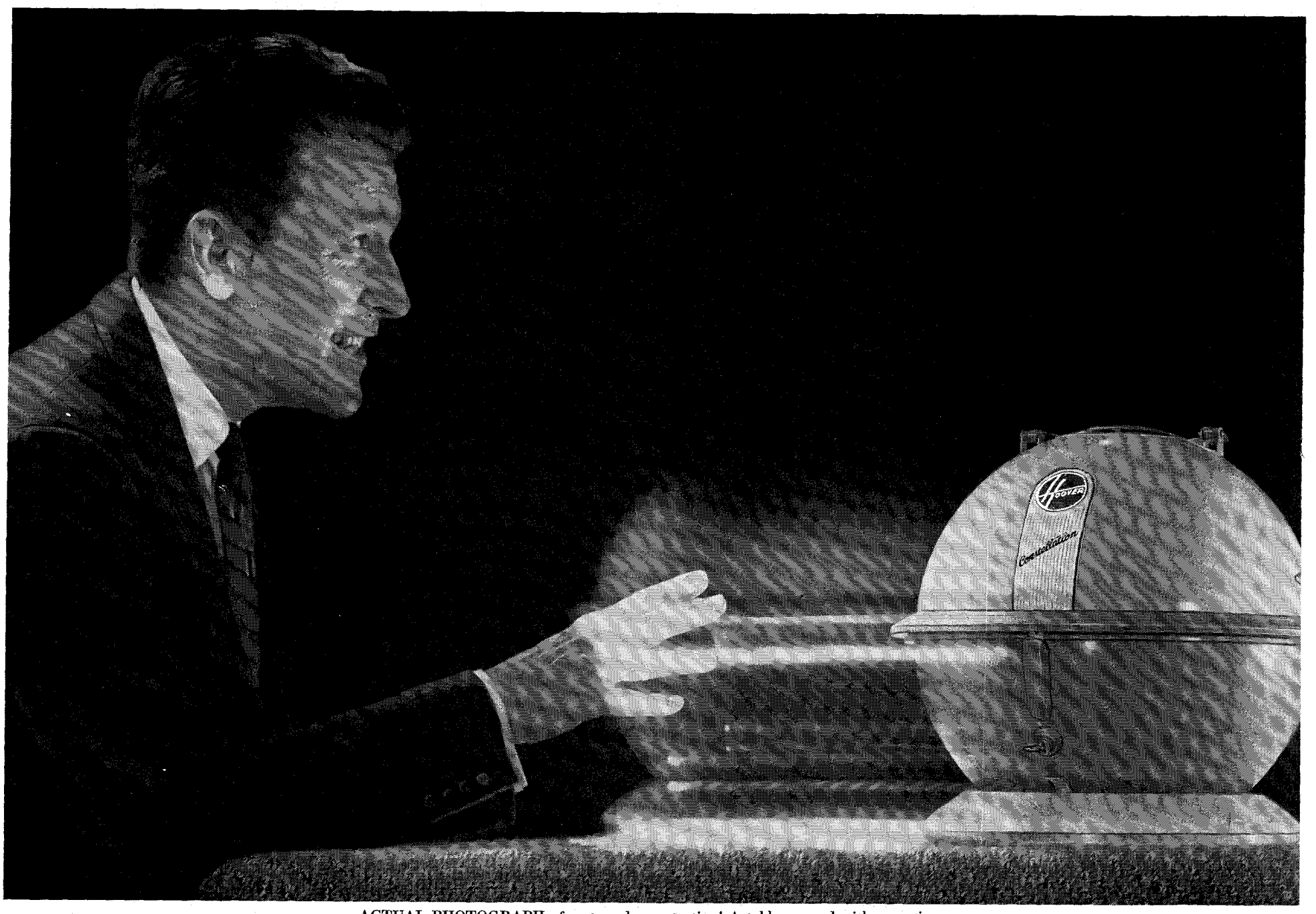
AT YOUR 'BOTANY' '500' DEALER, OR WRITE—H. DAROFF & SONS, INC., 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

*'BOTANY' AND '500' ARE TRADEMARKS OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1957, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**HOOVER ENGINEERING** has developed an entirely new principle of cleaner locomotion that makes cleaning far, far easier

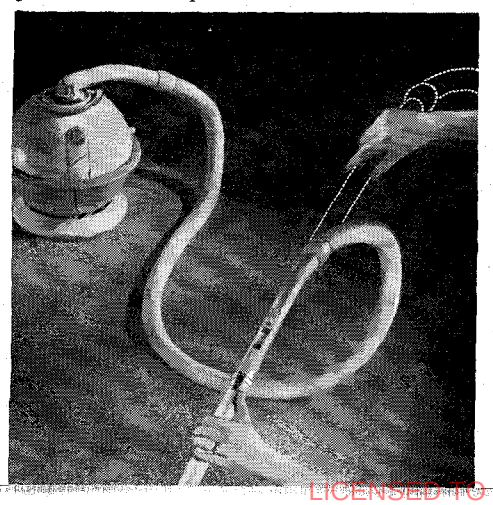
# see! the cleaner




ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH of a store demonstration! A table covered with carpeting shows the "walk-along" cleaner in action. As one lady put it, "it seems almost alive."

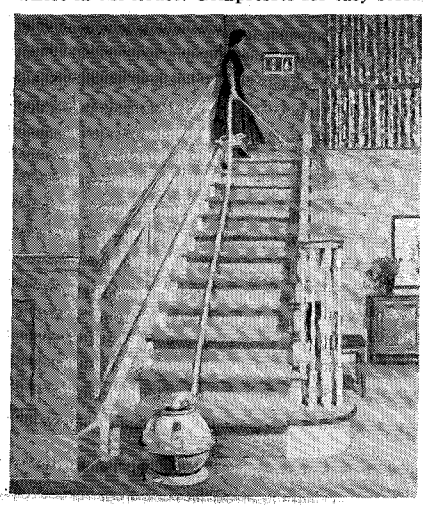
NEW! CARRIES ITS OWN TOOLS. Snap rack in place and let the Constellation carry your tools. Notice handy cord holder.

NEW! TELESCOPING WAND. Extends out to twice its own length. New latch locks it securely in place. Can't come apart.



NEW! STEP-ON SWITCH. No bending or fumbling to turn the Constellation on or off. All you do is press switch with your toe.

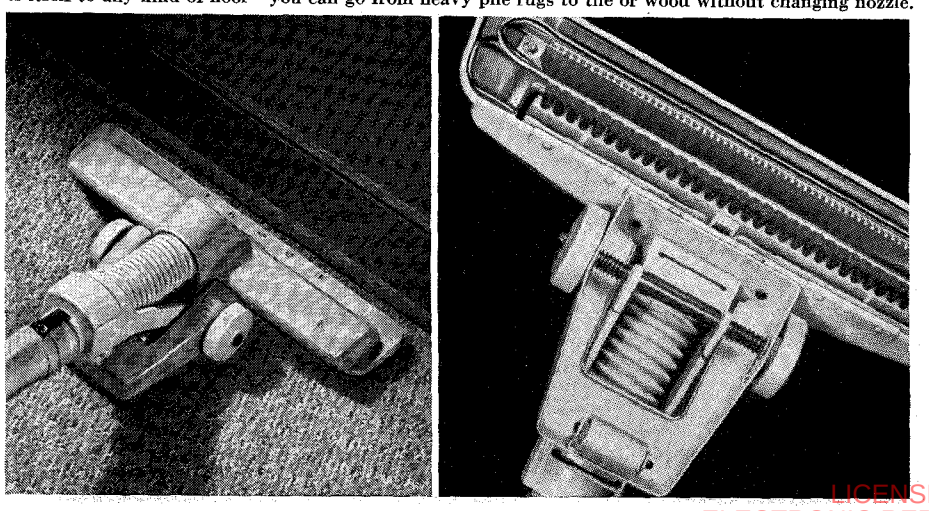
EXCLUSIVE! DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE. you world's longest reach—16 feet for cleanin where in the house. Compresses for easy stora



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# that walks on air!

LUSIVE! 3-WHEEL NOZZLE. Glides over rugs with *one-third* the usual effort. Flexible neck lets each under low furniture. Soft vinyl casing protects against mars or scratches. Nozzle automatically ts itself to any kind of floor—you can go from heavy pile rugs to tile or wood without changing nozzle.



## Brand new HOOVER Constellation floats on its own air stream... takes the pulling and tugging out of cleaning

Now an incredible new kind of cleaner does its own lifting and carrying.

You don't even have to think about it. It steers itself under its own air power—follows along wherever you clean. You almost think it can read your mind.

This new "airlift" makes cleaning just a matter of guiding the nozzle. In Hoover's case you get the first and only *3-wheel* nozzle. The nozzle does the work—not you. And, to make sure you get all the dirt, you get the powerful suction from a full horsepower motor.

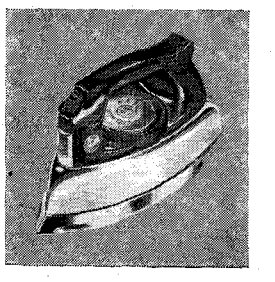
The new Hoover that walks on air—see it at your dealer's now. Even the fresh new color scheme will give you a lift. Model 85 complete with tools $89.95

## NEW HOOVER® Constellation

FINE APPLIANCES

*. . . around the house, around the world*

Do you know Hoover makes the finest steam-and-dry iron? First one with *stainless steel* soleplate. Outglides all others on any fabric.



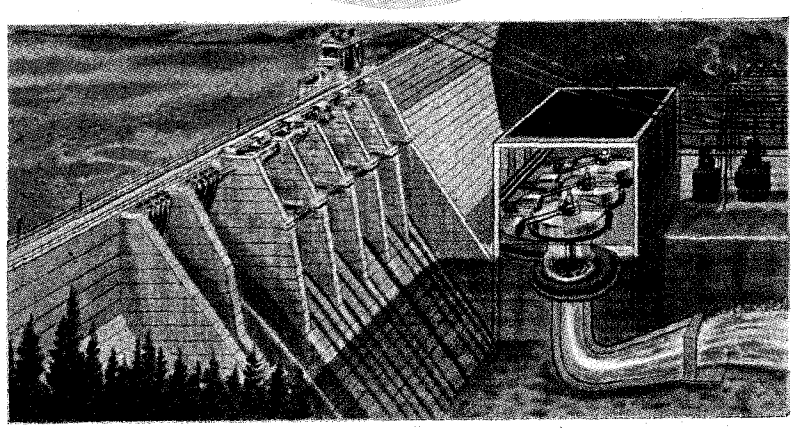
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# They're growing up with a worl

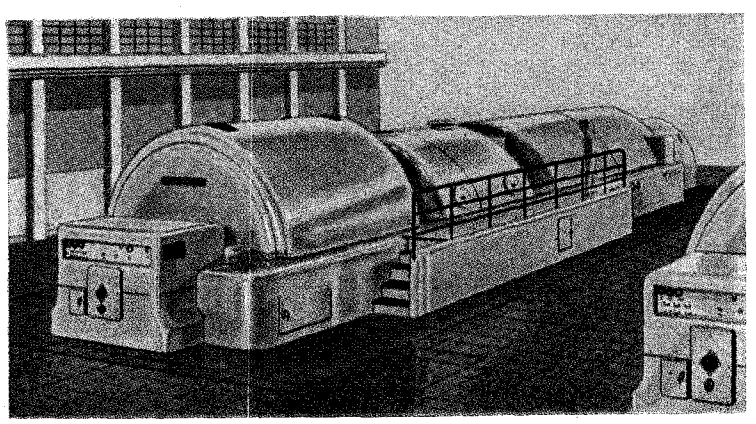
**The energy of flowing water, expanding steam, burning fuel or splitting atoms is harnessed by power equipment...taming the muscles of nature itself to make life easier for you and your family.**

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL week

FEBRUARY 10-16, 1957

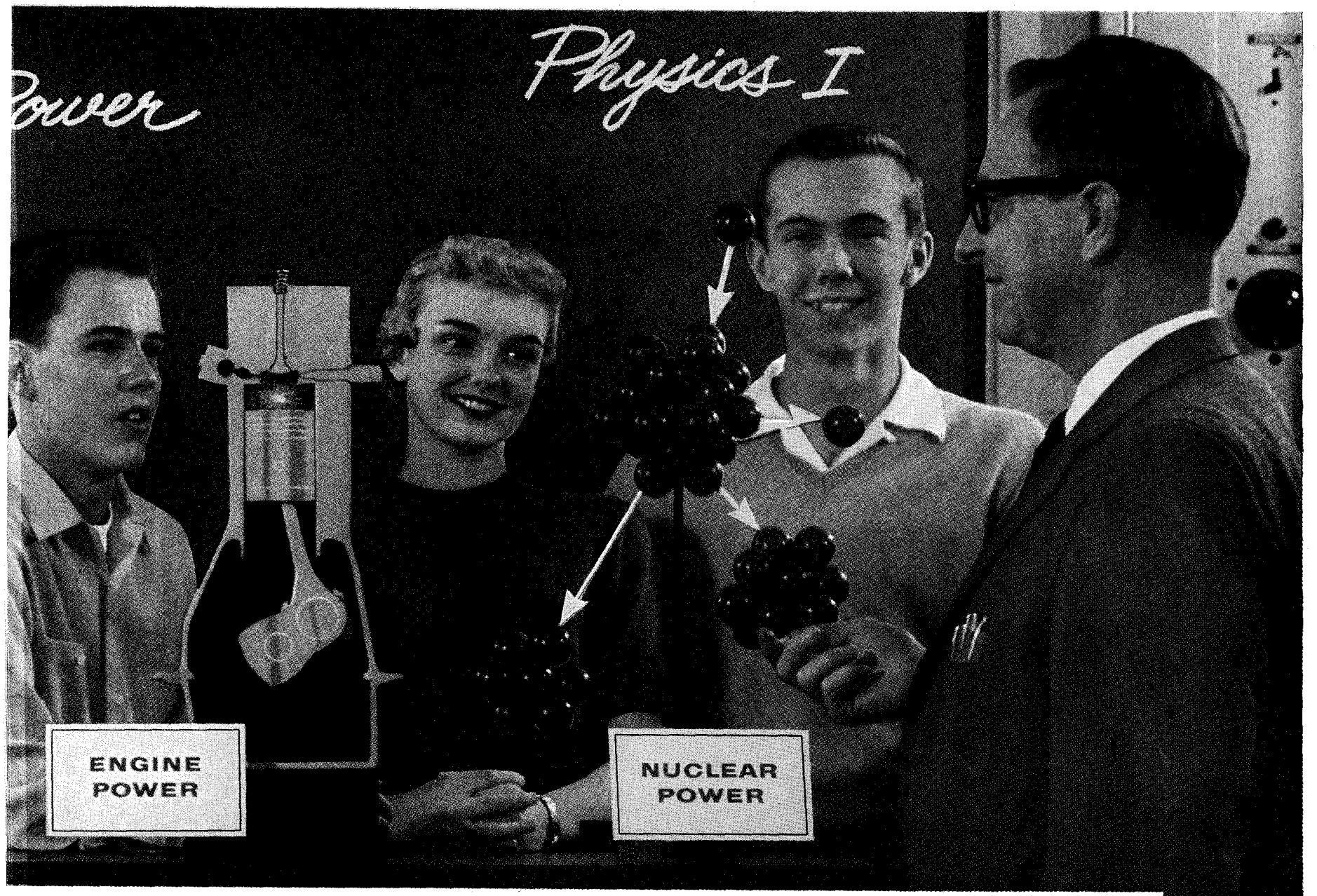


***Allis-Chalmers water power***—A captive river is made to share its energy . . . and electricity flows out over the highlines.



***Allis-Chalmers steam power***—By the converted force of superheat steam, electric utilities supply tireless HOUSEPOWER for you.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# f power at their fingertips

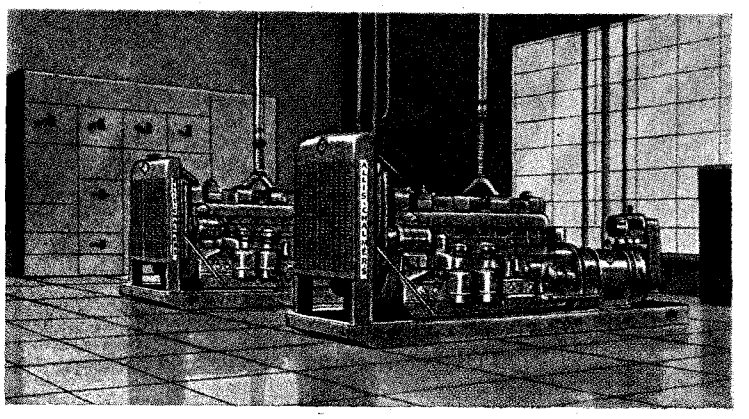
Science classes provide an ideal setting for telling the story of power . . . power that helped change America from a pioneer land to a modern, thriving nation in a single century.

Allis-Chalmers has played a key role in that story, through the same 100 years. Today it is the only company in the world that designs and builds basic equipment for every major field of power generation.

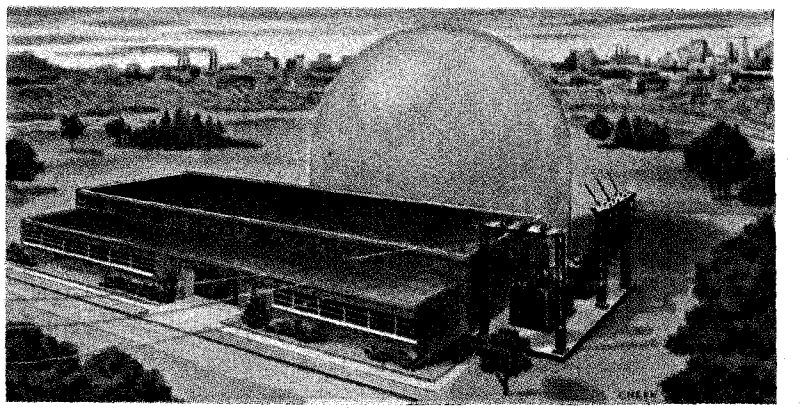
Through *Engineering in Action*, Allis-Chalmers looks forward to continued progress in power, whatever its source . . . and we look to the science students of today to provide the technical leadership which the challenge of tomorrow will demand. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

## ALLIS-CHALMERS

*Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today*



***is-Chalmers engine power***—provides a valuable alternate power ırce for hospitals, serves widespread needs for mobile power, too.



***Allis-Chalmers nuclear power***—The tremendous energy of nuclear fission is fast becoming another important source of work-saving power.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUPER 88 HOLIDAY COUPÉ

*Join the Fun!* ...IT'S EXCITING TO OWN AN OLDS!

SUPER 88

You've probably noticed how many of your friends and neighbors are enjoying a new fun-filled way of living. And heart-and-part of this new way of doing things is *owning an Oldsmobile!*

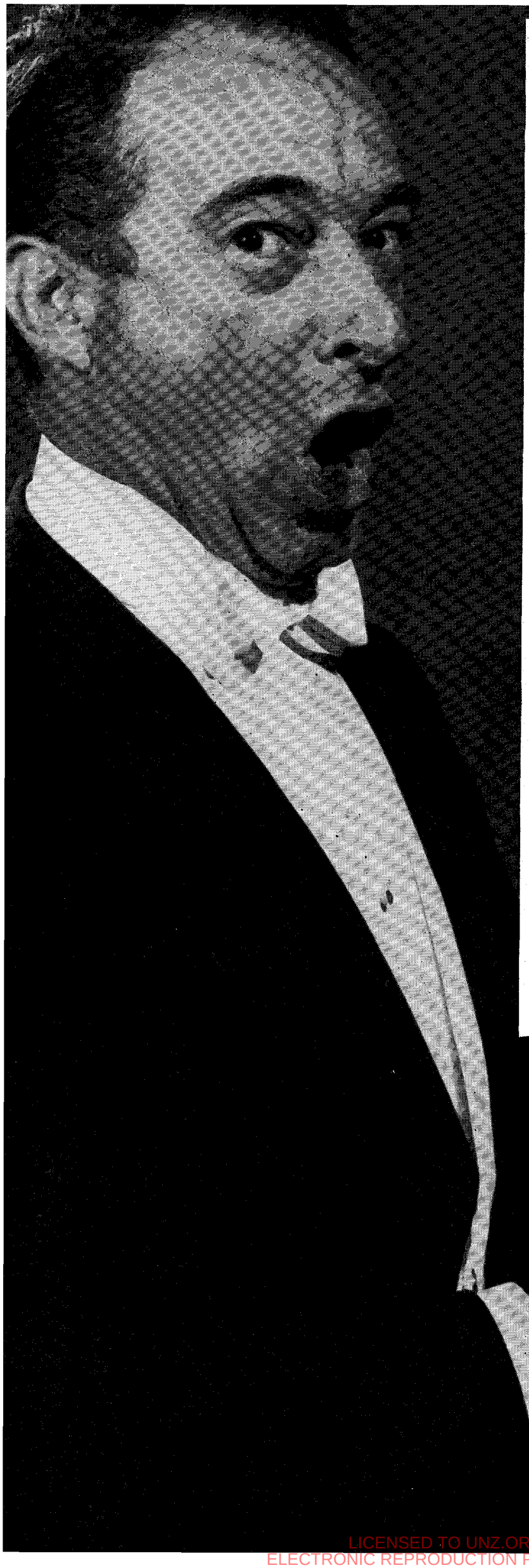
For only Oldsmobile features the new Accent Stripe —smart as the spank of a sail! Only Olds steps ahead to blend graceful new low-level body lines into a picture that puts the *accent on you!*

Only Olds owners enjoy the free-flight feeling that flows from the new Rocket Engine—alert, eager power when you need it, thrifty economy when you want it! Oldsmobile's sensational Super 88 is geared for super performance *in more ways than one!*

So, make your move now. Your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer invites you to be his guest . . . aboard your favorite of the 17 Olds models for '57!

OLDSMOBILE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

# Everybody Laughs at Me

Once a penniless, despairing immigrant, the amazing Mr. Borge now captivates millions with his comic assault on the classics and stuffed shirts. Here is his own unlikely story.

By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings*

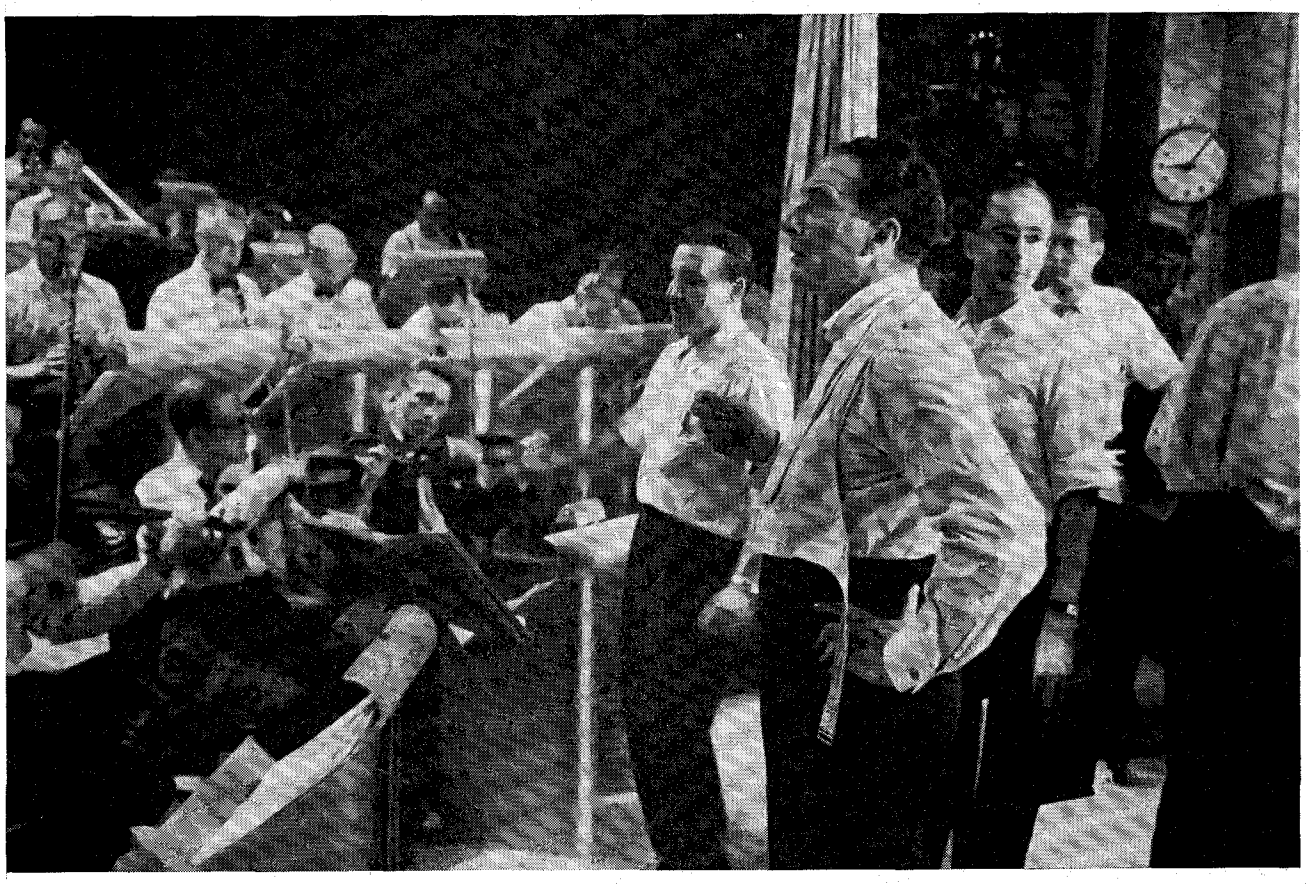
In Miami last spring a group of old friends gave a farewell dinner for me after I finished a two-week run of my one-man show in the Coconut Grove Theater.

They engaged an orchestra for the banquet, and as I walked into the room the conductor tapped his baton. The band began playing the Danish National Hymn, and the guests stood up. They looked at me significantly, and perhaps some of them expected to see tears in my eyes. It was a gracious tribute and I was indeed grateful. But when the last note died out, I said to the conductor, "Thank you very much. Now would you please play *our* national anthem?"

If a man can tell his life story in one such sentence, then I have just told it. I like to think that this will be

Copyright © 1957 by Victor Borge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A momentarily serious Borge (foreground) listens to the orchestra rehearse before the first TV performance of his record-setting Comedy in Music. He was paid an unprecedented $175,000 for the hour-long, one-man show.

the story of Victor Borge, American citizen. If there is one thing I know about my somewhat turbulent life, it is that I am an American by the grace of God, an understanding Federal judge and a lot of generous friends.

Every once in a while someone asks me to play Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Melancholy Baby or some other tune that has been popular since the '20's and '30's. If I don't know the melody, these people give me a queer look, as if to say: "Well, I guess this guy hasn't been around. Probably a long-hair at heart."

I have an answer for that, of course. I simply say: "Look, there are plenty of songs I don't know. After all, I am only sixteen years old." This is the truth as I see it. My life really began in August, 1940—the day I walked shakily down the gangplank of the steamer that brought me from Denmark. So I am really Victor Borge, a teen-age American trying to catch up.

Right now I am a man in the middle, and frankly it's getting a little crowded. I was going to call this story How Not to Play the Piano because Mr. Brooks Atkinson, of The New York Times, said I was "the funniest entertainer in the world." But Mr. Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York Post said: "There is no dispute here about his skill as a pianist . . . but then he will go off on something or other that strikes me as more painful than hilari-

Hollywood celebration of a Borge opening: From left, his wife Sanna, James Doolittle, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Cotten, Victor, actor Joseph Cotten, Lauritz Melchior, Mrs. Melchior.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous." So perhaps the title should be How Not to Be Funny. It just goes to show you what a difference a little altitude makes, since Mr. Watts works for a tabloid-size daily on the lower end of Manhattan, and Mr. Atkinson toils for a high-IQ journal somewhat farther uptown.

The truth is, there are days when I don't know what I am.

When I came to New York from my native Copenhagen I was worried by those magazine spreads which proclaimed: "They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano." I thought this meant I had a formidable rival in my field, and this man obviously had a great press agent because this same full-page publicity was in all the magazines.

When I learned English and realized this was only an advertisement for a music correspondence school, I could see that if people laughed when this man sat down at the piano he had obviously goofed, and would wind up as a social outcast. All this was very confusing because I expected people to laugh when I sat down at the piano. If they did not laugh I would have to go back to Carnegie Hall, although, of course, I had not been there yet.

On the other hand, there really is humor which can be more painful than hilarious.

Not long ago I was offered a guest shot on a television program. They call it that because often the star (Continued on Page 85)

Borge the country gentleman: Victor and Sanna by the swimming pool at their Southbury, Connecticut, home with the three oldest of their five children. From left, Janet and Ronald, 10-year-old twins, and little Sanna, 11.

## BORGE'S MOST-QUOTED LINES

My grandfather invented the burglar alarm. It was stolen from him. . . . He invented the cure for which there was no disease. His wife later caught the cure and died. . . . He always experimented. Once he crossed an Idaho potato with a sponge. It tasted horrible. But it sure held a lot of gravy. . . .

My sister is the brightest person in the family . . . into which she married.

I have two children and they're twins, both of them . . . can't think of their names. . . . They don't come when I call them anyhow.

When I was a little boy and played Liebestraum, my father used to hit me on the head with a newspaper every time I slopped the cadenzas. . . . I hate Liebestraum. . . .

Johann Sibelius Bach had approximately twenty to thirty children. I guess that goes for Mrs. Bach too. . . .

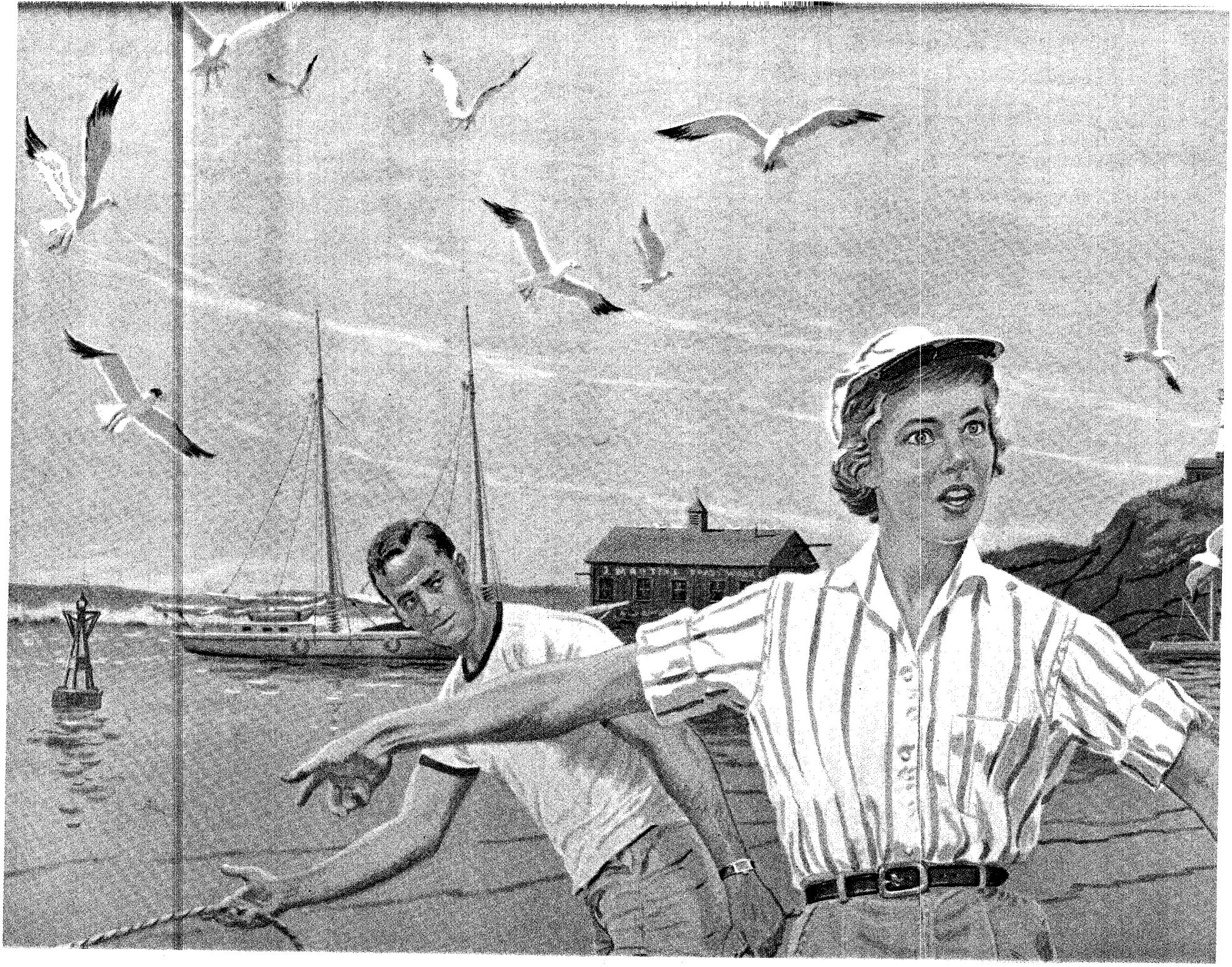
Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto—Number Two, that is—was written by Rachmaninoff, who also wrote the music for the concerto—a piano concerto, for piano and concerto. . . .

I know two numbers, that's all. One is Clair de Lune, and the other one isn't . . . Clair de Lune—English translation: Clear the saloon. . . .

Borge the poultryman, with one of the Rock Cornish hens which he raises and markets by the thousands.

Vibo Farms, the Borge estate at Southbury. Besides his hens and a large assortment of automobiles, Victor has a herd of Australian sheep. At left, the guest cottage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Cap'n Gow," Lucy said, "I want Mace's money back."

# The Happy Swindler

He wasn't really a thief. After all, his victim was merely his brother-in-law.

By LeGRAND HENDERSON

The richly Maine-accented but sparse sounds which passed for animated conversation between Cap'n Henry Gow and Mr. John Parker jolted to a stop as both men turned their heads to a warm, fresh-doughnut odor coming from Cap'n Gow's house on Kobs Neck, state of Maine.

Cap'n Gow peered through the open kitchen window; by a single protuberant wink he stated, "She's just went out to the woodshed."

In ponderous tiptoed stealth, both men advanced to the kitchen door. The Cap'n was first to reach the doughnut pan; he actually had his hand on it when his wife came back through the door to the woodshed. Above an armful of stovewood her eyes engaged the Cap'n's.

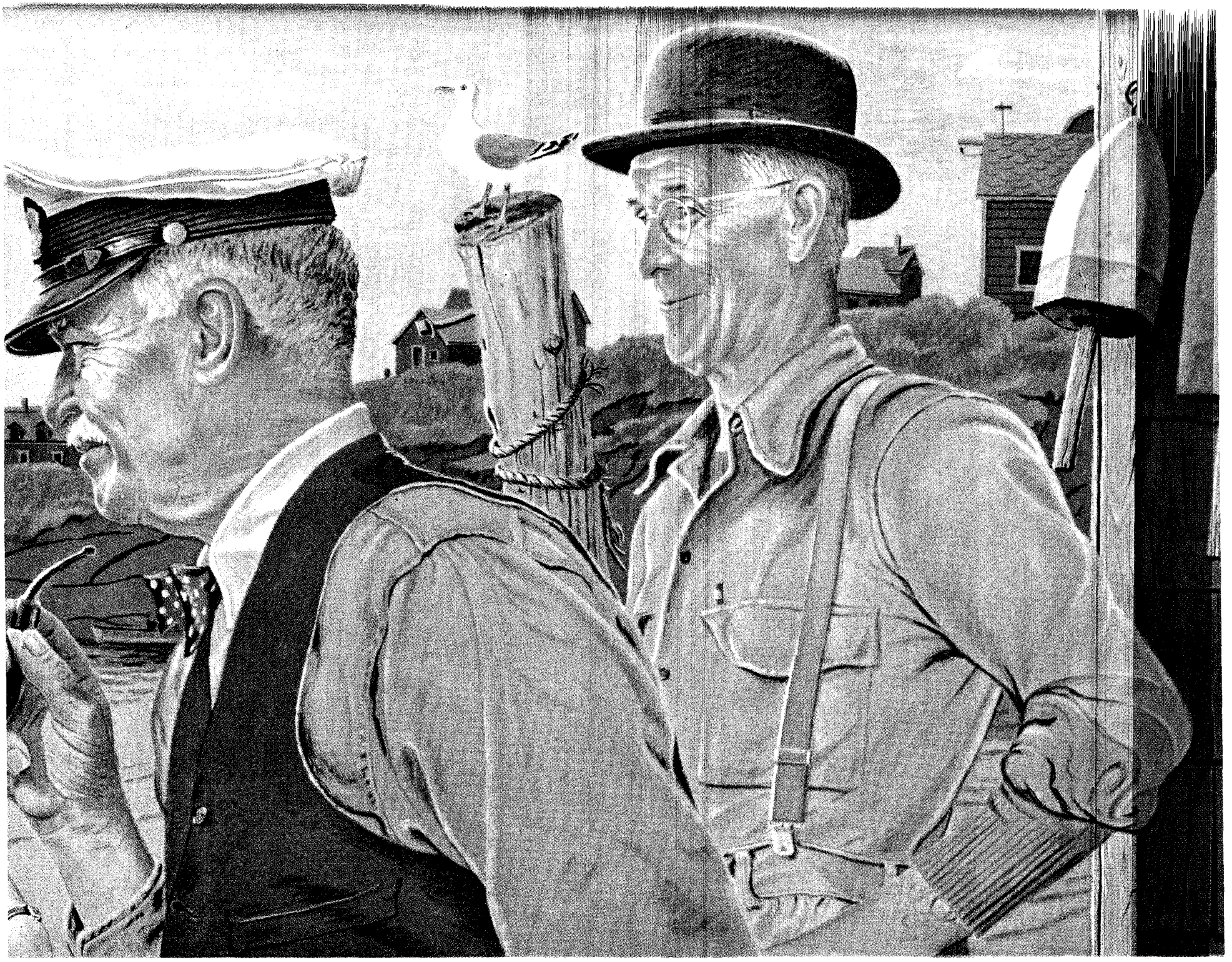
"Er—ah ——" Cap'n Gow stated.

Mrs. Gow's eyes accused her husband of a misstatement. Mr. Parker suddenly removed his ancient derby hat. Cap'n Gow had taken off his sailorman's white-topped cap the instant he entered the house.

Mrs. Gow's face had been designed along cozily pleasant lines, but it could express dignity and force, and it did so now with such impact as to puzzle the Cap'n; for this was



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



only a game they played at—a warmly familiar game whose every ritualistic move was well loved by all.

Mrs. Gow read his eyes. "It ain't the doughnuts," she told him.

"No?" Cap'n Gow warily probed his memory of recent, greater crimes.

"Henry Gow," his wife said, "I heard all about how you're aiming to sell your worthless old hulk of a vessel to young Mace Trundy. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? And him a neighbor."

"I ——" the Cap'n objected.

Mrs. Gow disregarded this remark. "And Mace going to marry a sweet girl like Lucy Webster. Taking the food right out of their mouths, that's what you're doing."

"Abbie ——" the Cap'n said.

"And don't tell me the Annie B. Pringle ain't worthless. I know rotten timbers when I see them. And it ain't only that. Mace has built him up a good little chicken farm, and that's where he belongs. You'd ought to be ashamed, filling a boy with lies about a romantical life at sea. At sea? Huh, he'd be under it if he took that old vessel out."

"Now, Abbie ——" the Cap'n said, but got no farther.

"And it was my very brother, Solstice, told me," Mrs. Gow added, "so I know there's truth in it."

"Oh? Him!" Cap'n Gow's eyes hardened briefly. Then they melted and he moved toward Mrs. Gow, saying, "Sugarplum."

"Henry Gow!" His wife rejected his fondness. "You are a two-natured man, the one of which is impure and sinful and unrepentant."

"That's right!" These words came in a new and apparently disembodied voice. Cap'n Gow executed a rapid pirouette before he discovered the long, horse-boned face with coldly watery eyes which peered into the room from outside the open window.

"Sister," this individual said, "you are teetotal right. Those are the very words I came over here to tell him."

"Solstice," Cap'n Gow said, "no man can come in my house and call me the things my wife does."

"Ain't in your house," Solstice pointed out.

"Well, come in," Mrs. Gow told him wonderingly.

"Don't choose to," Solstice said. "But I'd take a doughnut, anybody offered me one."

He accepted two from Mrs. Gow. "Sister," he said, "I have (Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Ben Prins

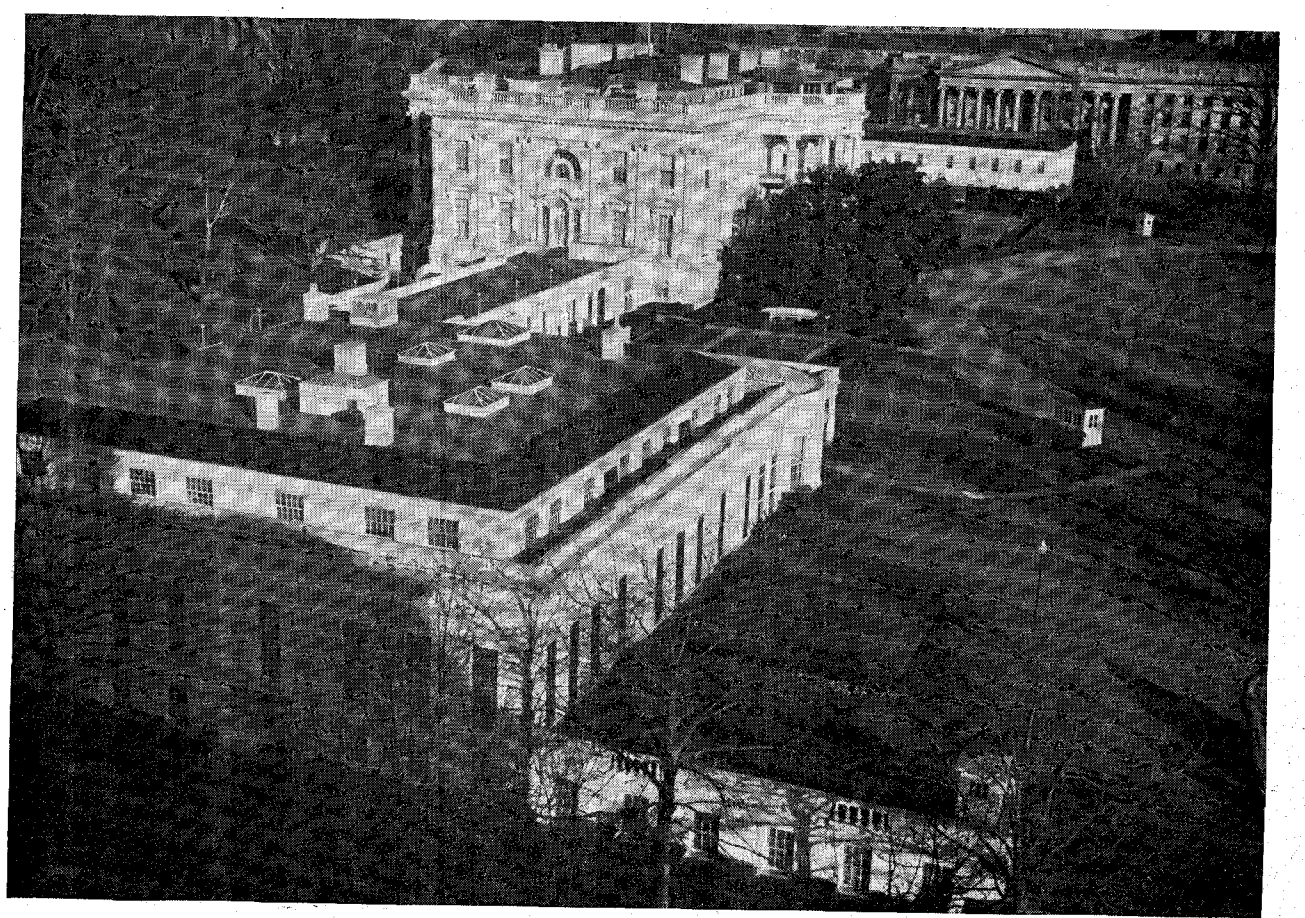
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

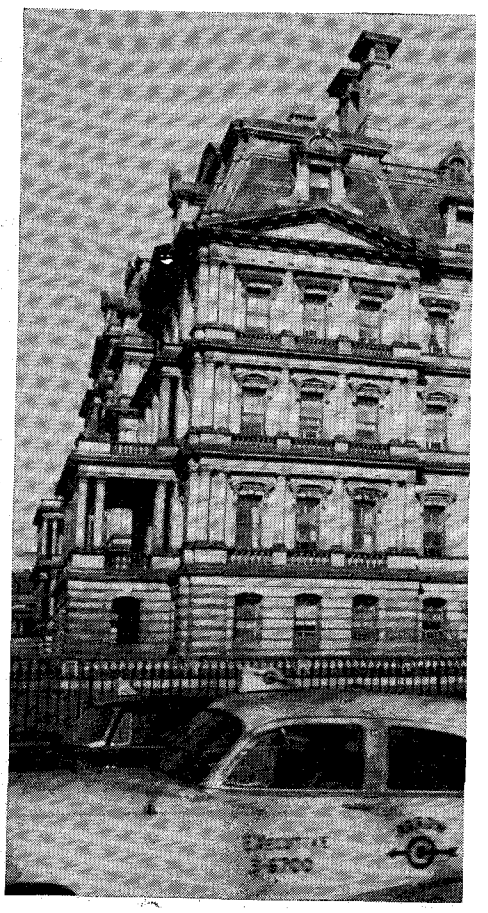
# Take the President Out of the White House

By Peter Wyden

Experts have come up with a sensational plan to end the Executive Office overcrowding, which forces Ike's staff into some exasperating, comical situations.

The President, with Jim Hagerty and Murray Snyder, returns to the White House after a press conference where 200 reporters had to squeeze in the almost airless Indian Treaty Room of the Executive Office Building.

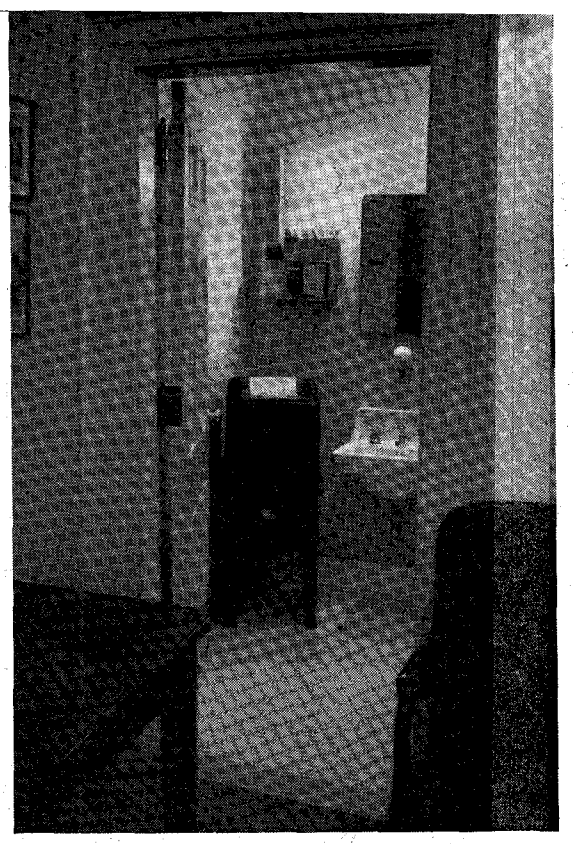




Ike and 107 staff members are crammed into the West Wing (foreground) of the White House. Experts recommend moving him into a modern, 7-story structure, replacing the Executive Office Building.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Col. Andrew Jackson Goodpaster (dictating in background) feels his first great achievement as Ike's staff secretary was wedging five desks into this 23′ by 10′ office he must share with four others.



Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's teletypes repose in his private bathroom. (Another is out of sight at right.)

When President Eisenhower dropped in on Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield in the early days of his administration, to assist in launching a new eight-cent stamp, he surveyed his cabinet officer's spacious suite with envy. "Well," said the President, "you certainly have it a lot nicer here than we do over at the White House."

So do a lot of people in Washington. But oddly enough, our Presidents, managing the most complex government on earth, must work under conditions that would madden the boss of a respectable paper-clip company.

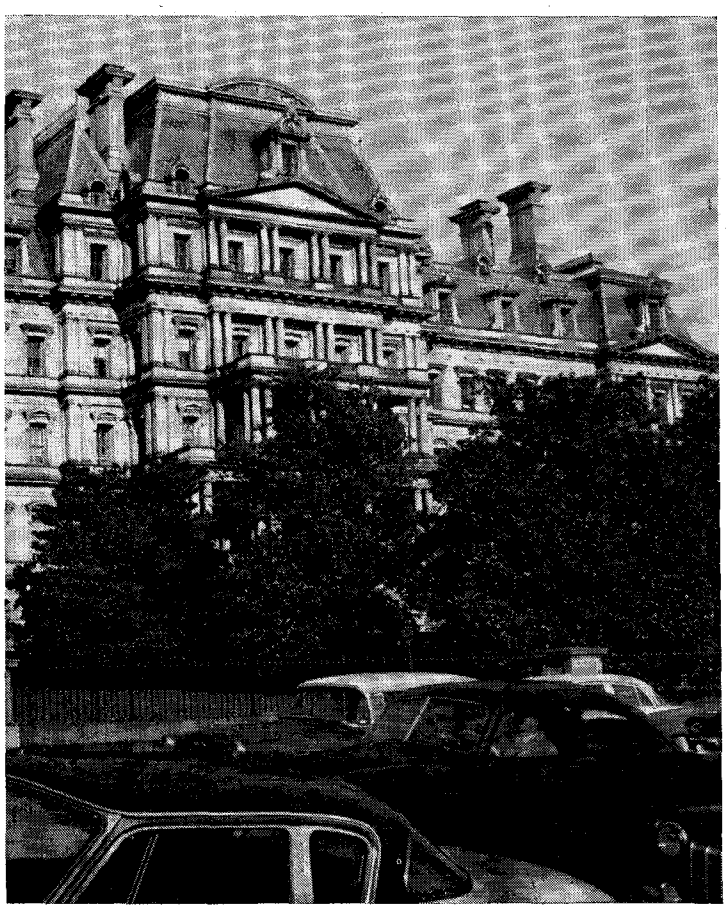
"The whole thing is ridiculous," says Press Secretary James C. Hagerty. "I don't know of a cabinet officer or a governor or a mayor of a large city who hasn't got better office facilities than the President of the United States." A former White House assistant, who toiled for seventeen years with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, goes further: "We give the President the powers of a monarch and the facilities of an unwanted relative."

It has been just five years since $5,761,000 was spent to refurbish the 157-year-old White House. This sufficed to turn 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue into a respectable residence. It is still none too livable, but at least the bathtubs no longer sink quietly through the floors. Nothing was done, however, about the mansion's West Wing, which Pres. Theodore Roosevelt added as "temporary" office space in 1902. The presidential staff then numbered forty. President Eisenhower wrestles with the problems of the atomic era in essentially the same setting, but he has to find room for 1492 helpers.

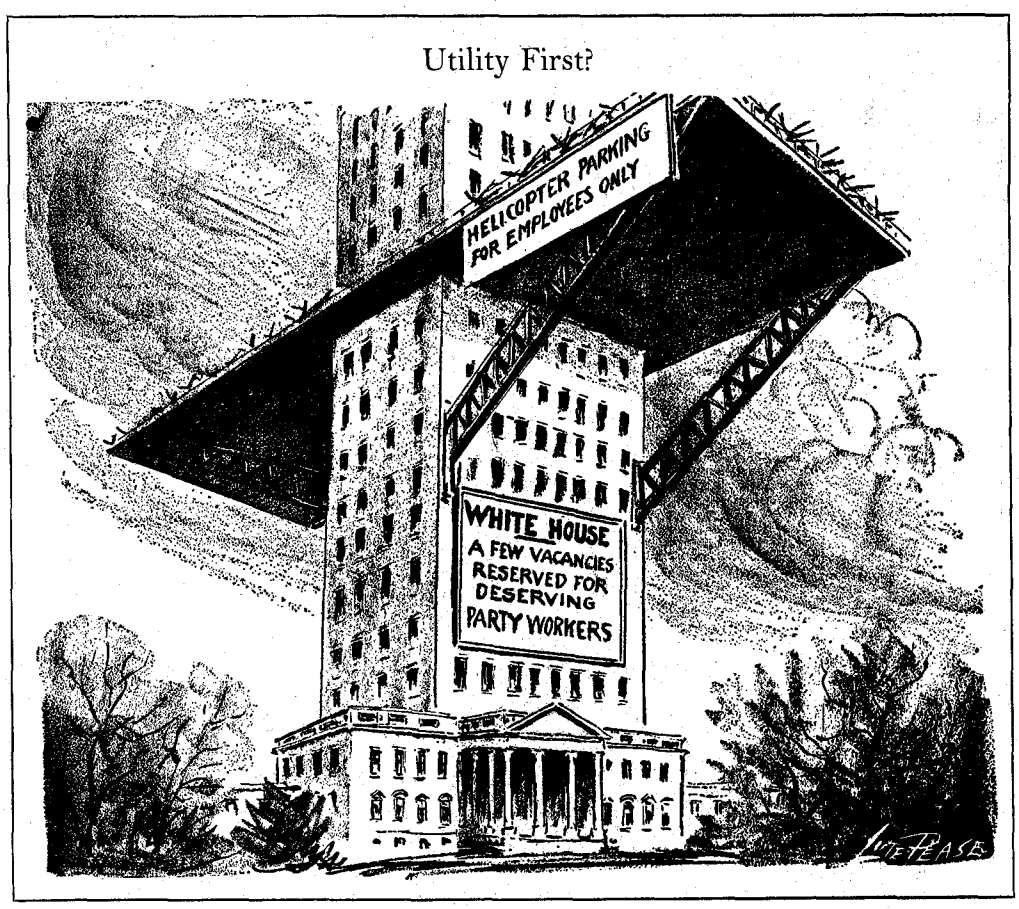
Of this number, 107 are packed sardine-style into the West Wing's clutter of rooms, in an arrangement suggesting a chaotic rabbit warren. The rest spill over into another wing, the Executive Office Building next door, some ancient residences across the street, and Government buildings all over town.

In April, 1955, the administration engaged a Cleveland firm of management consultants, Robert Heller & Associates, to take a long look at the White House space squeeze, and plan reforms. They proposed drastic remedies that are bound to jar those editorial writers, congressmen and vocal patriots who sound off whenever somebody wants to tinker with the White House.

The plan has a $31,725,000 price tag. And it is a controversial (Continued on Page 116)



Ike's advisers have to hotfoot it across the street from the old Executive Office Building (above) to their boss — sometimes 13 times a day.


Utility First?
HELICOPTER PARKING FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY
WHITE HOUSE
A FEW VACANCIES RESERVED FOR DESERVING PARTY WORKERS

The Newark Evening News took this poke at Truman's 1946 plan to enlarge White House office space. After a storm of protest, Congress rescinded the appropriation.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If he bent forward just six inches . . . the thought nearly broke him up.

She was so close and so desirable that for one fatal moment he forgot she was

# ALREADY ENGAGED

By STEVE McNEIL

He walked out of the surf in the sweet August sunlight, ran his hands over his chest to swish off the water, and then rubbed his head. He was a lanky young man with sun-slashed hair and squinting blue eyes, and at the moment he was clean, unfettered, more or less financially solvent, and twenty-five years old.

He turned and looked at the breaking waves, the color of unbuttered popcorn, at the blue water beyond, at the sports and commercial fishing boats riding lightly in the swells. He smiled inwardly and walked up toward the dry sand, feeling the sun take the chill out of his body, feeling loose and as happy as a kid playing hooky.

His beach towel was where he had left it. In addition, there was the dividend of a young lady, stretched out, face down, on his towel. She was a sleek, sun-tanned creature with hair the color of Turkish coffee, and she was wearing a strapless bathing suit.

Silas Middleton said, "I beg your pardon."

She turned over in one beautiful, catlike motion and stared at him. He saw now that her eyes were green, her nose small and tip-tilted. She had a short upper lip, a little cleft in her chin, and was merely out of this world.

"What did you do?" she said.

"Me? I didn't do anything."

"Then why did you beg my pardon?" She smiled at Silas.

He started to feel lightheaded and wondered whether he should get out of the sun. "Uh, my name is Middleton," he said. "Silas Middleton."

"Glad to know you, Silas. My name is Jennifer Frederickson. It's kind of a long name, said all at once like that, but don't call me 'Jen,' will you?"

"Certainly not."

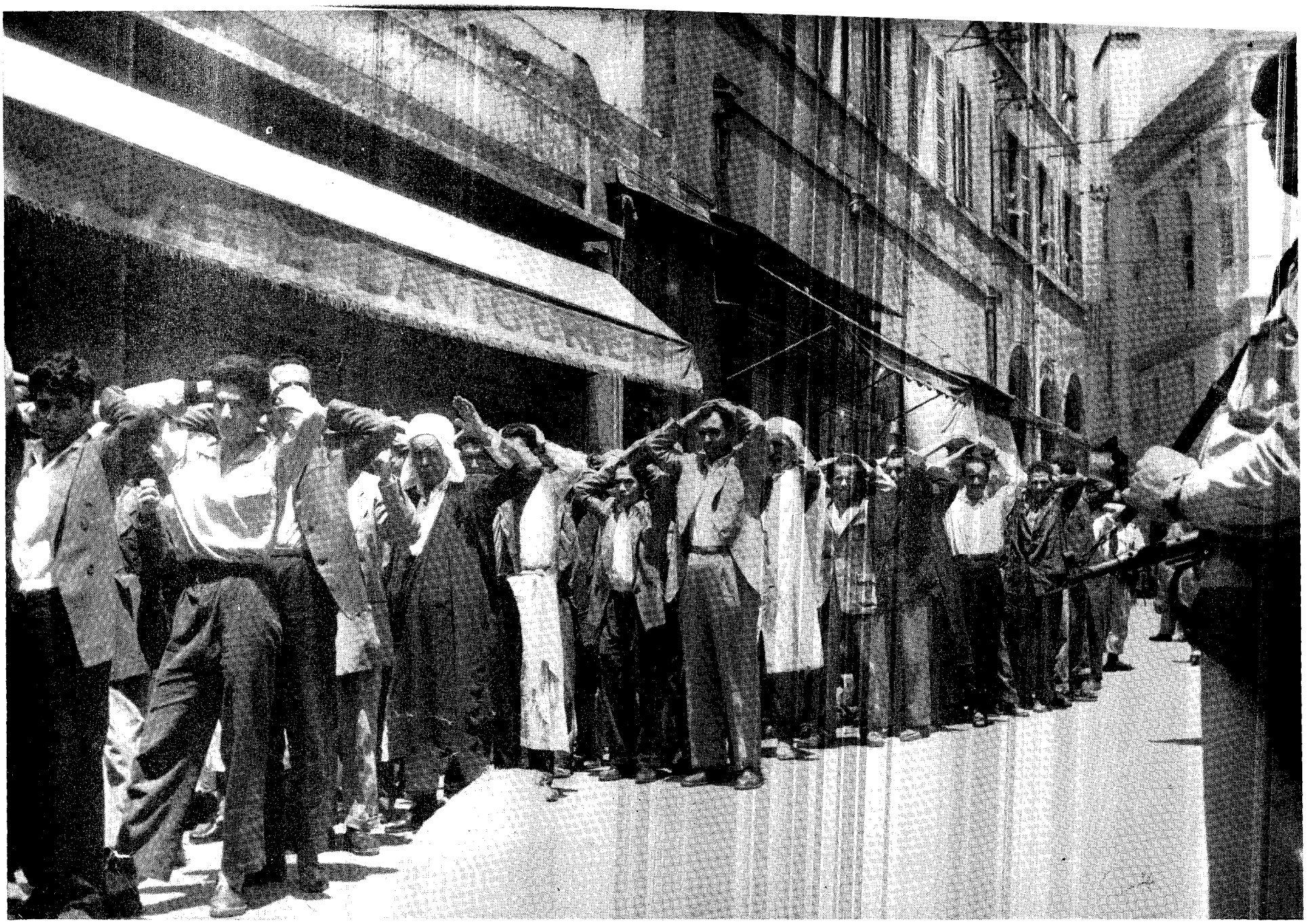
"Fine. Now we have that settled, I can tell you it's no use trying to pick me up. I have a boy friend, his name is Trenton Fielding, and the reason he isn't here is that he's studying navigation. So you can go now."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"You're sitting on my beach towel." He was mildly disappointed at finding out that she had a boy friend, but then he knew from vast experience that (Continued on Page 50)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In tension-ridden Algiers: French troops round up suspects in a raid on one of the city's native quarters, but tomorrow there will be more terrorism and more suspects.

# NORTH AFRICAN NIGHTMARE

## A Post editor reports on Algeria, where assassins stalk the streets by day, and every Frenchman realizes he could be the next victim.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ALGIERS.

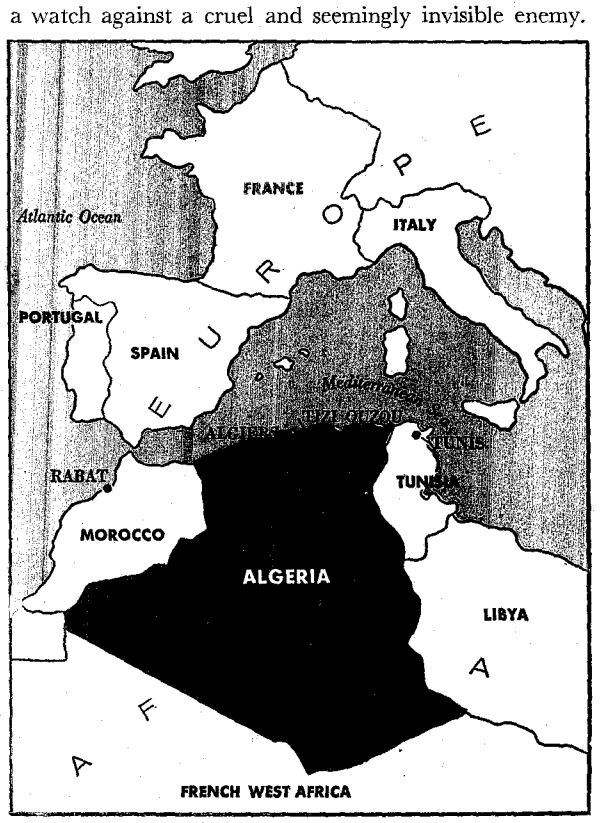
From his command post on the southern slope of Djebel Aissa Mimoun, Captain Galula looks down on one of the more savage parts of the Kabylie country. Below him spreads a reddish valley with a few isolated farms and olive groves. Across, a steel-blue, jagged ridge saws off a piece of sky. White dabs of freshly fallen snow gleam along the ledges, and tiny, crumbling villages cling to the foothills for dear life.

It is a bad part of Algeria to be in. Guerrillas have been active in the Kabylie since the beginning of the revolution; the northern shoulder of the ridge is not yet pacified. It's just as well the captain is kept busy out of doors; his tiny bedroom-office in the olive-oil refinery which serves the French colonial company as field headquarters has no windows. To do his homework, after dark, he has a candle, stuck in a bulbous bottle. The captain spent eleven years in the Far East before they sent him to Algeria, and he is studying a handbook on Chinese guerrilla tactics.

"In any revolutionary war," he earnestly explains, "we can discern four phases. One, terrorism. Two, guerrilla warfare. Three, fluid warfare from a rebel base inside the country. Four, the frontal assault. Here, in Algeria, the rebels were just

(Continued on Page 99)

Untamable Algeria: In the vast area between Morocco and Tunisia, almost 400,000 French soldiers try to maintain a watch against a cruel and seemingly invisible enemy.

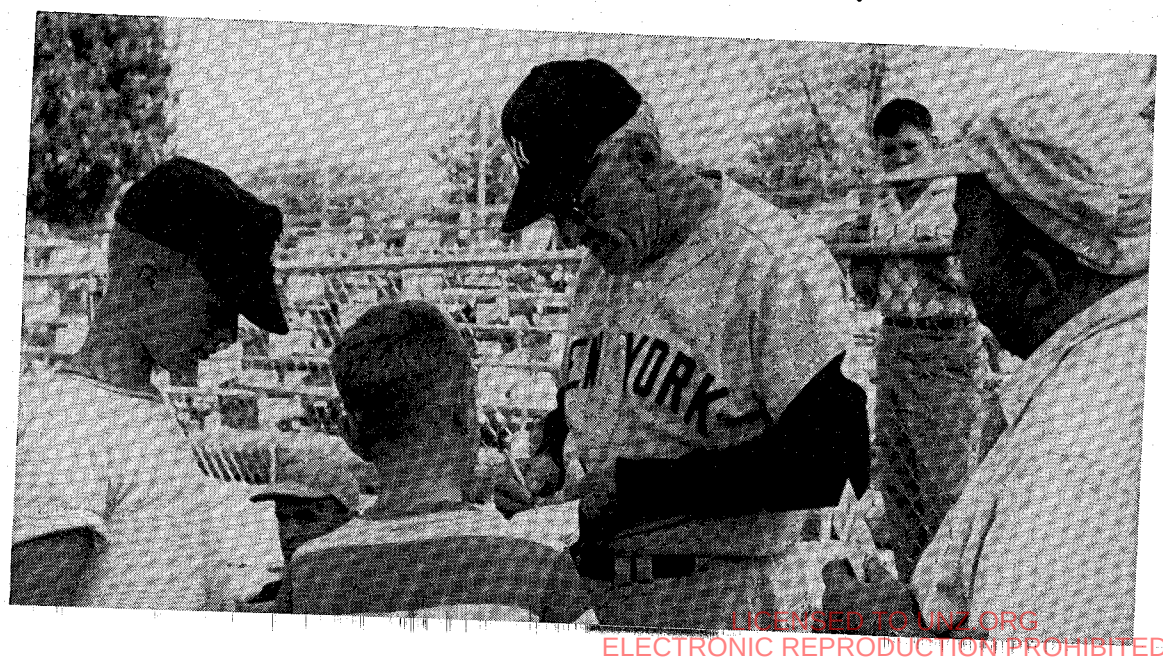



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shortstop Tony Kubek (left), a "can't miss" prospect who took a big step toward the major leagues last year, with coach Frank Crosetti at the Yankees' 1956 rookie school.

# Where Baseball Stars are Born

## Now is the time when the big-league teams open their rookie camps, where the next awkward, eager kid may turn out to be another Mickey Mantle.




Yankee manager Casey Stengel, originator of the rookie-camp idea, obliges preseason fans.

By HARRY T. PAXTON

This is the time of year when a casual tourist on the west coast of Florida might assume that the big-league baseball teams had already started spring training. Opening day is two months and a lot of cold weather away, yet on certain Florida—and Arizona—diamonds this week, professional ballplayers may be seen working out in major-league uniforms.

Careful scrutiny will disclose, however, that the young man wearing No. 7 for the New York Yankees isn't really Mickey Mantle, nor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to run bases: Detroit Tiger scout Bernie De Viveiros demonstrates the fine points of sliding to would-be big-leaguers at Tigertown, Lakeland, Fla.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

is No. 8 actually Yogi Berra. These are advance camps for highly regarded rookies. Most of the youngsters at the camps are still on minor-league rosters, and when the main squads take over at the end of the month, the great majority will give back their big-league uniforms and wind up playing this year in places like Winston-Salem, Salt Lake City and Omaha.

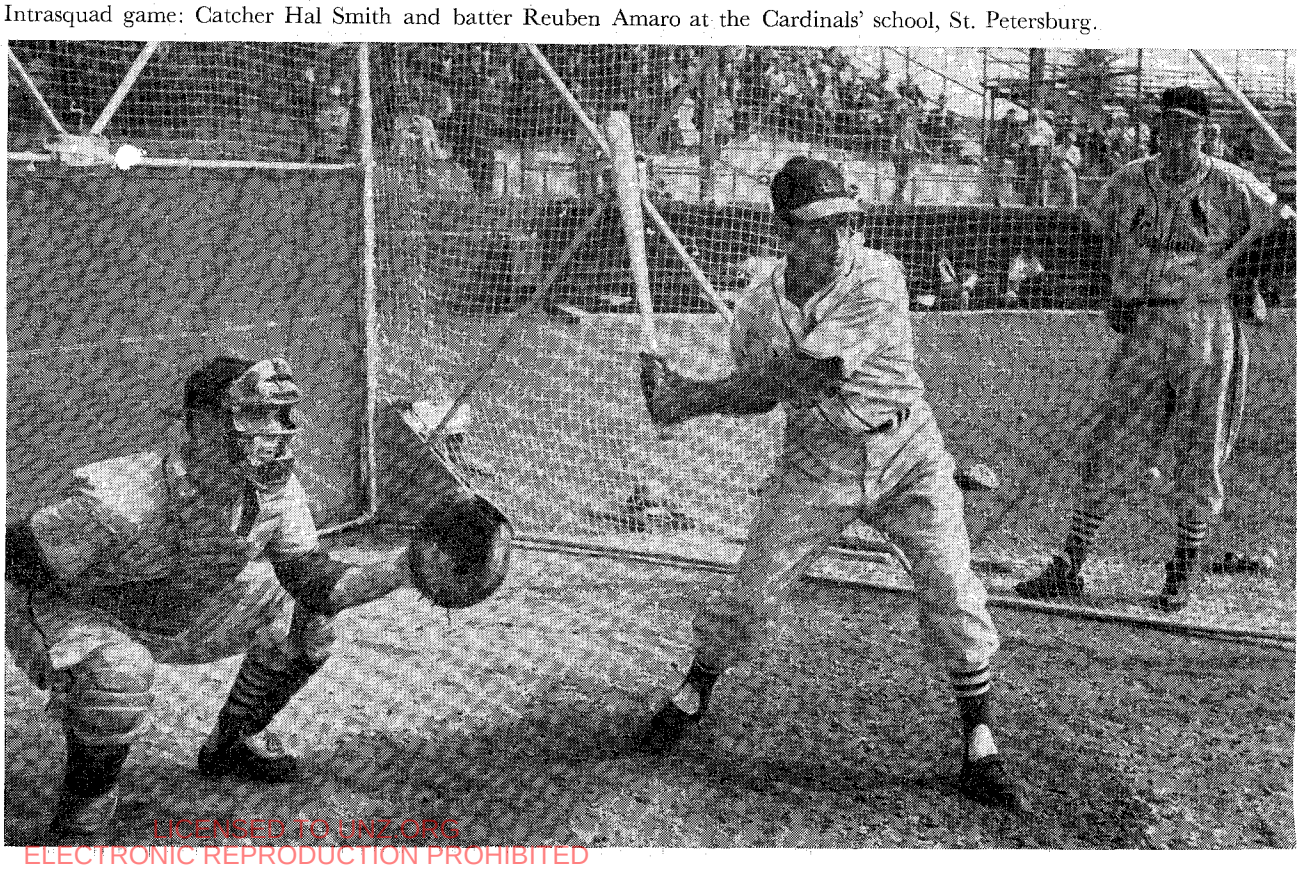
On the other hand, some will stick with the major club through spring training, and a few will stay on into the regular season. The rookie camps are where baseball Cinderella stories get born. There was the classic case of Mickey Mantle, then nineteen years old, who came to the Yankee rookie camp in February, 1951, after playing Class C ball the summer before—and jumped all the way to the Yankees' starting line-up in April.

This February activity is something apart from the normal farm-team training the ball clubs will conduct later on. That doesn't start until around March tenth, and is more of a mass proposition—at Dodgertown in Vero Beach, as many as 450 aspirants go through their paces on half a dozen fields. It's different at the current rookie camps, or "instructional schools," as they generally are labeled. Here the idea is to give special schooling to hand-picked groups of rising young prospects. A club selects anywhere from thirty to fifty boys, brings them to camp well ahead of the regular training period and puts them under the direct supervision of the parent team's manager and coaches. The hope is to speed their progress through the farm system and maybe move one or more up to the majors right away.

"The coaching setup in organized baseball is just the opposite (Continued on Page 123)

Rookies come on field for a workout at the Phillies' school, which opened for its first session last year.

Intrasquad game: Catcher Hal Smith and batter Reuben Amaro at the Cardinals' school, St. Petersburg.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to be HAPPY though INCOMPATIBLE

If you and your spouse have little in common, don't fret, says the author. It may be the sign of a successful marriage!

By HANNAH LEES

There is probably more nonsense written about what it means to be compatible or incompatible than about any other facet of marriage, and I hope I am not going to contribute to it here.

You hardly dare open a magazine or Sunday paper for fear of being asked: Should YOU Have Married YOUR Husband? Is Yours a HAPPY Marriage? Each followed by ten to fifty personal questions on sleeping habits, bathroom habits, eating, working and having-fun habits. And a million or two anxious wives get out the marketing pad and pencil and dutifully answer all the questions; then spend the rest of the day, or even week, brooding about all the incompatibilities they have scored up—incompatibilities which, till that moment, often, they hadn't given much thought to. And, once worried, a wife is almost bound to start worrying her husband too. "You're a man of action, it says here, and I'm more an intellectual type. No wonder we can't talk to each other. You're an introvert and I'm an extrovert. Naturally I feel lonely. I wonder if we ever ought to have got married." The whole implication is apt to be: Why don't *you* change?

It can be very confusing to a husband, for most men never stop to think whether they are compatible unless their wives start pointing it out. They are preoccupied with their work—often too preoccupied—and unless we make them uncomfortable, they are almost certain to take their love and our love and their marriages for granted—often too much for granted. This is bound to be frustrating to a woman, but it is something every one of us might as well reckon with. We can and should fight it on some levels, but we had better be careful what levels we fight it on, for this masculine characteristic often has in it real maturity and strength.

The average man simply doesn't need or want the intense feeling of closeness the average woman thinks she needs. He doesn't yearn to have the person he loves be something like a mirror image who reflects every mood and taste and reaction. Many of us women find this genuinely painful. We feel that because they don't want what we want they don't understand us. But can't a husband love and understand his wife and still expect her to be an individual who can stand on her own feet and know what she enjoys in life without needing to be reassured by his enjoying it too? Isn't part of our trouble a feeling that if our husbands don't like what we like, maybe we are wrong to like it, maybe it isn't really enjoyable?

There is a grim but magnificent little play by the French philosopher, Jean Paul Sartre, called No Exit, about three people in hell for various sins. Hell, in this play, consists of being in one small room with the same people for eternity. What makes it hell is that not one of them has anything to give any of the others nor any resources within himself. Each is constantly maneuvering for reassurance on some level, and never gets it. One of the more exquisite features of this hell is that all the mirrors have been removed—from the walls, from the women's handbags and compacts—and when one of the women discovers this and finds she will never again be able to see herself, she can't remember what she looks like and has a terrifying feeling of ceasing to exist. All women need to see themselves reflected in their husbands' eyes a dozen different ways, but not in a hundred different ways. We have to learn to know we exist when they aren't mirroring us.

A woman I know who has a tremendous need to talk about everything is married to a shy intellectual man who is quite uncommunicative, and they have many other so-called incompatibilities. Her desperate need to feel closer to him used to drive her to try to discuss their incompatibilities, and, each time she tried, her efforts would bounce back as if from a blank wall. Yet every night they slept in each other's arms and their lovemaking was joyous and spontaneous.

One morning, after an especially happy night, she turned to him and said accusingly, "We really haven't a thing in common but sex, when you get right down to it, have we?"

He smiled dreamily—he was only half awake still. "I guess that's right," he agreed.

"But that can't be enough, can it?" she persisted.

He opened his eyes and looked at her with sudden wonder. "More than enough," he said gently, and got up and ate breakfast and went off to work.

It is a little like the old philosophical question of whether a coconut on a desert island makes a noise when it falls, if there is no living creature there to hear the noise. Is a difference in tastes an incompatibility if it doesn't bother you?

The average man can sit comfortably at home and watch the fights on TV while his wife goes to the opera. "I don't go for that long-hair stuff," he will say with a shrug to a friend who drops in, "so Grace went with Margie. They both think it's terrific." But you can lay 10 to 1 that sometime during the opera or on the way home, Grace said with a sigh, "I wish Jake liked good music more. He won't even try." Jake is a lucky man if when she comes home she says, "It was beautiful, dear, and I had a wonderful time. Were the fights exciting?" instead of, "You know, dear, you really ought to cultivate your mind more. Bessie Clark was there with her husband."

Maybe Jake simply has a tin ear. Maybe he had culture stuffed down his throat when he was young. Maybe he has to use his mind at work all day. What does it matter if he likes to look at fights and she likes to listen to opera? The only thing that really matters is that when she comes home

(Continued on Page 103)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This note—this picture—you found them in the senator's house?" he asked. Maggie nodded brightly.

# The Notorious Miss Maggie

## Who would have suspected that such a sweet old lady could be guilty of blackmail?

By EDWARD GARDNER, Jr.

In the past week, winter had vanished completely. Now the air was May-warm, as soft as foam rubber. The tulips and crocuses in Garfield Park were a blanket of color, and the very new leaves on the elms and maples along Harrison Avenue were making little lacelike shadows on the sidewalk.

It was nearly noon. In the Carnegie Library, a young woman walked rapidly up to the oaken counter that arched out from the north wall of the long, book-lined room. Her dark eyes were troubled, and her face was drawn as if from too little sleep.

"Miss Morrison," she said, and there was urgency in her voice. "Miss Morrison——"

Miss Maggie Morrison looked up from her desk and smiled. Maggie was small and thin, and her hair, once a warm brown, was interlaced with white. She was sixty-seven and what Wakefield, Vermont—with one exception—called an old maid. That one exception—Maggie Morrison—referred to herself—with a grin and in the privacy of her bedroom—as an unclaimed blessing.

"Hello, Mrs. Muratori," she said. "How are you?"

"I—I guess I'm all right," Mrs. Muratori answered, a slight halting in her words. "Have you—have you a book about heaven?"

"I'm sure we ought to have," Maggie said. "But ——"

"For a kid," Mrs. Muratori elaborated. "For Tommy, my kid. He's sick, and he's scared of dying. And the doctor says—Doc Bender—he says that being scared like he is makes him sicker. So I thought—I thought if you had a book I could read to him—a nice book about heaven—maybe he wouldn't be so scared."

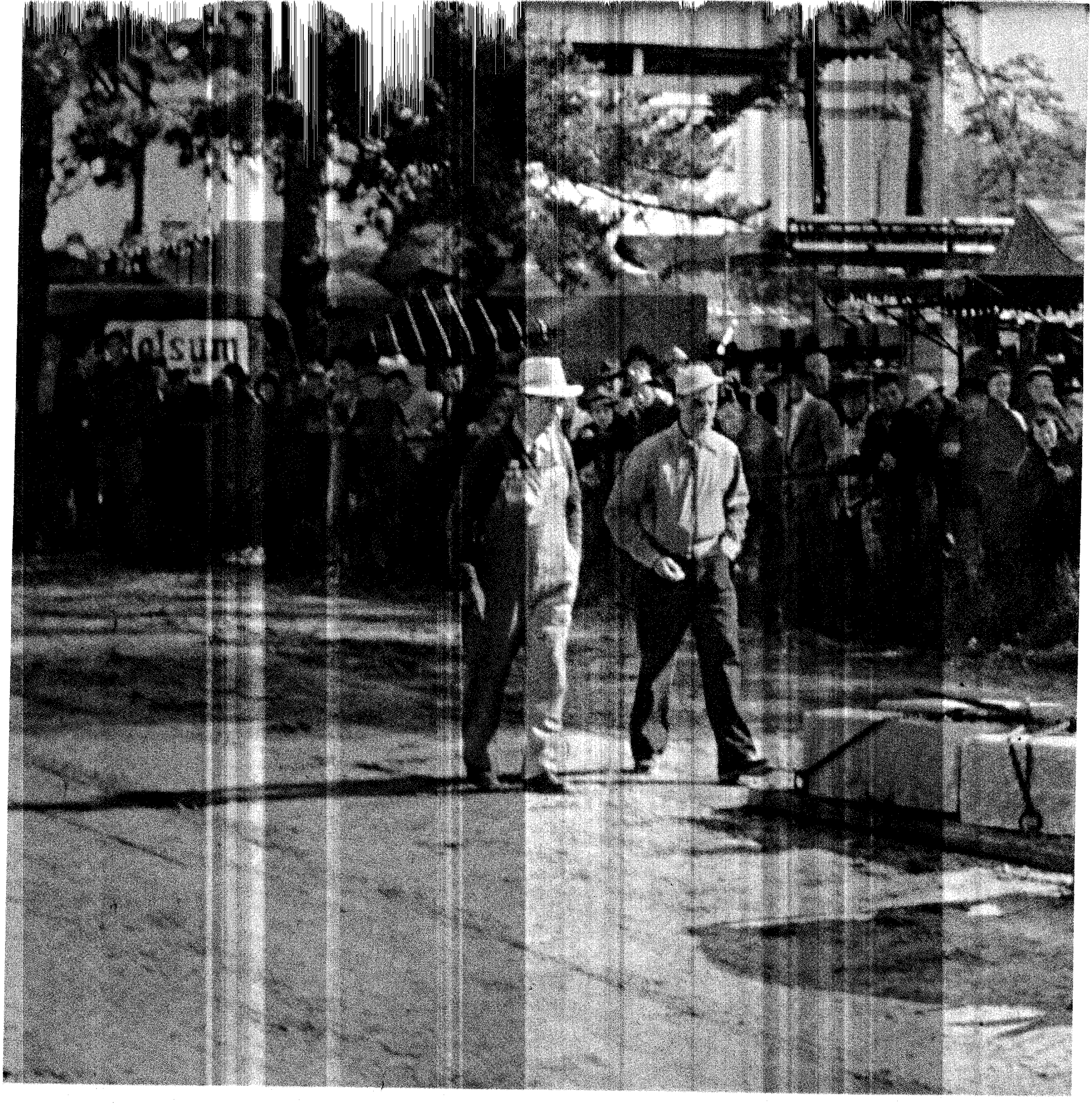
Maggie left her desk and walked to the counter. "Is Tommy dangerously ill?" she asked, concern in her voice.

Mrs. Muratori nodded and an odd little sound escaped from her throat.

"I'll find something for Tommy," Maggie said. "I'll have to look around a bit, but I'll locate something and bring it to your house when I go home for supper. Will that be all right?"

Mrs. Muratori nodded again. "Thank you," she said and moved (Continued on Page 94)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

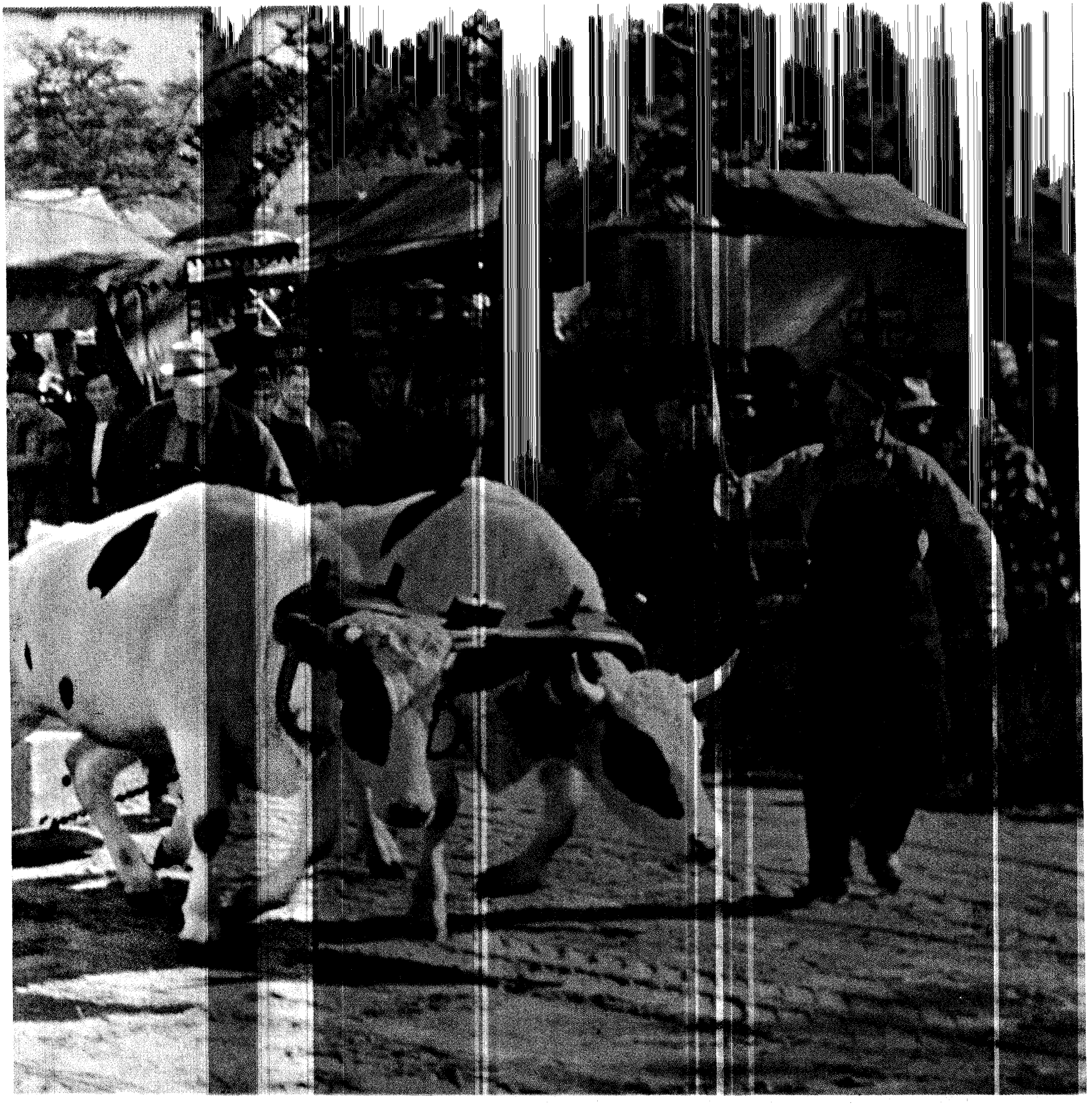


The Face of AMERICA

# Ox Pull



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Newfangled contraptions such as the tractor have almost banished draft animals from rural America, but in Maine, where rocklike loyalties change slowly, some old-timers still fancy a hefty span of oxen to haul stoneboats and "twitch" logs out of the woods. Naturally, each ox owner believes that his sturdy pair can outpull all others of equal size. For more than a century contests to settle such questions have been—and still are—popular features at county fairs. The rules are fairly simple: A call booms out, "Hustle those cattle in here, you drivers," and the crowds gather at the pulling ring. Here, at the West Oxford Fair, Fryeburg, they are watching Star and Line, owned by Roger Bragdon, of North Berwick, win a distance class by pulling a boat loaded with 2000 pounds of stone 126 feet, nine inches, in five minutes. Winners get local glory, little cash; Bragdon's purse was $6.50.

◖ Photograph by Kosti Ruohomaa



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I just laid low and have never heard anything like the corny remarks that came to my ears from G. Lester Boone II.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# My Sister's Mistake

## A love affair as seen from a very candid male viewpoint.

By DANA BURNET

Well the fire siren just blew two blats then two more meaning no school again today so I guess I will write my compasition that Miss Toby my teacher at Bay Street School said to write for today and woud have done it yesterday after school only there wasent any school then either, ha, ha, as yesterday was the Hurracane.

Well I was all alone in the house with my sister Sue as our parents are both away at a convention at Hartford. My father use to go to these conventions at Hartford every year by himself but they always made him very nervus and cross so mama said she woud go with him so now when they come home papa is not so nervus, just cross. Well they picked a fine time to go away this time, as our house in Lymington is right on Little Narrowganset Bay and the tide came right up over our sea wall. The whole bay came washing up around the house and you woud think it woud wash away the house or the wind woud blow it down but I wasent scared being a Cub Scout or anyway not much and neither was Sue, which is quite brave for a girl.

My sister Sue is quite old, almost 20 and is sapposed to be quite pretty. She has red hair and she has green eyes like Goldie our cat. The rest of her face is O.K., kind of egg shape and looks quite nice when she gets it all fixed up with red lipstick and etc. She is about ½ way between skinny and tubby and is 5 ft. 3¾ in. tall which makes her just 10¼ in. taller than me as I am 4 ft. 5½ in. tall which I can do in my head, as my favorite subjects in school are arithmatic and spelling. Most kids in our class think spelling is hard but it seems to come easy to me, Miss Toby our teacher says I spell the way a duck swims without giveing it a thought, so do not see why I dont get better marks, how about it Miss Toby.

Well I bet most every kid in our class will write their compasition about the Hurracane so I will write mine on the subject of Crime. Because that is what Sue called it when we set out to drown Annie, she said it was a Crime and she said I was excessory to the Crime because I rowed the dingey for her, also tied the rock around Annie's neck. Well I know from watching my programmes on TV that whenever there is a Crime somebody has to be the excessory, so that is me, but the reason I tied the rock is that Sue was crying so hard she could not see to tie anything.

That was day before yesterday, as this compasition takes in more than just the day we set out to drown Annie as it also takes in the day before that when Sue got engaged to G. Lester Boone II and also the day after that which was the day of the Hurracane when Tom Stanton came wadeing through the water to our house. But it makes me quite tired to keep track of all those days, so will just take one day at a time as I do not want to be too tired to tell about poor Annie and Sue and me and Tom Stanton and G. Lester Boone II. That is how his name is always printed in the Lymington News-Bugle our paper and I guess it means he is second of something, I dont know what, because he is not anything emportant like a second lieutenant or a second baseman.

He is even older than Sue, I do not know how old but I bet he is 25 yrs. old and is richer than Jersey cream I heard mama tell papa in the kitchen one morning. I guess that is right because his fokes bought a big summer place here this summer also a house-boat so maybe he is second mate of his fokes house-boat, ha, ha. Anyway, G. Lester Boone II is quite tall with a pointed mustash that looks like he whitteled it the way you woud whittel a pencil and you cant miss him as he wears a blue coat with brass buttons. My sister Sue met him at the fireworks on 4th of July at the Yacht Club and next morning was on the phone 1 hour calling all her friends to tell them what he said and how attractif he was, well everybody to their own taste as the old maid said when she kissed the cow. But anyway the minit Sue met G. Lester Boone II she seemed to like him quite a lot, or else maybe he dassled her.

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

Tom Stanton is not as rich as G. Lester Boone, but he would not be caught dead in a mustash or brass buttons.

So anyway they went around together all summer but I dident think it was anything fatel till I saw them kiss each other the day I hid on top of the book case in our libary. That was the day before we set out to drown Annie or 3 days ago, but I will just take one day at a time, as I do not want to get mixed up about the days. So this day was Sunday. Well I been practiseing all summer to be a Private I or a Space Detective whichever pays the most but anyway I was practiseing spyeing, but did not mean to catch Sue kissing anyone much less two in about ½ hour. But I cant help it if there is quite a space over the book shelvs in our libary. That was my favorite place to hide as you coud climb up the shelvs with your 6 gun and pertend you were in a cave on a cliff with the bandits or enemy Spacemen camped in the trail right below you.

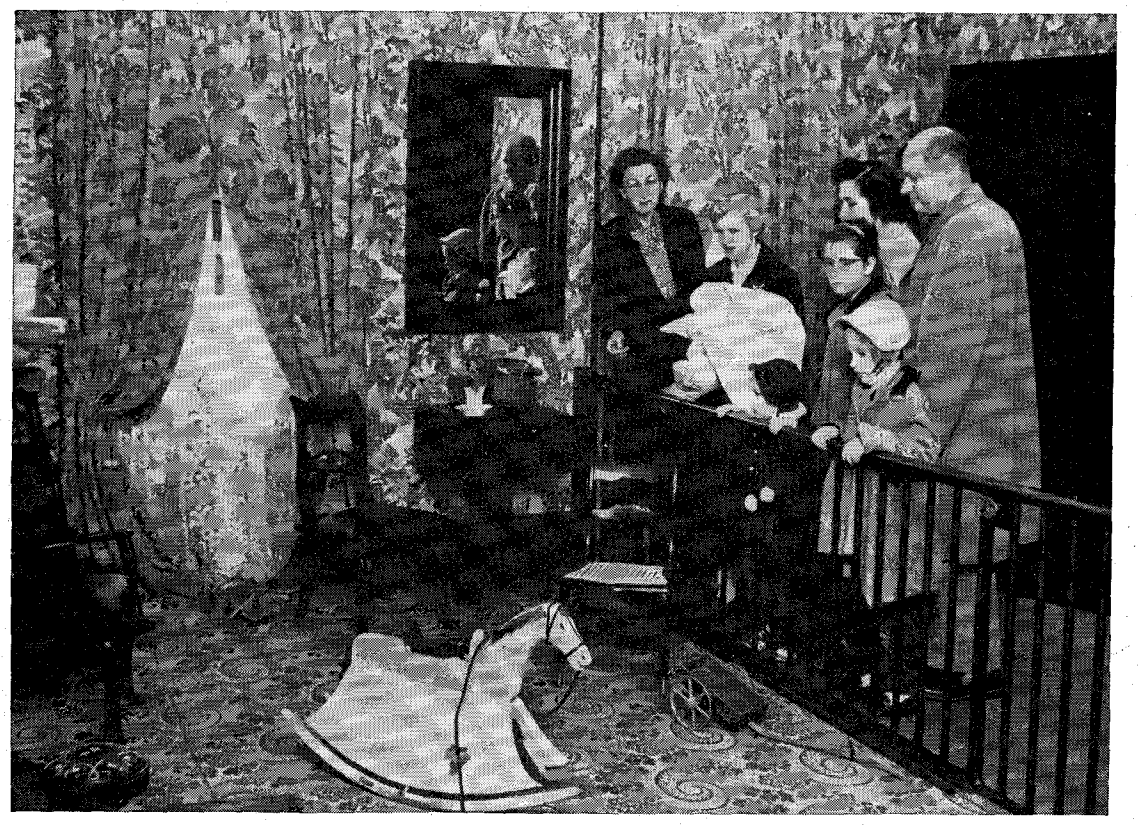
Well this time I am telling about three days ago was right after Sunday dinner which we eat at noon on Sunday and mama and papa were upstairs takeing their nap. So I climbed up on top of the book case and I guess I was quite tired from going to Sunday School that morning or something because I sort of dosed off. So the next thing I knew I heard sort of smuthered voices below me. So I put a cap in my pistol and cocked it and peaked over the edge of the shelf. Well it was my sister Sue and G. Lester Boone II setting on the couch. Well I was just going to holler hands up I got you covered one move and you are dead when G. Lester Boone II grabed Sue and kissed her and Sue took a deep breth the way you do when you are going to dive in cold water and then kissed him back.

(Continued on Page 106)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No other man ever won such a firm place in our hearts as
Honest Abe, whose every act has been subjected to microscopic scrutiny.
And the years witness an ever-widening expansion of

# THE LINCOLN CULT



More than a half million people annually visit the Springfield, Ill., house where Lincoln lived from 1844 to 1861. The rocking horse and little wagon (foreground) belonged to his son, Tad, who died tragically at eighteen in 1871. (Tad's older brother, Willie, died at eleven in 1862 at the White House, during his father's life-time.)

The Lincoln National Life Foundation library and museum in Ft. Wayne, Ind., was established in 1928 to collect Lincoln memorabilia. Here even the youngest visitors come under the spell of Abe's undying spirit.

By Charles W. White

Every year when the twelfth of February comes around, Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, gets a special birthday cake which his wife, Florence, knows exactly how to bake for him. It's rather rich cake, containing whites of six eggs and a cup of chopped blanched almonds, with half a cup of candied pineapple and fine-chopped cherries poured into the icing. This isn't for Doctor McMurtry's birthday, however. It's for Abraham Lincoln's. The recipe was handed down in the family of Mary Todd Lincoln. Mrs. McMurtry learned it from her husband, a cheery, mild-mannered man with a Kentucky drawl who, as it happens, is one of the world's leading professional Lincoln scholars.

"Lincoln had a great sweet tooth," says McMurtry, who has honorary doctoral degrees from Centre College and Iowa Wesleyan. "For instance, in 1841 he wrote a letter to Mary Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, telling how he remembered 'delicious dishes of peaches and cream' he used to get at her house. Otherwise, Lincoln was a spare eater. By the way, some authorities credit him with popularizing bacon fried crisp. He's supposed to have taught soldiers around Washington, D.C., how to prepare bacon that way."

Doctor McMurtry will gladly tell you anything you may wish to know about Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War period. If he doesn't know right off, he can look it up handily in one of the largest collections of organized information ever gathered about any historical character, the Lincoln National Life Foundation library and museum at Fort Wayne. The foundation has more than 9000 books and pamphlets exclusively about Lincoln, including 300 in foreign languages. As director of the foundation, Doctor McMurtry answers several hundred letters a month from all over the world. He settles arguments on such subjects as Lincoln's political views, his appearance, whether he ever visited a certain town or said this or that. Or, frequently, whether Abraham Lincoln was legitimate.

"He was, definitely," Doctor McMurtry reports, patiently citing Kentucky documents and dates. Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father, was married to Nancy Hanks on June 12, 1806, by the Reverend Jesse Head, a Methodist minister. Head's return of this marriage can be seen today at the courthouse in Springfield, Kentucky. Lincoln was born in 1809.

Answering questions is only part of Doctor McMurtry's job. He is constantly on the lookout for new material for the Fort Wayne col-

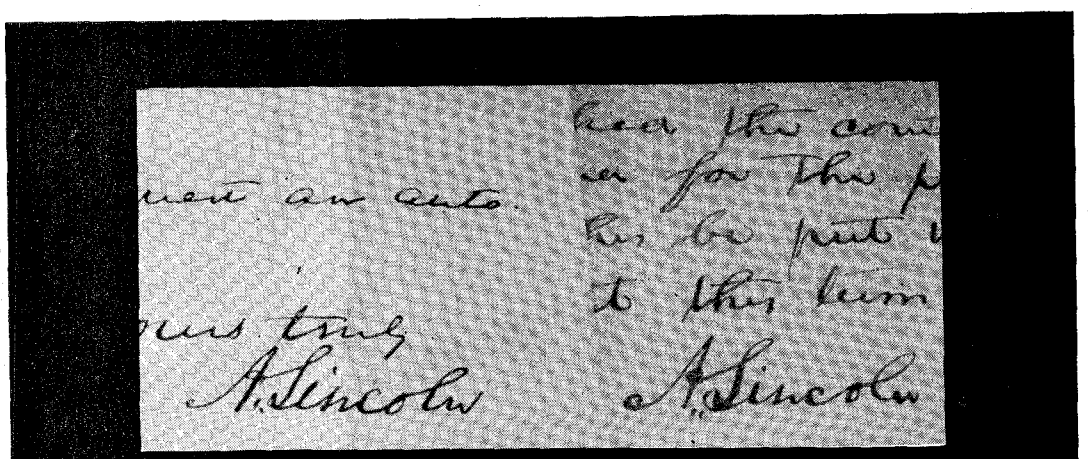
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Louis A. Warren (left), first director of the Foundation, was succeeded by Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, a Lincoln enthusiast who gloats, "They pay me for having fun!"

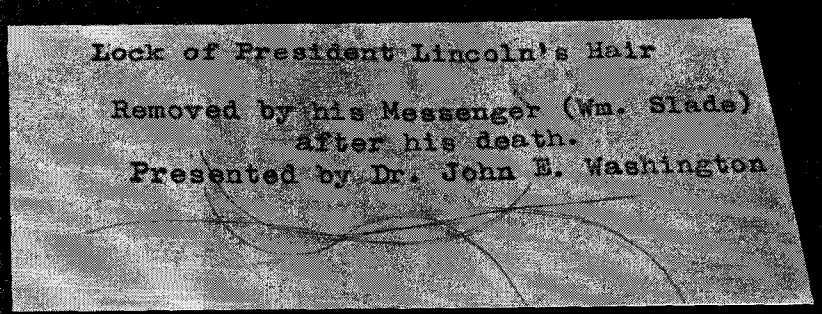
lection. He travels here and there, lecturing before civic groups, schools and clubs. He edits Lincoln Lore, a monthly bulletin which goes out free on request to more than 6000 historians, collectors and nonprofessional Lincoln admirers, including Herbert Hoover, Cardinal Spellman and Jim Farley. A typical issue tells about Lincoln's diverse occupations. He was a farmer, railsplitter, flatboatman, soldier, store clerk, postmaster, surveyor, lawyer, newspaper publisher, politician, and even inventor, having patented a device to help river boats navigate in shallow water.

Doctor McMurtry serves a vast and growing Lincoln cult which is, in itself, a national and international phenomenon. More and more people, it seems, are ravenous for information about every phase of Lincoln's life, background and career. Every week in the year on an average, Doctor McMurtry says, at least one book or pamphlet is published about our sixteenth President. There are approximately 12,000 Lincoln publications available now. These range from learned biographies and popularizations such as Carl Sandburg's famous works to peculiar titles like Lincoln Never Smoked a Cigarette or Lincoln and the Pig.

Besides reading about Lincoln and his times, the Lincoln cultists get together as often as they can to talk (Continued on Page 90)




An authentic Lincoln signature (left) matched against a skillful forgery (right).




The Foundation considers these relics as precious treasures.

Photographs by Frank Ross

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# AMBUSH AT BLANCO CANYON

**Only by sacrificing herself could Julie Maragon prevent a massacre.**

By DONALD HAMILTON

"I hope you don't mind my saying this was a damn-fool stunt you pulled, Mr. McKay," remarked Steve Leech, the Ladder Ranch foreman, scornfully.

James McKay, an Easterner, had come to Texas to marry Pat Terrill, whose father owned the Ladder Ranch. The Terrills and the Hanneseys were feuding over possession of the range that lay between their properties. Title to the land belonged to Pat's friend, Julie Maragon, who inherited it from her grandfather.

Buck Hannesey hoped to get the land by marrying Julie. So far, she had put him off. She was unaware Buck's father, Rufus, was scheming to assure the son's success. Julie also refused Major Terrill's offer to buy the range, for she knew that if she made the sale the Hanneseys would stop at nothing to take it from him.

On his way to the ranch, Jim had been waylaid and brutally assaulted by Buck. Major Terrill demanded revenge, but McKay declined to take part in any bloody reprisal. To Pat and her father, Jim's reluctance to fight branded him a coward.

After the Terrills rode off, Jim borrowed a horse and provisions from Ramon Gutierrez, an old Mexican ranch hand. Jim made his way without difficulty to the Maragon property, where he encountered Julie. Before heading back, Jim himself made Julie an offer for the ranch.

As he neared the Ladder Ranch on his return, Jim met Leech and a search party that the Terrills had organized. Leech later reported to the major that he had found McKay wandering, hopelessly lost. However, Jim assured Pat that he hadn't been lost.



Hannesey caught Julie as she tried to avoid his grasp, and flung her against the wall.

III

McKay turned, to see Steve Leech striding toward him. Beyond the advancing foreman, he saw Patricia come running around the corner of the house, to check herself abruptly as she saw the two men already face to face.

"What is it, Mr. Leech?" McKay asked. "You have a purposeful look about you."

The tall man looked down at him coldly. "You're a stranger, Mr. McKay," he said. "Out here, calling a man a liar is the same as asking him for a fight. Since you're a stranger, I'll give you a chance to take it back."

"Am I supposed to have questioned your truthfulness?"

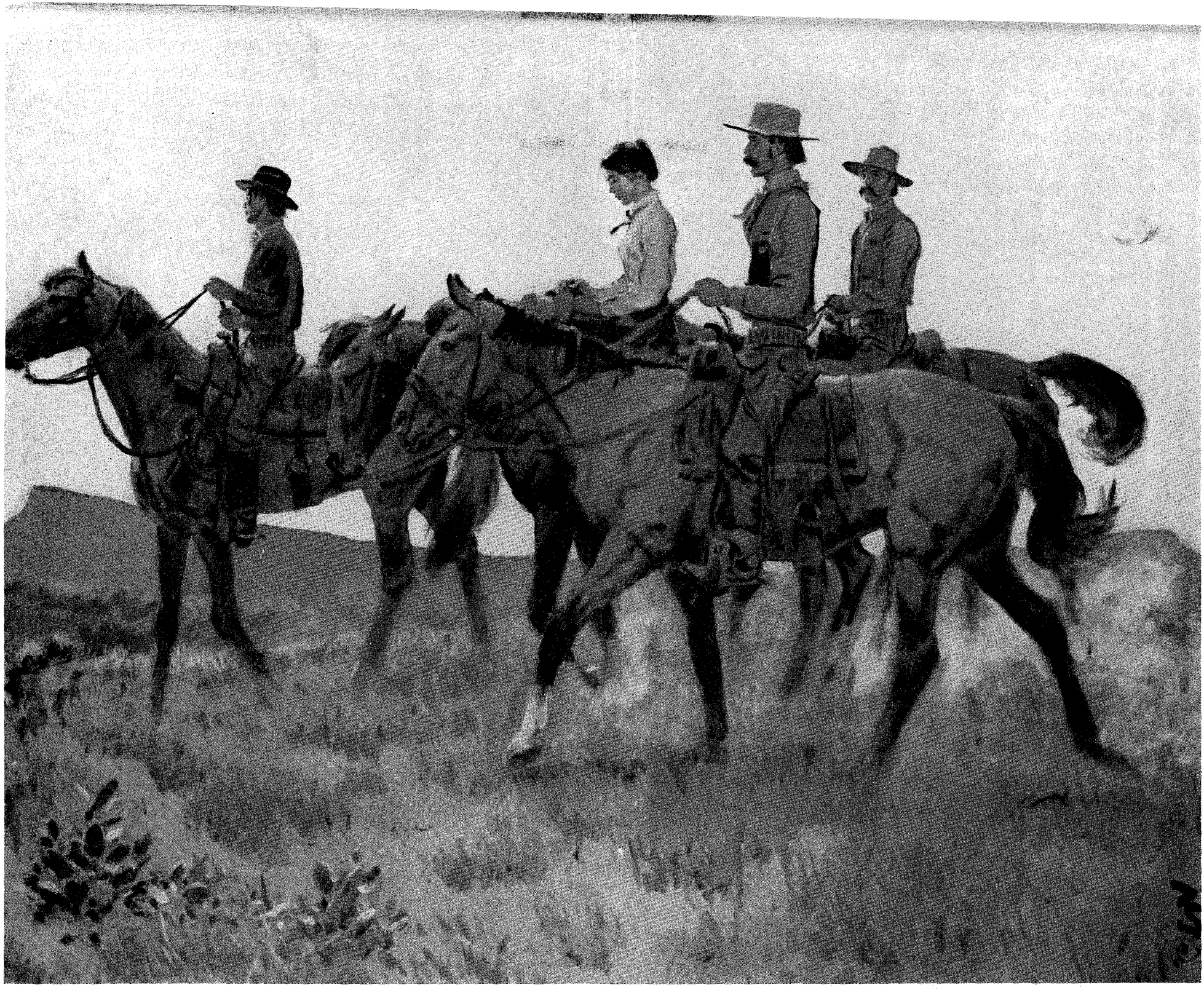
"Miss Terrill says you claim you weren't lost. I say you were the lostest-looking thing I've seen in ten years when you came crawling into camp, and where the hell have you been all day, and all night before that—just riding around for the exercise?"

McKay said gently, "If I'm in as bad shape as you claim, it's a good time for you to pick a fight with me, isn't it?" He changed the tone of his voice. "You're gambling, Leech. You're gambling twice. You're gambling that if we fight you can beat me"—he saw the tall man smile at this—"and you're gambling that if you beat me, Miss Terrill will admire you for it."

"If you were a gentleman, sir, you'd keep the lady's name out of this!" Leech took a step forward. "But since you've brought it up, I'll tell you this: I think you took advantage of her when she was far from home. You looked like a big man back there, no doubt; well, you don't look very big out here. You're not good enough for her, sir, and I aim to prove it right now, once and for all."

There were men all around them now, but McKay noted that they carefully left a clear lane of vision toward the house where Patricia stood, now joined by her father. McKay looked at the man before him. The temptation was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Julie could not help wondering what they would have done if she had refused to accompany them.

considerable; after two days of anger and frustration, it would be pleasant to strike out at something solid. He hesitated, and shook his head.

"You'll prove nothing with me, Mr. Leech. I will not play this game on your terms, with horses or fists or guns. Good day, sir."

He turned and started to walk toward the house. The other man's left hand caught him off balance, swinging him around; the right hand caught him alongside the jaw and struck him to the ground. He sat up, hot anger driving through him with each strong beat of his heart. This was, he thought, how men came to kill each other. He saw the eagerness, not only in the eyes of Steve Leech but in those of the watching men as well. He got slowly to his feet, and brushed the dust from his clothes, and turned his back on Steve Leech, and walked away, passing the girl by the house, and her father, without looking aside or speaking.

Inside the house, he washed and shaved and changed his clothes. He was putting his coat on when somebody knocked at the door.

"Jim?"

"Come in," he said.

Patricia stepped inside, leaving the door open behind her. She had changed for dinner, into a white dress that left most of her shoulders bare. He thought he had never seen anyone quite so lovely.

"I'm sorry about—about what happened," she said, not quite meeting his eyes. "I declare I can't imagine what got into Steve."

"I can," he said.

She flushed slightly. "Well, I suppose he must be jealous, although I'm sure I've never given him the slightest ——" She broke off. "Come on, darling, you must be starving, and dad's waiting. Let's just not talk about it."

"Why not?" he said deliberately. "Better now than after we're married and it's too late."

"Jim, I ——"

"What do you want, my dear?" he asked. "If you want a man who'll shoot to kill at the slightest provocation, risk his neck on a wild horse for no particularly good reason, and fight with anyone who feels like a brawl, it's obvious that you've made a poor selection."

She said, rather sharply, "You make it sound so—so childish!"

"It is childish."

She hesitated; then she drew herself up slightly and said, "Courage isn't childish, Jim McKay. It's very important out here! You have to show a little ——"

He shook his head quickly. "No. That's just the point, my dear. I don't intend to spend the rest of my life demonstrating to you or anyone else how brave I am."

She licked her lips and said in an even and toneless voice, "I think you've already demonstrated that, Jim. Quite fully enough."

He looked at her, rather shocked. They faced each other in total silence for a full minute, maybe longer. In that space of time, something terrible and irrevocable happened between them, and they both knew it.

At last McKay said softly, "Well, I guess that pretty well takes care of the situation. If you'll have somebody hitch up some kind of a vehicle for me, I'll get my things ready."

She hesitated. "Maybe you'd better wait until morning. It's a long drive in the dark."

He said dryly, "If I get lost, you can send Steve Leech out to look for me."

After she had left the room, he took from his pocket the piece (Continued on Page 110)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Queen's Justice is Quick

By MARTHA GELLHORN

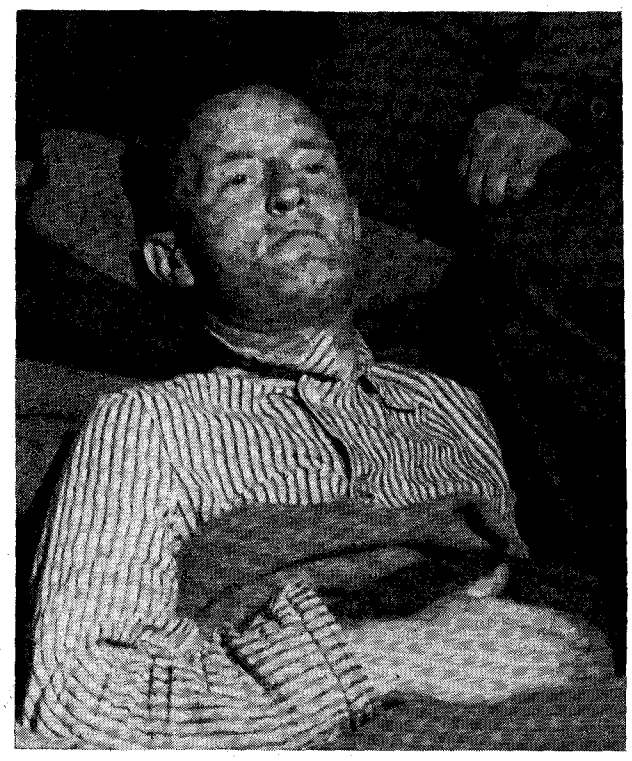
How the law-respecting British dispose of monstrous murderers and other infamous criminals in the world's most celebrated criminal court—the Old Bailey.

Old Bailey: This dignified symbol of justice stands on the site of the original Old Bailey, a disease-ridden prison. Above the entrance is the inscription: "Defend the Children of the Poor and Punish the Wrongdoer."

LONDON.

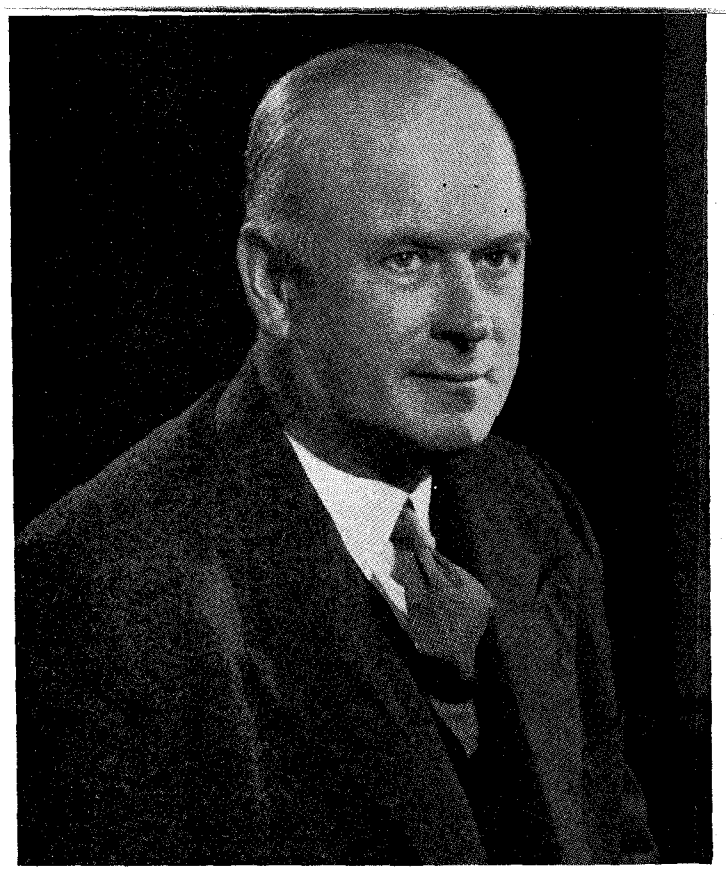
A court of law is a terrible place. A man stands alone in the dock and faces his judge, and faces his crime, too, for everyone is talking of it; he cannot escape the sound of what he has done. He will be judged; if the crime is his, he will pay. Judgment is a terrible thing, and the symbol of Justice is a sword.

But the Old Bailey, the oldest and most famous of all criminal courts, is not a terrible place. There is an infrequent moment of terror when a square black cloth is placed on the head of the red-robed judge; the court is very still; the judge repeats slowly the ancient formula, ". . . hanged by the neck until you be dead . . . and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." Yet day after working day, for eleven months of the year, prisoners pass



Traitor: William Joyce, the infamous Lord Haw Haw, was hanged for collaborating with the Nazis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sir Terance Norbert Donovan, Judge of the High Court of Justice. When he presides at Court No. I, the atmosphere is firm but merciful.

In formal robes of office, Mr. Justice Donovan participates in the traditional judges' procession from the House of Lords to St. Margaret's Church at the opening of the Michaelmas Law sittings.

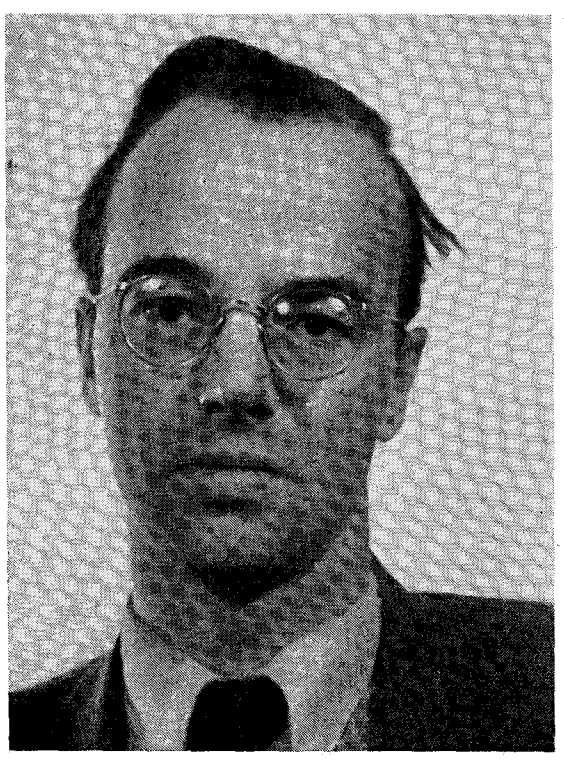
through the docks of the Old Bailey in an orderly, unhurried, but swift procession while justice is meted out, in a conversational voice, by five robed judges in five small paneled courtrooms; and there is nothing terrible about it. The Old Bailey is too polite to be terrible.

The Old Bailey today is a sumptuous unhandsome Edwardian edifice, built in 1907, partially destroyed by a 1000-pound bomb in 1941, repaired and restored to its Edwardian splendor in 1954, and surrounded by a glum cafeteria, a cheerful antique pub called The Magpie and Stump, a parking lot made from a vast bomb hole, a sooty church and various humble shops selling tobacco, newspapers and bottles of milk. The neighborhood has changed remarkably during the centuries, and the present Old Bailey has nothing in common with the original Old Bailey, a packed, typhus-ridden prison. What remains is the law, which has been administered right here, on the corner of Newgate and Aldersgate, in the City of London, without interruption, for 700 years.

Anyone wanting to see what goes on inside the Old Bailey has only to join a queue, climb a great many stairs and choose which courtroom he wants to watch from the high public gallery. The courts are astonishingly small, intimate, elegant without fuss, light, airy. The paneled walls, all the furniture, are made of pale oak; the high-backed chairs on the judge's bench, the narrow benches in the well of the court, are covered with moss-green leather. A court always looks like a stage, set for the play, set perfectly and neatly so that every player has his proper place. At the Old Bailey, once a month, at the beginning of each new session, the court becomes open unashamed theater, when the Lord Mayor and dignitaries of the City of London escort the High Court judge to his seat on the bench. Everyone rises and stands silently while costumed gentlemen file on to the bench and take their formal places. There is a bewildering display of fur-trimmed medieval robes, swords, tricornered hats, lace jabots and wrist ruffles, golden chains of office; and amongst all this, the judge himself, in his bushy little wig and red robe, carrying a pair of white kid gloves and the square of black cloth, the Black Cap. The judge bows to the superbly dressed dignitaries; they bow back and depart. The judge bows to the black-gowned,

(Continued on Page 120)

## These Notorious Criminals Were Tried at the Old Bailey



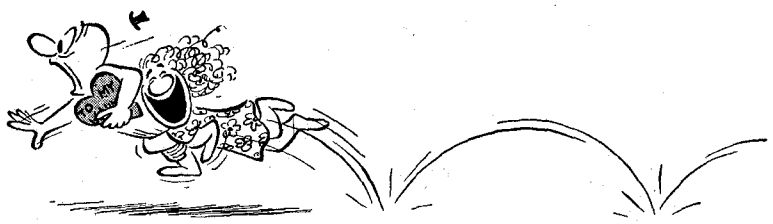
Betrayer of freedom: Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the "deadliest spy," gave A-bomb secrets to Russia.

Wife killer: Convicted of murder, John Reginald Christie enters van bound for Brixton Prison.

Smiling murderess: Ruth Ellis was sentenced to the gallows for the murder of her lover (at left).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Post Scripts



## The Mayflower Sails Again

They've built a perfect replica
  Of this historic ship,
And soon, across the same old sea,
  She'll duplicate the trip.

Let's hope she solves a point that long
  Has baffled understanding:
How only a hundred got on board,
  But thousands made the landing.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

## Stop Right There; I Dig You

"In view of what it's going to cost you to repair this old burner, I'd suggest that it would be much wiser ——"

"You do fine for a man who's never taken a golf lesson in his life, but there comes a point where you don't improve unless ——"

"Sure. This is the Clarksville road, all right, but, brother, the way you're headed ——"

"For a man your age you dance fine, daddy, but ——"

"Monsieur must have misunderstood. The price for the entree included only ——"

"Oh, boy, you folded on a hand like that! I hate to tell you this, but all I had ——"

"Yes, this is the right theater, but those tickets are for ——"

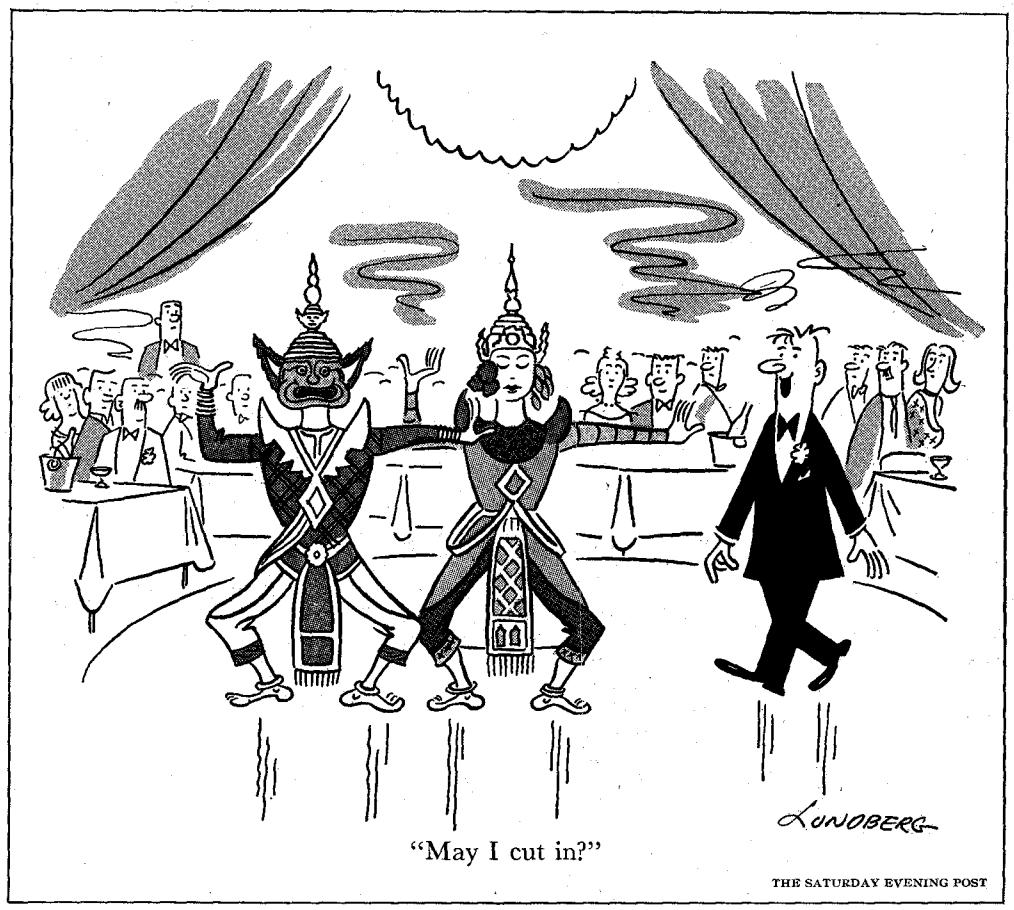
"We take pleasure in informing you that your solution to the initial puzzle in our $50,000 contest is correct, so, in accordance with our rules for breaking a tie, we are ——"

"The bank phoned today and ——"

PARKE CUMMINGS

"We own 9,372 pieces of coal."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"May I cut in?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Answer to a Questionnaire on Modern Youth

The younger generation is the most. In short,
  I love it!
My only criticism is I'm not a member of it.

MM PORTERFIELD

## Mother's Day

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7:00 | A.M. | Calls children. |
| 7:02 | " | Calls father. |
| 7:14 | " | Calls children. |
| 7:15 | " | Starts getting breakfast. |
| 7:20 | " | Calls children. |
| 7:21 | " | Calls father. |
| 7:30 | " | Sixteen-year-old sits down to eat. |
| 7:45 | " | Eleven-year-old sits down to eat. |
| 7:50 | " | Father comes down. |
| 7:55 | " | Sixteen leaves for school. |
| 8:05 | " | Seven sits down to breakfast. |
| 8:10 | " | Eleven leaves for school patrol. |
| 8:15 | " | Father leaves. |
| 8:25 | " | Seven leaves for school. |
| 11:35 | " | Seven arrives for lunch. |
| 11:50 | " | Eleven arrives from patrol. |
| 12:05 | P.M. | Sixteen arrives for lunch. |
| 12:10 | " | Eleven leaves for patrol. |
| 12:20 | " | Seven leaves for school. |
| 12:45 | " | Sixteen leaves for school. |
| 3:35 | " | Seven arrives from school, wants something to eat. |
| 3:45 | " | Seven leaves house. |
| 4:00 | " | Eleven arrives, wants to eat before ball game. |
| 4:45 | " | Sixteen arrives, wants dinner so she can go to play rehearsal. |
| 4:50 | " | Eleven leaves for ball game. |
| 4:55 | " | Father calls, will be late, don't hold dinner. |
| 5:00 | " | Sixteen leaves for rehearsal. |
| 5:15 | " | Seven comes home. |
| 6:00 | " | Eats dinner with Seven. |
| 7:15 | " | Eleven arrives, wants snack. |
| 7:45 | " | Settles Seven for the night. |
| 7:50 | " | Briefs Eleven on what to do until father or Sixteen gets home. |
| 7:55 | " | Leaves for PTA meeting, subject for the evening: "Family Closeness." |

NORMAN INGERSOLL

## Memo on Masculine Drivers

"A woman driver! A woman driver!"
  Thus runs their long complaint.
And nothing makes them madder than learning
The woman driver who has 'em burning
  *Ain't!*

PENNY PENNINGTON

## Friendly Gestures

Last Tuesday they called me up from the lodge, saying that I held the winning ticket on the five-hundred-dollar raffle. Boy, was I excited! As soon as the word spread, our phone began ringing like mad, and the way people responded to my good luck made me feel pretty humble.

Within an hour, for example, Myron Koontz gave me a buzz. He and I haven't been on friendly terms since the time I put his name in nomination for P.T.A. president, but the way he congratulated me and all on winning the money filled me with that good old Grade A milk of human kindness.

We gabbed awhile, then he hung up. I think Myron's in the insurance game right now.

The next day, right after lunch, who should call me but Bunkie Cooper. My Lord, I haven't seen Bunkie since high school, but his thoughtful call proved to me that those boyhood friendships go down pretty deep.

"You old luck sack, you," said Bunkie. "I'll be around tonight to shake your hand personally."

Bunkie's had a lot of jobs since he left school. Right now I think he's selling used cars.

But the one who really surprised me was Fred Hunker—a guy I've always thought to be a true friend. Fred's had some tough times lately—his wife smashed up his new car last month, and that was before she ran off with the janitor down at the city jail—so I thought I'd call Fred and tell him the good news, just to cheer him up.

When I told him, all he said was "Yeh." That's all.

You just never know, as I said afterward to my wife, who your friends are. She agreed with me.

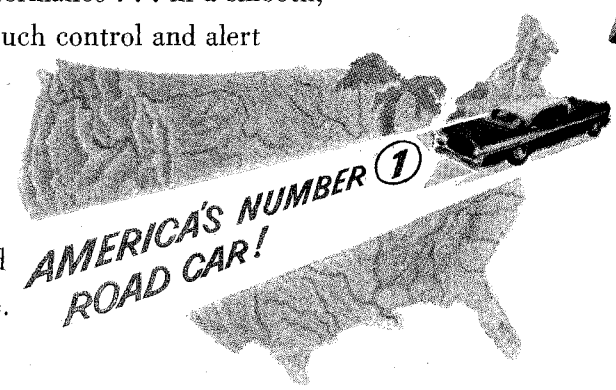
A. R. SWINNERTON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Pontiac's Ahead by a Country Mile!*

## (100,000 MILES TO BE EXACT)*

*The first time you step into a '57 Pontiac you know you've left the others a long way behind. And you have . . . 100,000 miles of road tests went into this one, perfecting the sweetest running new car that ever set America buzzing. You feel the results in every way you measure performance . . . in a smooth, even-keel ride that never heard of rock 'n' roll . . . in a new sense of precision-touch control and alert response that perks you up like nothing you've ever driven before. Touch all this off with a brand-new 347 cubic inch, 10 to 1 compression ratio Strato-Streak V-8 . . . wrap it in fresh, new styling as clean and uncluttered as an arrow—and you have a car that rides, goes and looks like something you wished for but didn't expect for years! Try it real soon. When you do, be prepared to buy, because once you've stepped out ahead it's tough to go back to anything else.




PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Don't miss the *fun* of smoking

# Mildness is a pleasure with Pall Mall!

*Pall Mall filters the smoke – but never the fun of smoking*

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but *never* the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL famous cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

***For Flavor and Mildness Fine Tobacco Filters Best***

*Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.*

**Outstanding**...*and they are* **Mild!**

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

To save his mother, Johnny had to sacrifice the girl he loved.

By LESLIE FORD

Johnny Brayton pulled himself together and turned on Kerry O'Keefe, his voice scathing with contempt. "Go to your police. Tell them I think my mother's a murderer. You're a policewoman . . . do your duty and be damned. You're free, Officer O'Keefe. Free as the wind. I wish I'd rotted in hell before the day I ever met you!"

Kerry was an undercover woman who posed as a sitter or B-girl in order to ferret out crime. Johnny, a member of a prominent Baltimore family, had fallen in love with her, despite what she seemed to be. He had asked her to marry him. She had agreed, but still refrained from telling him what her real job was.

Johnny's happiness was disturbed by his mother's difficulties. She and her husband were estranged, yet he refused to divorce her. Johnny feared the marriage would end in his mother's death or a murder.

One night Kerry called him and said that she had just lost her job. Sobbing, she told him that she was on her way over to see him.

When she parked her car near the Braytons' house, Kerry heard two staggered shots. Kerry rushed inside and found Doctor Brayton in his study, dead, apparently a suicide. His wife was also in the room.

At first, Kerry could not bring herself to reveal that she had heard two shots, as it would be tantamount to accusing Mrs. Brayton of murder. She knew she had to, but, first, she wanted to explain everything to Johnny.

He was furious at her earlier deception, and refused even to listen to her. He also broke off his engagement to her.

Due to the evidence Kerry supplied, Mrs. Brayton was brought to trial for the murder of her husband. Her lawyer, Enoch Chew, was one of the best in the business, but he knew it would take a miracle to save his client.

V

Kerry O'Keefe watched Enoch Chew moving toward her, his smile kindly, full of paternal benevolence. A sudden panic froze her heart, constricting her throat. She wasn't aware of John Brayton then, but Enoch Chew was aware of him. It would take a miracle, he'd thought. A minor miracle had happened when he'd least expected it. John Brayton had forgotten the jury, the judge and the crowded benches, even his mother sitting beside him. He was conscious of no one but the girl on the stand, the girl who'd betrayed them, his burning eyes fixed steadily on her, no longer tortured, but bitterly hostile. If he stayed that way until Enoch Chew could point up the relationship between the defendant's son and the defendant's accuser, it was all he asked.

"I know how hard this is for you, so I'll be as brief as possible, Miss O'Keefe," he said kindly. "And it is Miss O'Keefe, isn't it? Miss Kerry O'Keefe? Not Mrs. O'Keefe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And not Policewoman O'Keefe? Mr. John Brayton never called you Officer O'Keefe, did he?"

Kerry flushed sharply. "He didn't ——"

"Now let's not have a sparring match, Miss O'Keefe." Chew smiled, amused at her warmth. "Just a simple yes or no, my child. We'll both be through a great deal quicker. Did he or did he not?"

"He did not."

"Thank you. Now how old are you, Miss O'Keefe?"

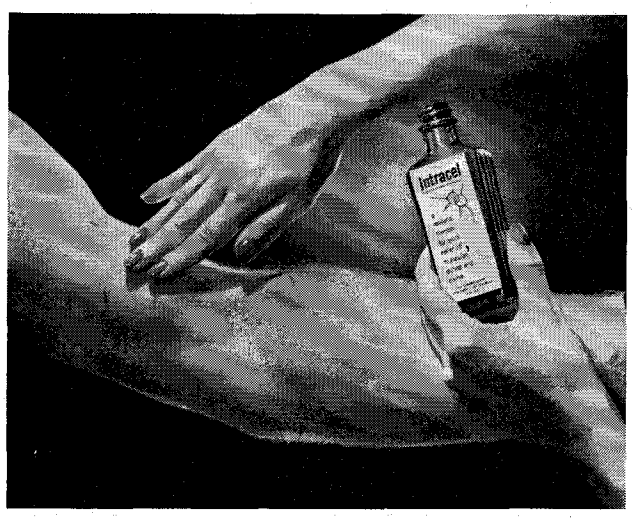
"My twenty-third birthday comes next month."

"And this—this odd profession of yours. Just how long have you been a member of it, Miss O'Keefe?" (Continued on Page 62)

"That's the black alternative I suggest you've given us here," said Enoch Chew. "Your pound of flesh—a mother's head for the heart of the girl her son rejected."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**muscular stiffness.** Whether from driving, drafts or just plain "nerves," stiff neck can be agonizing. Apply INTRACEL liberally; get relief in minutes.




**soreness** in arm muscles from bowling, gardening, golf can be mighty painful. INTRACEL penetrates tissues to give you *direct* relief . . . isn't messy, sticky or smelly.

**muscle strains.** Shoulder strains, simple neuritis and neuralgia are relieved promptly with INTRACEL. It also gives temporary relief from minor arthritic pains.

**sprains.** INTRACEL relieves suffering from muscular backache due to overexertion and exposure . . . also agonizing periodic backaches. It works swiftly, safely!

# Revolutionary NEW treatment for muscular aches and pains

# Intracel

PENETRATING ANALGESIC

**Now for the first time—a cool, soothing liquid that penetrates through the tissues to put pain to sleep**

It's new . . . it's true . . . it's unbelievably effective! INTRACEL represents a revolution in the science of treating muscular aches and pains—the first great advance in centuries. INTRACEL contains an amazing penetrating agent that enables fast, effective pain-killing ingredients to be absorbed right through the skin and deep down into muscle tissues. *It actually puts pain to sleep!*

Modern INTRACEL is unlike the old-fashioned salves and liniments containing turpentine, camphor and red pepper that can burn and blister the skin. It is a clear, greaseless, fresh-smelling liquid that feels cool and comforting. Apply liberally—no need to rub it in. It penetrates! And INTRACEL does its work gently, *painlessly* in the matter of a few minutes. Your pain is all gone before you even are aware that INTRACEL has penetrated into the afflicted tissues.

INTRACEL is based on an entirely new principle in drug therapy. Previously, the only ways of administering the kind of pain-killing ingredients it contains were by injection or large doses by mouth. INTRACEL has been laboratory and clinically tested and found to be completely safe in relieving a wide variety of ailments. It offers bright hope to millions of people young and old who are suffering needlessly.

So get INTRACEL. Keep it in your medicine cabinet always and see what blessed relief it gives next time someone in your family is in pain . . . how it actually *puts pain to sleep!* Modern INTRACEL costs a little more than old-fashioned preparations ($1.49 a bottle). If you don't think it's worth *twice* what you paid for it, your druggist will refund your money.

**VCA LABORATORIES, NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES**

**No longer need you suffer from** muscular aches and pains due to exertion and exposure • sprains and strains • muscular stiff neck, sore arm, aching shoulder and back • muscular lumbago • simple neuritis and neuralgia • Intracel gives temporary relief from minor pains of arthritis, minor rheumatic pains • reduces swelling • eases muscle cramps • improves circulation • relieves pain of headaches, tired feet, cold sores, bruises, sunburn, bee stings and other insect bites • eases pain of toothache when rubbed on gums and jaw • relieves itching from hives, poison ivy and poison oak • For persistent pain, apply compress saturated with Intracel.

$1.49
Intracel
PENETRATING ANALGESIC
a modern therapy for treatment of muscular aches and pains
VCA LABORATORIES NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES 2 FL. OZ. VC 300
Intracel
PENETRATING ANALGESIC
a modern therapy for treatment of muscular aches and pains
VCA LABORATORIES NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES 2 FL. OZ. VC 300

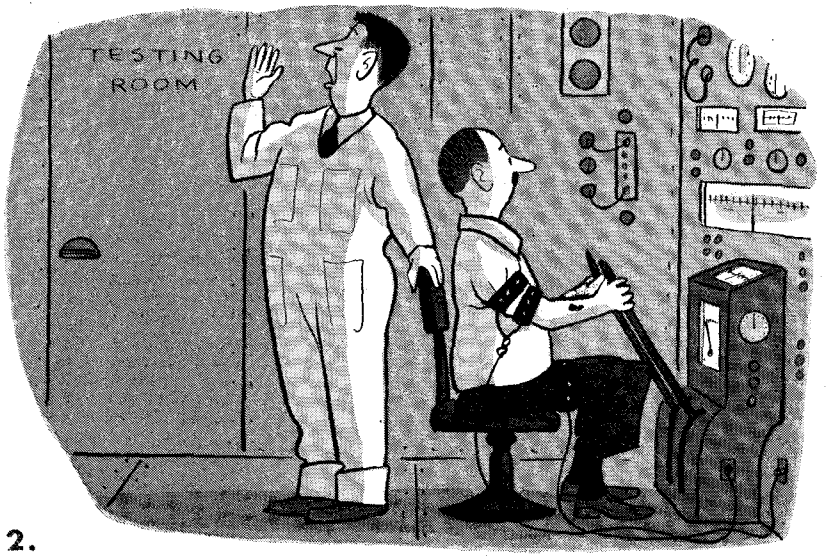
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Man of Steel

By Ted Key

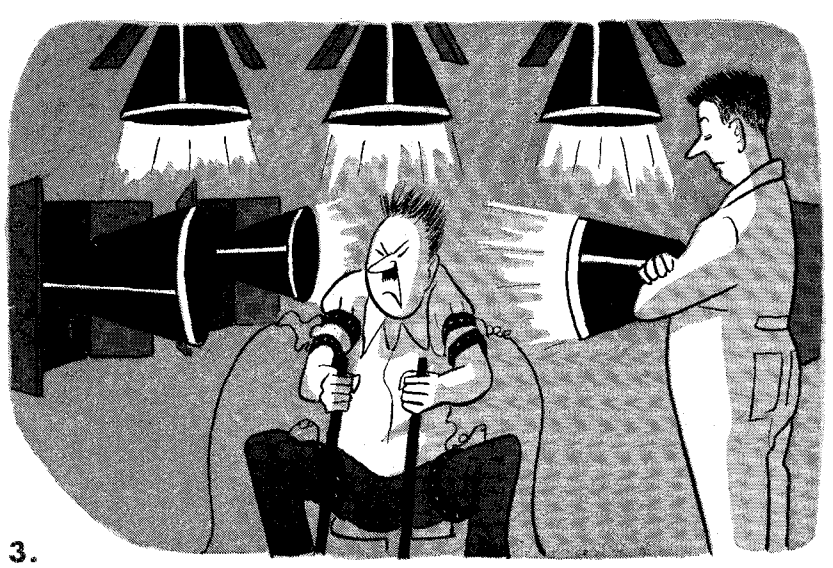
1.

"We must first determine whether you have an aptitude for the job. Now, for this we've designed a series of tests. . . . . ."

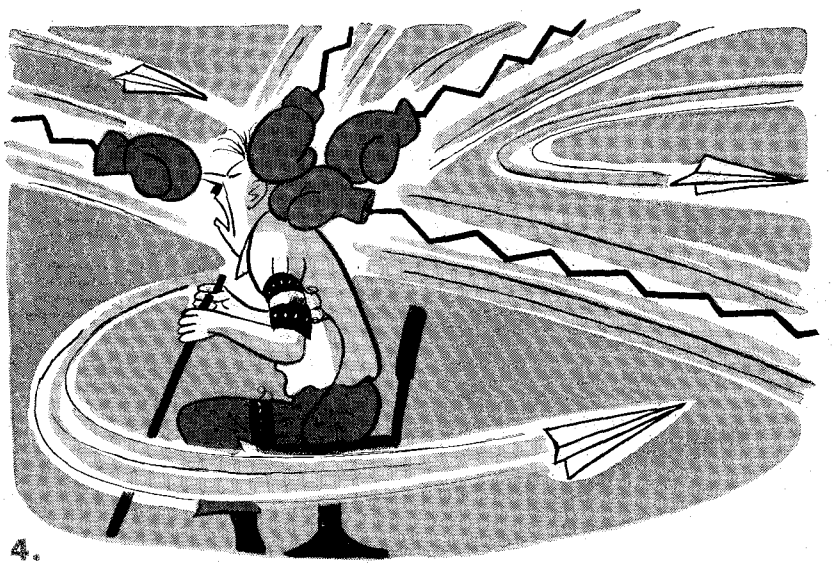



2.

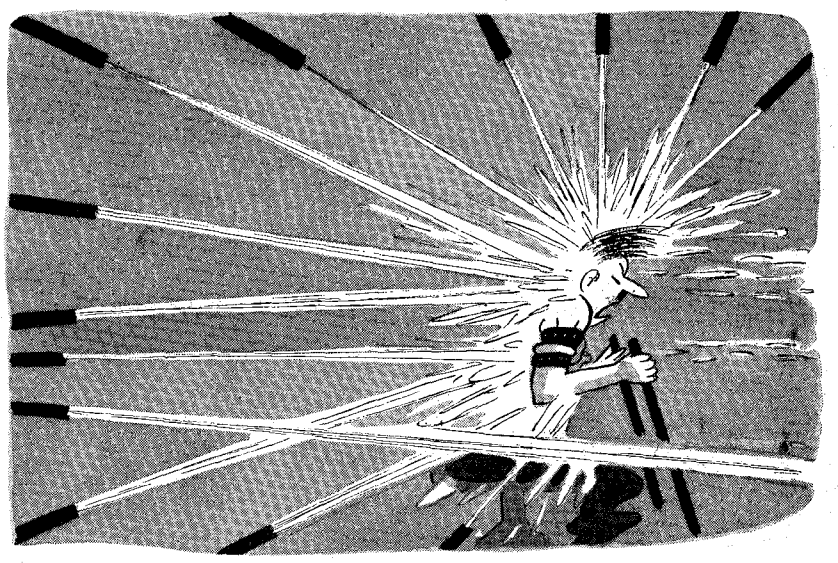
"All set here, Joe."



3.

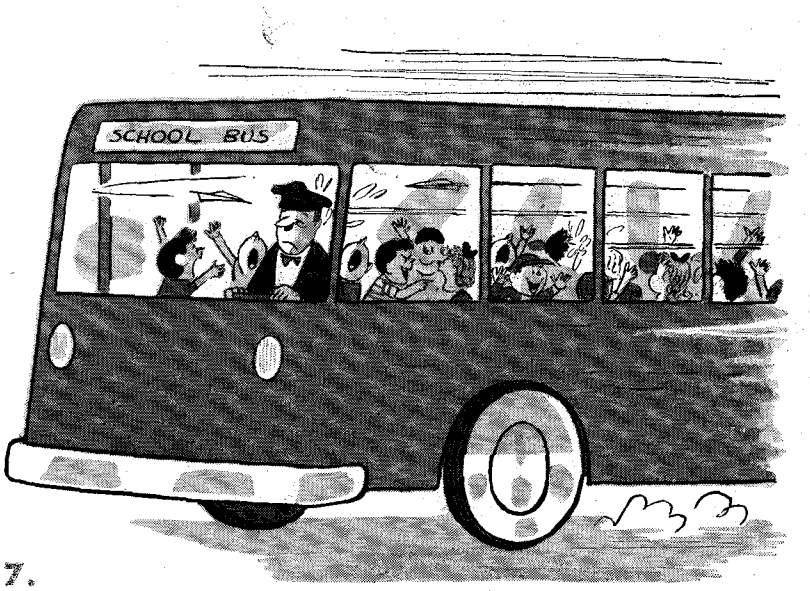


4.



5.

6.



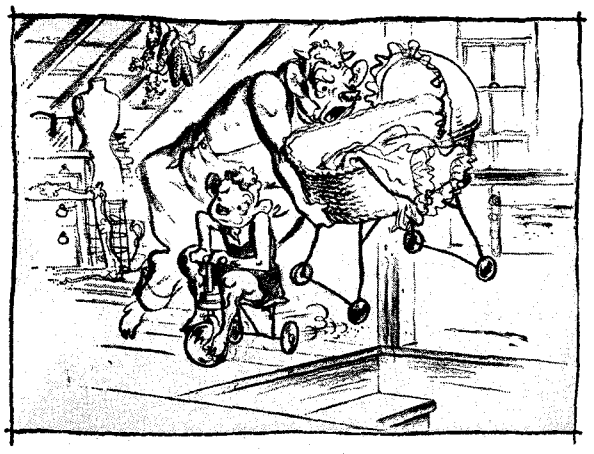

7.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

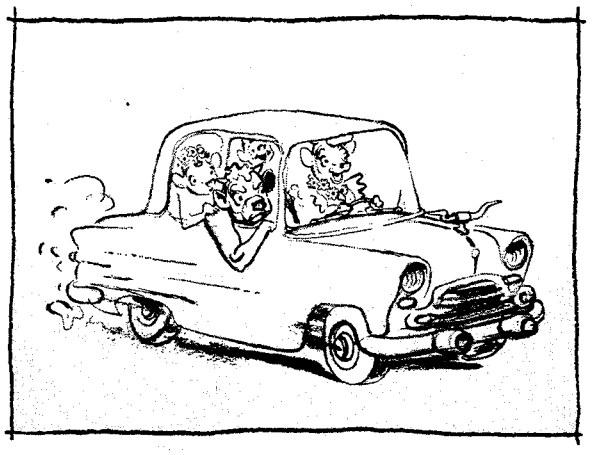
# READ THIS FIRST

**1.** One day last summer, Elmer came home and found Elsie, the Borden Cow, sewing extra-large-size tiny garments.

**2.** Happy months of planning followed. Beulah, hoping it would be a little girl, promised to calf-sit any time . . .



**3.** Beauregard, who wanted a brother, managed to get in the way as usual when Elmer got the old bassinet down from the attic.



**4.** When the time came for Elsie to go to the hospital to get the new calf, it was too much for Elmer. Elsie had to drive.

**5.** In the waiting room Elmer roared around until finally a nurse appeared. At first Elmer thought he was seeing double . . .

**6.** But it was TWINS! A boy calf and a girl calf! What would you name them?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NAME ELSIE'S TWINS—

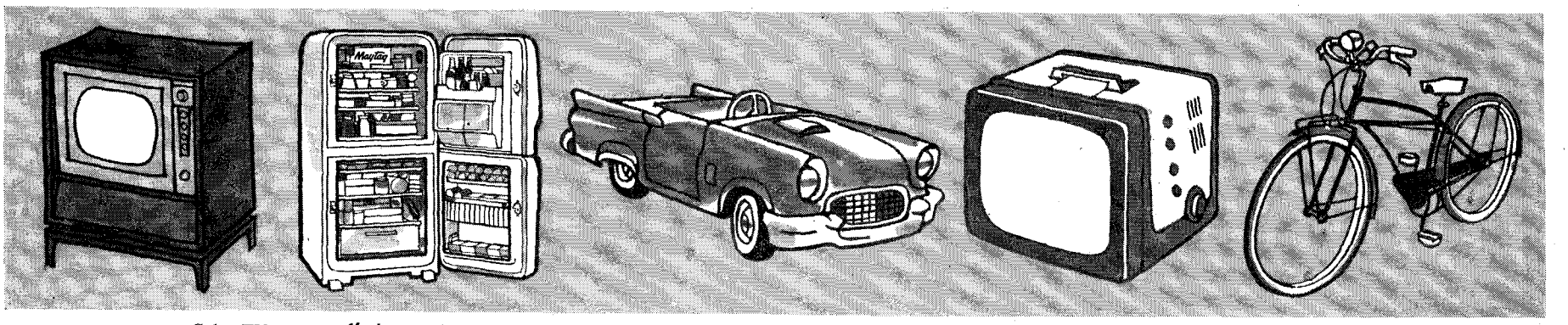
# $100,000 in prizes

**$25,000** 1ST PRIZE

**$5,000** 2ND PRIZE

**$1,000** 3RD PRIZE

**AND ALL THESE OTHER WONDERFUL PRIZES**



**24 GENERAL ELECTRIC** Color TV Sets. Today's brightest picture in color or black and white.

**50 *Maytag*** Double-Decker Refrigerator-Freezers. Two full-size appliances in space of one.

**10 FORD THUNDERBIRD JR.'S.** 66-inch electric motor-driven models of the real Ford Thunderbird.

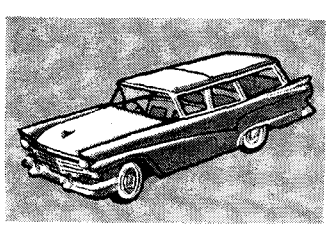
**100 GENERAL ELECTRIC** Portable TV Sets with "Daylight Power" picture. Weight 26 lbs.

**125 EVANS FIREBIRD BICYCLES.** America's foremost speed-king, equipped with 3-speed gearshift.

**Elsie, the Borden Cow** has twins. Name them and you may win as much as $25,000 and a Ford 9-passenger Country Sedan.

It's just 100 years since The Borden Company started out in business, so—to celebrate this big occasion—there's a total of $100,000 in prizes for the best names. Prizes for everyone in the family.

**Send in as many as you want.** You may submit as many names as you wish—just remember each pair must be accompanied by a label, bottle cap, box top, etc., (or reasonable facsimile) from one of the fine Borden products. Use the entry blank below, get additional blanks from your store, or you may send in your names on plain paper.



### HOW TO GET THE BONUS PRIZE

If you win 1st Prize you may also receive a Ford 9-passenger Country Sedan. To be eligible for this bonus prize, send in label, bottle cap, box top, etc. (or facsimile) from *two different Borden products*—the *first* from any Borden product you wish—the *second* from one of the following:

**Lady Borden Ice Cream** **Borden's Cream Cheese**
**Borden's Starlac** **Borden's Cottage Cheese**

### Here are the easy rules of the contest

**1.** Suggest a name for Elsie's new twins—a boy calf and a girl calf.

**2.** Use this entry blank, get one at your store, or submit your entry on a plain sheet of paper. Print clearly your own name and address.

**3.** Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a label, bottle cap, box top, etc., or facsimile from a Borden product.

**4.** To be eligible for the Bonus Prize, you must submit a label, bottle cap, box top, etc., or reasonable facsimile from *two different Borden products*—the *first* from any Borden product—the *second* from Borden's Cottage Cheese (except in California), Lady Borden Ice Cream, Borden's Cream Cheese or Borden's Starlac.

**5.** This contest is open to any person in the United States, its possessions and Canada, except employees of The Borden Company, its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies, and members of the immediate families of such persons. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, Local and Dominion regulations.

**6.** Each entry must be the original work of contestant submitting it except that members of the immediate family may assist. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize (plus bonus prize if eligible) will be awarded to a family. Mail your entries to: Elsie, P. O. Box 77, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

**7.** Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of appropriateness and originality. In the event of ties for any prize or prizes, contestants will be supplied a form on which to complete a 25-word statement telling why they like Borden's products. Ties will be broken by judging these statements on the basis of originality of thought, logic and interest of expression. In the event of any final ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges is final.

**8.** All entries become the property of The Borden Company. None will be returned.

**9.** Contest closes midnight, Saturday, March 30th, 1957 and all entries must be postmarked no later than that date and received by April 10, 1957.

**10.** Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be mailed to all contestants requesting one and supplying a stamped, self-addressed envelope no smaller than approximately 4" x 9".

© 1957, The Borden Company

**Borden's** Milk • Fine Cheeses Ice Cream • Starlac

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

**ELSIE, P. O. Box 77, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.**

Dear Elsie:
My names for the twins are

_____ and _____

**Name** _____

**Address** _____

**City** _____ **State** _____

Contest Closes Midnight, Saturday, March 30, 1957

In Canada send entries to: Elsie, P. O. Box 807, Toronto 1, Ontario

**See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Queen For a Day" over NBC**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Upset Stomach got you**
**OUT OF FOCUS?**

When upset stomach, heartburn, gas or other symptoms of acid indigestion cause you distress, simply

**Take Minty Phillips' Tablets**

**FEEL FINE AGAIN FAST!**

You can't beat Phillips' Tablets for *on-the-spot* relief from acid upset. A few Phillips' Tablets have you feeling better—*almost instantly*—for they contain one of the world's *fastest* antacids! Delightfully flavored, they're as pleasant and refreshing to take as candy mints. So always carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go—for *on-the-spot* relief from acid indigestion. Get a handy tin today.

**PHILLIPS' TABLETS**

# Already Engaged

(Continued from Page 26)

every girl you met on every beach had either a boy friend or a husband. So he was not surprised.

She moved over on the towel. "Well, in that case, sit down."

Silas sat down. "Thank you," he said.

"Would you have left, just like that, if I hadn't been sitting on your beach towel?"

"Certainly. You said you had a boy friend. You let me know that there was no use trying to pick you up."

"Seems to me you shouldn't have given up so easily. Seems to me you'd have kept on trying, just to keep your hand in."

"Waste of time," Silas said. The way the conversation was going, he wasn't just sure, right now. He peered at her. "You do have a boy friend, don't you?"

"You doubt it?"

Silas looked the girl over carefully. He sighed. "Not for a moment."

"I told you. He's studying navigation."

"Why?"

"To navigate, of course. He's going to buy a fishing boat and then, according to Trenton, we'll live a carefree, gypsy existence. Acapulco, Long Beach, Monterey, San Francisco, Coos Bay, Astoria, Destruction Island, Bristol Bay. You name it and we'll have been there."

Silas stared at her. "You mean this guy is going to take you out on a fishing boat?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Silas could think of a number of very valid reasons. In the first place, commercial fishing wasn't just a carefree, gypsy existence. It was hard, dangerous work. In the second place, if you took on a fishing partner, you took on a guy who could give you some help, not a pint-sized female. And in the third place, it was a screwy notion in the first place.

"Has this Trenton Fielding ever been on a boat?"

"Of course he's been on a boat. He served on an aircraft carrier."

"Oh, no!" Silas moaned.

"What's wrong with that?"

"There is a vast difference, Miss Frederickson, between serving on an aircraft carrier and operating a fishing boat."

"Trenton said that they all floated, so what's the difference? It's the same kind of water, isn't it?"

"No man in his right mind," Silas said, louder than he intended, "takes a girl on a fishing boat."

"But Trenton has to have a girl."

"Why?"

"Because of the book he's writing."

Silas digested this news. "What has writing a book to do with a fishing boat and a girl?"

"The book is about a fishing boat, silly," she said. "It's to be illustrated with photographs. And he needs the girl for the photographs."

"You mean he's taking you out on a fishing boat, headed for Bristol Bay or Acapulco, just so he can film some cheesecake? Holy Toledo! What a character."

"He isn't a character. He's brilliant. Everyone says so. Trenton says that he can sell the movie film alone to television, or maybe motion pictures. Trenton has everything all figured out. Besides, we can finance the trip from the fish we catch."

"Look, Miss Isaac Walton, does a marriage license go with this boat?"

"See here, Silas, just because I let a strange man talk to me on the beach doesn't mean that I'd go on a boat trip with a man without being married to him. I'm no hussy, Silas. I merely take after my mother."

"Your mother?"

"Uh-huh. She was a seafaring gal, she was. We lived on the water."

"Oh."

"Same houseboat on the Columbia River for twenty-two years. Water is in my blood, Silas."

Silas looked at her incredulously. "You mean that's as close as you ever came to a boat?"

"Not at all. I was on a schooner once. Of course she was in dry dock, but I could tell right away that I was a born sailor."

Silas, stunned, merely stared at her. She was the most lovely young thing he had ever seen, and the thought of her on a fishing boat in the middle of a sou'wester was enough to give him indigestion. But he recognized the sound fact that there was nothing he could do about it.

"Well, I had better get going," he said.

"Good-by, Silas," she said. "If you're around tomorrow, just leave the towel in the same place. Tomorrow, Trenton is going to the library to read up on genus Oncorhynchus. That's a Pacific Coast salmon, in case you didn't know."

"No kidding," Silas said.

He collected his beach towel, put on his slippers, walked up to his house and got dressed. He drove over to Warrenton, where he and Tom Jacobsen owned and operated the Pacific Fish Company, where they canned and froze everything that could swim.

The cannery was operating full blast, processing Chinook salmon. Tom was in the office, making out a parts list. "Thought it was your day off, buster," he said. "What you doing here?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd see what's doing." Silas went to the office window and stared out at the processing lines.

"Something wrong?" Tom said.

"Not particularly. I just met this girl down on the beach."

"Oh, brother!" Tom said. "Here we go again!"

"Some knothead is going to buy a fishing boat and take her fishing."

"Well, that's one way to get a girl—buy a boat. Me, I never could afford one and anyway, Doris wouldn't like it, me being married to her and all."

"This guy is going to take pictures and write a book about fishing, and he needs the girl for cheesecake."

"What does this girl look like?"

"Like a misplaced angel walking around in the sunshine."

"I must remember to buy the book."

"This guy served on an aircraft carrier once. That's the only thing he's ever been on that floats. She served her seagoing time in a houseboat."

"That takes care of that. The Coast Guard won't let 'em leave the dock."

"Oh, he's a brain. He'll be qualified, in a pedantic sort of way, I imagine, and the next thing we'll hear is that he didn't have brains enough to run for cover some winter night and she'll be walking around the bottom of the Pacific."

"Look, Silas, you just met this girl today, and anyway, she's going on a fishing boat with some character. Forget her."

"Say, Tom, I'm going to work the rest of the day and then take tomorrow morning off. She's going to be in the same place tomorrow. Maybe by then she won't look so good, but if she does, I'll scuttle that boat of his if I have to turn frogman."

Tom squinted at his partner. "I never knew you to go off your rocker over some dame."

"I'm not off my rocker," Silas said. "With me it's purely a humanitarian gesture."

The next morning Silas walked out of the surf and there she was, looking as sweet and tasty as strawberry shortcake. She had with her a vacuum jug full of coffee and a package of doughnuts.

"You look kind of skinny, Silas," she said. "You should have cereal and bacon and eggs, but that's a bit hard to manage out here."

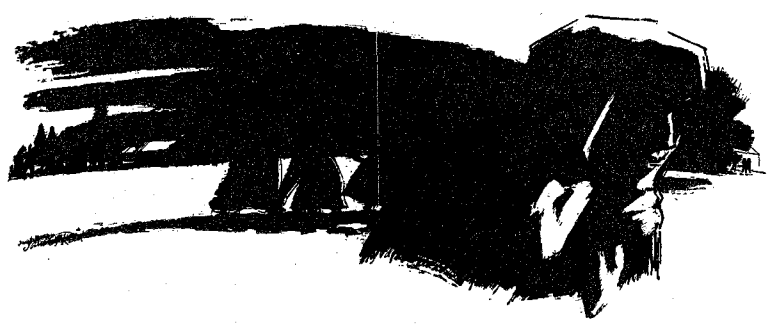
"I can't stand bacon," Silas said. "Makes me sick."

"What you need is a wife to fatten you up so you won't be so frail."

"Frail? Me?" Silas said. He remembered a few things—his teen-age years when he pulled fishing nets all summer, and one night in Chicago when he lost a close decision to a boy by the name of Vincent D'Amatio in the middleweight division of the Golden Gloves. He remembered a stretch with the Marines when he had lugged a BAR all over the Korean hills.

"Uh-huh. Frail. Sit down and eat."

Silas squatted down and she poured coffee and handed him a doughnut. They were very close (*Continued on Page 54*)



## What's Going On Here?

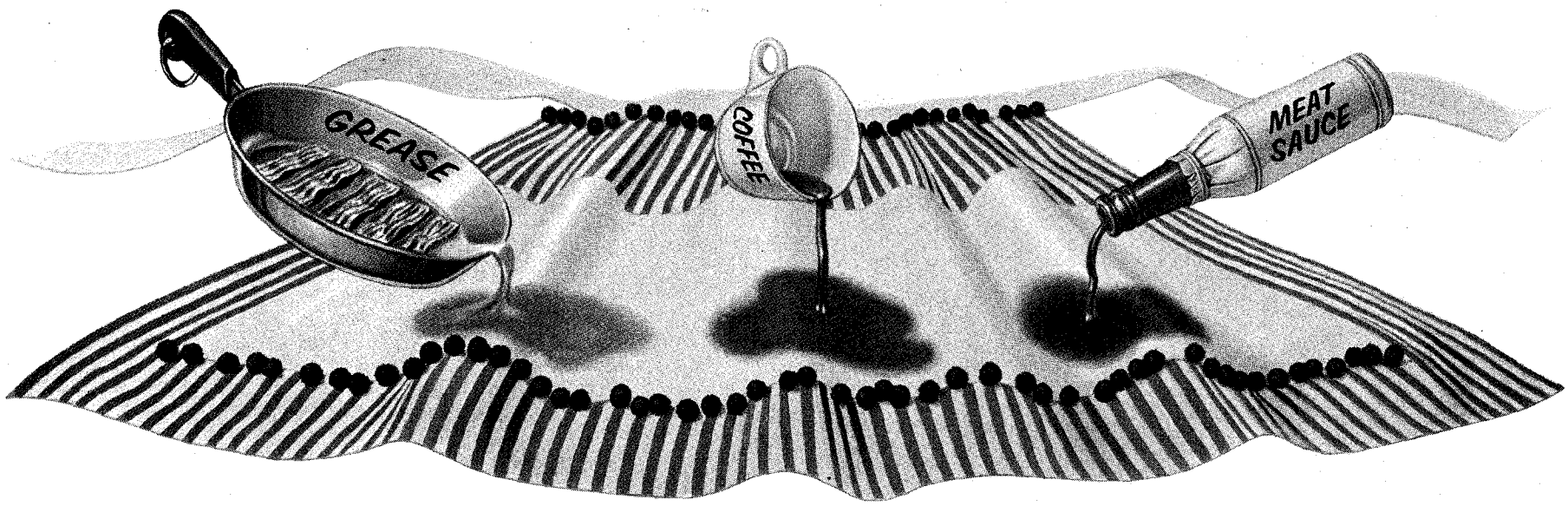
As winter sets in, a refuge in the New World is established for thousands of terrified displaced persons. Because of a radical change in the government of their homeland, they dare not return home. Aided by friendly armed forces to reach their new abode, each is given food, clothing and means of earning a livelihood. Soon the total of fugitives passed 25,000, and the cost mounts into millions of dollars. Who are the refugees, and what nation are they fleeing?

**Olney Rhode**

*(See Page 54 for answer)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## See these spots disappear in 60 seconds with the "MAGIC MINUTE"!




## Only the new 1957 Kelvinator Washer brings you the

# "Magic Minute"

**60 SECONDS OF AUTOMATIC PRE-SCRUBBING WITH DOUBLE-RICH SUDS TO CUT GREASE BETTER, WASH EVERYTHING CLEANER**

**Kelvinator Super-Speed, Triple-Safe Dryer** dries clothes as fast as they are washed. And it's the only dryer with these three big safety features: *Safe Temperatures; Safe Cylinder; Safety Door*. Matching washer and dryer are available in three customer-approved colors or white.

GIVE YOUR toughest washing problems to the "Magic Minute"—an entirely new kind of automatic washing by Kelvinator.

SPILL GREASE on a pretty apron. Splash it with coffee. Smear it with meat sauce. Then watch the new 1957 Kelvinator go to work.

Kelvinator starts with the "Magic Minute"—60 seconds of automatic pre-scrubbing with the full amount of soap and only a small amount of water. This cuts grease and grime *before* the regular washing action starts.

Following the "Magic Minute" the tub fills completely and the "3-Way Agitator" washes out every last speck of dirt. No other washing action gets clothes so white, so bright!

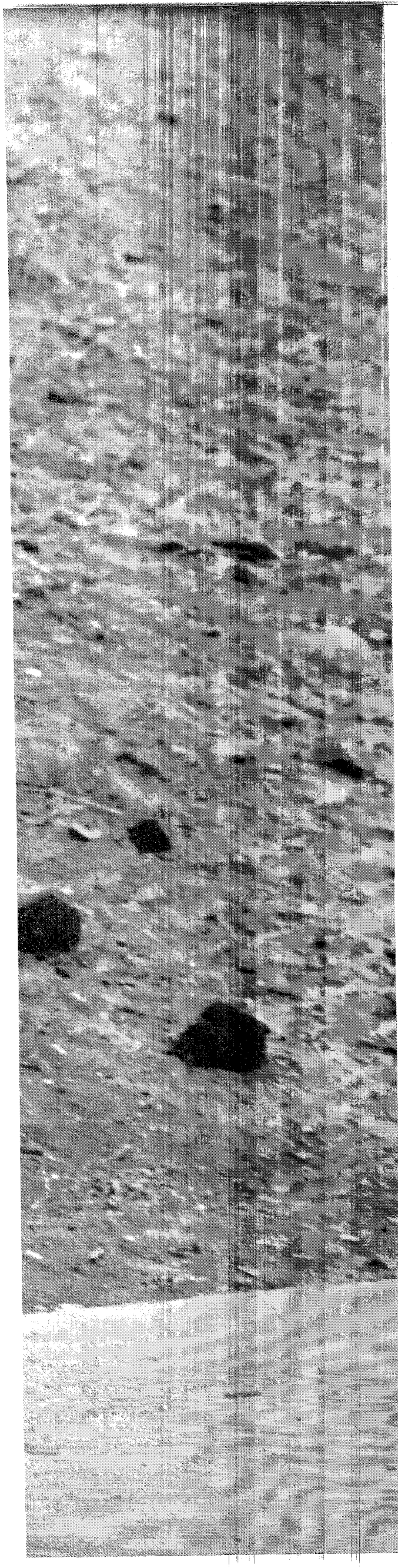
Kelvinator has 2 separate automatic cycles—one for regular fabrics, one for fine fabrics. "Suds Back" for suds and water economy. New push-button control gives a choice of water temperatures. There are no gears to get out of order and cause service problems. Ask your Kelvinator dealer to demonstrate the "Magic Minute".

**Kelvinator**

*DIVISION OF AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION*
*Detroit 32, Michigan*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Some insurance is for being alone. Equitable's Living Insurance is for being together, too.

Love has a very long pair of arms. All the things a family needs to feel snug and warm and unafraid lie within its embrace. *Living* Insurance is one of them.

In fact, here is the best hold on happiness that your family — and you — could have. Because Equitable offers a good deal more than protection in case of trouble. It can help you fulfill, truly, the plans closest to your heart. For your children's education. For your retirement.

*Living* Insurance can provide money for business emergencies, money for big medical bills. It can help you enjoy a life free of worry, with good prospects guaranteed. *For Living Insurance means benefits for the living. Benefits for you, while you live. If you die, benefits for those who live on after you.* Why not see the Man from Equitable?

## Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

"We two" photographed by Gini Stoll

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

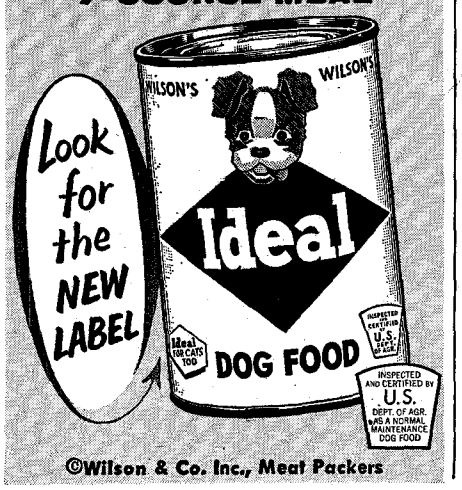
# Eager!

Sure he's eager—he knows it's Ideal! And it makes *you* feel mighty good to know you're feeding the dog food that provides complete nutrition to keep him healthy and alert...and a pleasure to have around.

**Ideal**
**DOG FOOD HAS MORE BEEF**
**PRESSURE COOKED!**

Prepared with more rich beef, Ideal provides *all* the vitamins, minerals, proteins, and nutrients essential for dog health. Then Ideal is sealed in the can and pressure cooked to retain every vital element. It's easy to serve ...costs less than table leftovers... yet is so rewarding for your dog... or cat.

**THE *Ideal* "7-COURSE MEAL"**


Look for the NEW LABEL
WILSON'S
WILSON'S
Ideal
DOG FOOD
Ideal FOR CATS TOO
INSPECTED AND CERTIFIED BY U.S. DEPT. OF AGR. AS A NORMAL MAINTENANCE DOG FOOD

©Wilson & Co. Inc., Meat Packers


(*Continued from Page 50*) together. Silas regretted not having brought a smaller towel. This time, the second, she seemed much more lovely than yesterday.

He turned his head and looked at her. She smiled at him. She was very close. If he bent forward just six inches —— The thought nearly broke him up.

"Well, here's Trenton," Jennifer said.

Silas turned. Coming across the dunes was a tall, Viking sort of character with a chest like a Polynesian skin diver. He was wearing white linen slacks, blue rope-soled shoes, a T shirt, and a yachting cap. He looked like Mr. All-American Yachtsman in full color.

"What ho!" he said. "A day for fishing, a day for sailing."

Silas got to his feet. Trenton Fielding put out his hand. "Fielding's the name." He shook Silas' hand.

Silas retrieved his fingers, hoping there would be no permanent damage. "Middleton," he said; "Silas Middleton."

Trenton Fielding put his hands on his hips and looked toward the sea. Then he waved an arm, encompassing the Pacific. "There she is," he said, "the mighty Pacific. Everything a man could want—adventure, peace, white sails, the wind in the sails, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness."

"It's 'a book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou beside me,'" Silas said.

Jennifer stared at Silas. "Well, a beachcomber who knows Omar Khayyam. Who'd have believed it?"

"A man could really live out there," Trenton said.

"A man could really die, too," Silas said.

"Ha! Do you want to live forever?" He slapped Silas on the shoulder. "Where's the zest, man? Where's the will to dare? Where's the indomitable spirit?"

"Left all that in Korea," Silas mumbled.

"Well, I'm off," Trenton said. "First a session at the library, then to consort with Bowditch. Thorough preparation, that's the trick. Sorry to leave you alone, Jennifer, but then, you understand?"

"Certainly, Trenton."

"This evening I'm studying meteorology. You might be able to find something amusing to do. I believe that Anchors Up is playing at the local theater. Might see it and absorb some of the flavor of the sea. Perhaps Mr. Middleton ——"

"Be my pleasure," Silas said.

"Fine," Trenton said. "Well, I had better haul anchor. Cheerio." He turned and walked away.

There was a short intermission. Finally Jennifer said, "You don't have to, Silas."

"Huh?"

"I mean take me to the show. Just because Trenton ——"

"Trenton has nothing to do with it, Silas said. "I'd like to do this on my own.

"Are you in love with Trenton, Jennifer?"

"I'm staying at The Tides. You can pick me up there."

"You didn't answer my question."

"Don't you think Trenton is a masterful sort of person?"

"Jennifer," Silas said, flatly and succinctly, "leave us face it. Trenton Fielding is a jerk." He walked away, leaving Jennifer seated on his beach towel.

He dressed and drove over to the plant. Tom met him at the office door. "Well?"

Silas pointed west. "There she is—the mighty Pacific. Everything a man could want—adventure, peace, white sails, the wind in the sails, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness."

"Well, for pity's sake," Tom said. "You never were one to drink in the morning, Silas. You always ——"

"I'm not drinking in the morning," Silas said. "I am quoting Trenton Fielding, who is misquoting Omar Khayyam." Silas sat down and stared gloomily out the window. "That nautical menace will do one of three things—stack Jennifer up on a rock some night, dump that fishing boat topside down, or fall overboard giving an imitation of Captain Bligh. They'll set fishing back ten years."

"You only saw this dame twice. You in love with her or something, Silas?"

"Me?" Silas said. "In love? Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard."

"Yeah," Tom said. "It probably is. That's exactly what I said when someone asked me if I was in love with Doris. We were married three weeks later."

"I'm not getting married," Silas said grimly. "I am merely trying to save Jennifer from being crab bait."

"Well, good luck with it," Tom said. "In the meantime, care to get some work done?"

Silas left the plant at five, drove home, stripped and climbed into a shower. He shaved again and then dressed with more than his usual care, realizing as he did so that he was probably knocking himself out for nothing, that she would probably marry that oversized Sea Scout, take off with him and, as the fates were kind, they'd probably take stupendous pictures, sell them to the movies, catch boatloads of fish, the book would become a best seller, they'd have gobs of little Trenton Fieldings running all over hell's half acre and live happily ever after. The picture of the future of Trenton and Jennifer so depressed Silas that he considered briefly calling her and telling her that he had just broken his leg and couldn't take her anywhere. He brightened somewhat when he realized that she hadn't answered his direct question about being in love with Trenton, but he became morose again when he looked at himself in the mirror.

He was lean and hard, but to her he was frail and skinny. He had the standard operating features, eyes, nose, mouth. *But face it, Middleton*, he told his reflection, *who'd pick you over that oversized nitwit?*

He drove over to The Tides, found her apartment and rang the bell.

She opened the door and Silas had the sensation of diving into the surf on a January morning. He was numb. She was wearing a gay cotton dress, a string of small pearls was around her neck. She had done something to her wind-blown hair. She was so gay, so clean, so lovely, that there was a twisting ache inside Silas as he looked at her.

She smiled at him. Her eyes crinkled when she smiled. "Hello, Silas," she said.

It was a dirty trick, Silas thought. He had been getting along all right, the cannery was making some money, his golf game was rounding into shape, and all he asked out of life was sunshine, good health, and, in February, two weeks in Arizona. And now this.

"Is something wrong, Silas?" she said.

Everything was wrong, but he couldn't say so. "No," he said.

"Do you have the stomach-ache or something? You look sort of stricken."

"I'm all right," Silas said. It was the biggest lie of the century. "Shall we go?"

They drove over to The Marquee, a restaurant on the highway. Silas recovered somewhat on the drive over, but still had trouble. He tipped over the water, he put sugar instead of salt on his baked potato, his hand shook like gelatin in an earthquake when he drank his coffee.

Jennifer, on her part, worked her way through roast beef, baked potato, green salad, ice cream and coffee with no trouble at all. She volunteered the information that she was twenty-three, was born in Yakima, Washington, had gone to the University of Washington, where she had majored in English. She had met Trenton Fielding on a vacation trip to the Oregon coast last year. He had been working as a lifeguard.

"You have no idea," she said, "what all those muscles do to a girl who was English major and is working as a librarian."

Silas wanted to say that Trenton was also muscle-bound between the ears, but he recognized the fact that running down Trenton Fielding was not a sound approach to the problem. "I can imagine," he said, "and what will you talk about after the honeymoon is over—muscles, perhaps?" He paid the check and they left.

Silas wanted to go to a movie the way he wanted a broken leg. He drove by the Driftwood Lounge and slowed down. "They have a piano in there," he said tentatively, "and a piece of a dance floor."

"Let's," Jennifer said.

They found a spot in one corner of the lounge, where a young man presided over a grand piano.

Having Jennifer in his arms almost gave Silas nervous indigestion. She was tiny, warm and sweetly scented. Silas' co-ordination became that of a man with the seven-year itch having a nervous breakdown. It finally filtered through to Silas' numbed mind that inexplicably, but surely, he was falling in love with Jennifer.

Finally, he drove Jennifer home and parked outside her apartment. He sat quite still, loath to let her go, but at the same time not wanting to get further involved.

"I had a nice time, Silas," she said.

"Thank you."

"I suppose I really should let you kiss me good night," she said.

Silas looked at her, put his arms around her and as he kissed her, felt like a volcano about to explode.

Presently he released her and said, "Marry me, Jennifer."

"For heaven's sake, Silas, control yourself," she said. "I'm going to marry Trenton."

"That nitwit will have you at the bottom of the Pacific," Silas said.

"But I promised, Silas. Besides, I've never been to (*Continued on Page 58*)

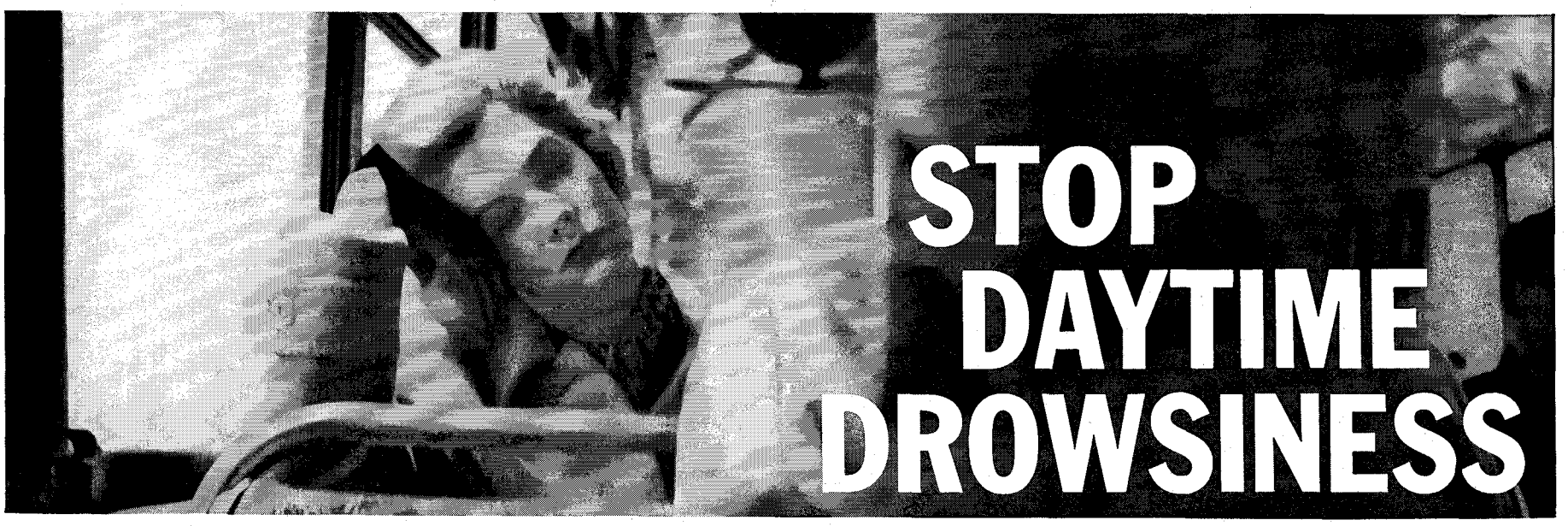
Answer to

## What's Going On Here?

(Page 50)

The refugees are American Loyalists, or Tories, fleeing the United States to avoid personal violence and treason trials. Remaining loyal to the British crown, they were displaced by the American Revolution. The British Army and Navy helped to transport 25,000 to Canada. As many more settled in other British territory in the New World. Canada gave each man 300 to 500 acres, plus a ten-year tax exemption, and spent $4,000,000 in cash on them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# STOP DAYTIME DROWSINESS

## sleep deeply all night...wake up refreshed on a Form Fitted mattress of Firestone FOAMEX

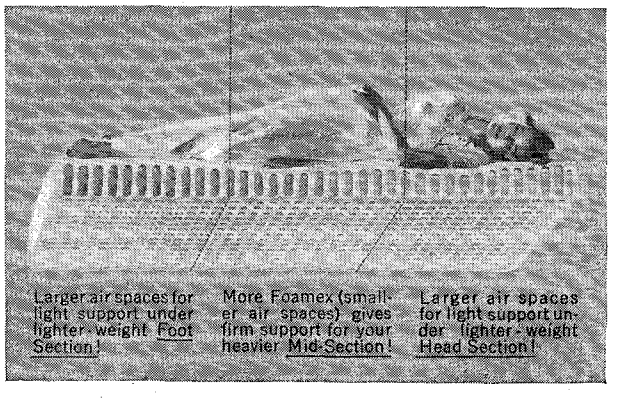
**IT'S BUILT TO REST YOUR ENTIRE BODY IN BALANCED COMFORT . . . FROM HEAD-TO-TOE!**

How wide awake you are all day depends on how fast asleep you are all night. And now everyone, short, tall, big, small, can enjoy the deep, undisturbed sleep possible only from a mattress that adjusts to your body contours.

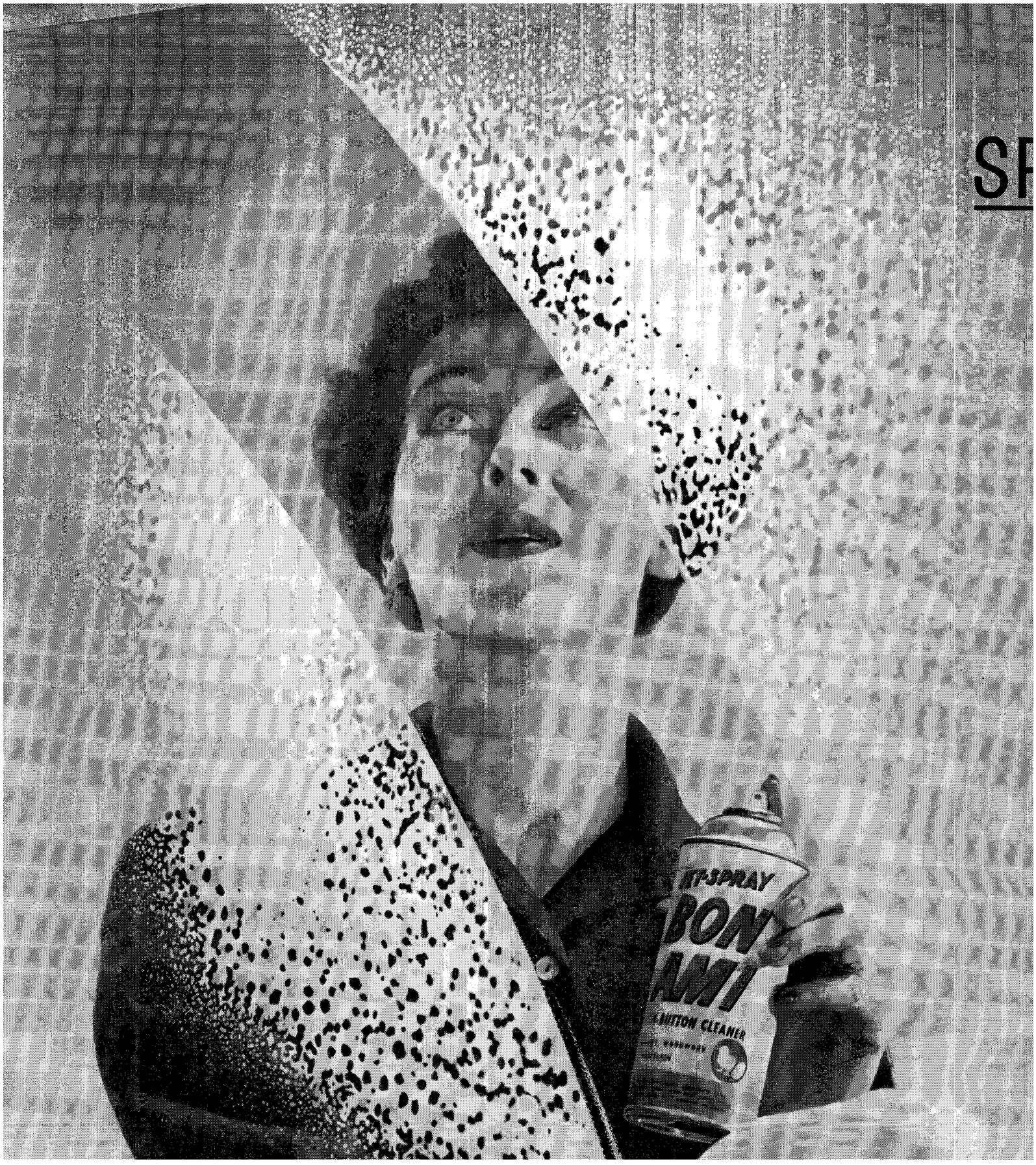
Reason: Form-Fitted Construction . . . found only in mattresses of Firestone Foamex... distributes sleep-inducing, curve-conforming Foamex *in direct proportion to your body weight.* Lighter head and limbs rest on just enough Foamex to give gentle, but secure support. Heavier mid-section has more Foamex beneath for firm, but buoyant support. Result: head-to-toe "balanced" comfort.

Your favorite department or furniture store has a wide selection of Form-Fitted Mattresses of Firestone Foamex! Prices start as low as $59.75! Stop in today and take the FREE Rest Test.

*Enjoy the "Voice of Firestone" on radio & TV Monday evenings over ABC. See Arlene Francis demonstrate Foamex Form-Fitted Comfort on NBC-TV's popular, daytime "Home" Show.*


Larger air spaces for light support under lighter-weight Foot Section!
More Foamex (smaller air spaces) gives firm support for your heavier Mid-Section!
Larger air spaces for light support under lighter-weight Head Section!

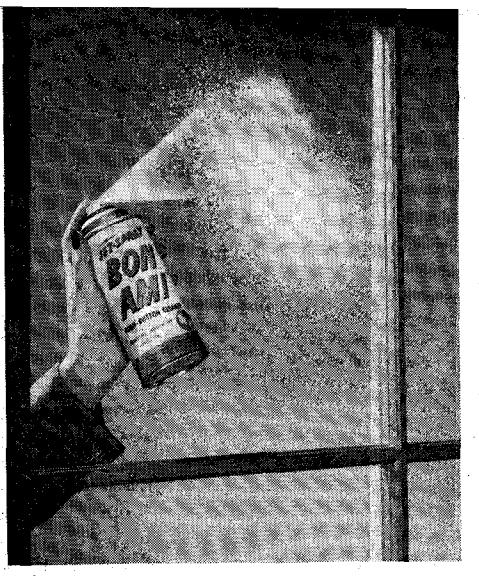
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

)F MAGIC

**LACY WHITE FROTH** ushers in a new and lovely way to clean. Even lovely to see! Sprays on at the touch of a button. Dirt wipes *right* off. No water, no powder or mess. No waiting or tiresome polishing. Surfaces glisten. That's the wonder of jet-froth cleaning!




# Women Spellbound By Way New Jet-Froth Formula Shortcuts Cleaning Chores

## NEW JET BON AMI SPRAYS ON LACY FROTH, DIRT WIPES RIGHT OFF –CLEANS WINDOWS, WOODWORK, PORCELAIN, CHROME AND TILE

Almost unbelievable...until you *see* the magic way it happens. This new jet-froth cleaning shortcuts all the messy chores you always hated before. And Jet Bon Ami is so nice to use.

Just press the button—spray on the lacy white froth. Wipe clean immediately. Use a fresh, dry (yes, we said *dry*) cloth for the finishing touch! Then look at the sparkle and shine. Windows, porcelain cabinets, venetian blinds, refrigerators, mirrors glisten. Even once-grubby woodwork gleams. And so quick! No waiting or rinsing, no tiresome polishing. No pail, powder or grit. Your hands stay lovely, because they never get wet.

That's the speed—and the ease of new Jet Bon Ami for glass, glossy and painted surfaces. Remember, it's simply: spray froth...use cloth...dirt's off.

**NOTE: STINGY LITTLE BIT WORKS BETTER THAN A LOT!** Jet Bon Ami spreads as it cleans—a little bit does 3 times its own area. A stingy bit of froth means faster, easier cleaning—far less rubbing—and a dry *shining* surface with no streaks or hazy film.

*© 1957, The Bon Ami Company—an affiliate of United Dye & Chemical Corporation*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 54*) Acapulco, or Destruction Island, or even Coos Bay."

"Take a bus to Acapulco, take a train to Coos Bay, and as for Destruction Island, there isn't much when you get there."

"But you're forgetting Trenton, and the pictures he's going to take, and the book he's going to write."

"You aren't even in love with him," Silas said.

"I'm not?"

"Certainly not. You just want to travel. You just have itchy feet. I bet you if he were a shoe clerk you wouldn't give him the time of day."

"But he isn't a shoe clerk, Silas."

"All right," Silas said angrily, "marry the guy, go to Coos Bay or anywhere you please. And the next time you see a beach towel, go somewhere else."

"Thank you," she said. "I'll be very careful in the future." She got out of the car and walked, stiff-necked, into her apartment.

Silas drove home, his feelings draped around his shoelaces. All right, if that was the way she wanted it, then that was the way it was going to be. Forget her.

He tossed and turned most of the night, trying manfully to forget that the girl existed. In the morning he showed up at the plant, droopy-eyed, dull in the head from lack of sleep.

Tom took a look at him. "You look as if someone swiped your tricycle."

"Shut up," Silas said.

Tom peered at his partner. "You in love with this girl or something? I tell you, Silas, I'm not going to let you have a day off any more. If you'd kept your nose to the cannery, this wouldn't have happened."

"Aw, dry up," Silas said. "Back when you were courting Doris, I loaned you my last twenty bucks and a clean shirt. And you didn't show up around here for five days."

"I couldn't afford to," Tom said. "That banker from up in Portland was right on my heels, waiting for me to stumble. Only by a concerted campaign ——"

"Phooey!" Silas said. "You know yourself that Doris had an awful time getting you to propose. You ——"

"All right, all right," Tom said. "Ask this girl to marry you, then."

"I did."

"What did she say?"

"She's going to marry that Fielding clown," Silas said, "simply because the guy is going to take her on a boat. Why, she's never even been on a boat."

"Boy!" Tom said. "That, I'd like to see. Yesterday the swells were running about six feet outside the bar. Even Lars Jensen said that a pork chop would have made him sick as a dog. I'd like to have seen her out there yesterday. She ——" Tom stopped and stared at Silas. "Say, Silas!"

"Yeah," Silas said, thoughtfully.

"We could borrow Pete Carson's cruiser. That thing rolls something awful."

"She'd jump at the chance," Silas said. "Let's also take that Trenton Fielding along. When he sees her turn green and run for the rail, there goes the excursion to Acapulco!" Silas snapped his fingers.

"It's kind of a dirty trick," Tom said, "but it's for her own good."

"Absolutely. We're doing her a favor."

Silas got on the phone and got hold of Jennifer.

"Why, that's wonderful, Silas," she said. "Trenton too? He'll be thrilled to death."

"We want to get out early in the morning," Silas said. "Can I pick you up around five-thirty?"

Promptly at five-thirty the next morning, Silas stopped in front of Jennifer's apartment. She came out the door, wearing white pedal-pushers, sneakers and a sweater. She looked about seventeen, as bright-eyed as a cocker spaniel on a hunting trip.

They drove over to Trenton's place and picked him up. He was wearing the same outfit he had been wearing when Silas first met him.

"This is great of you, Silas, old boy," he said. "I've been wanting Jennifer to get started on her sea legs."

"It may be a little rough outside," Silas said.

"The rougher the better!" Trenton said. "The wind in your face, a rolling deck under your feet! That's the life!"

"Yeah," Silas said.

Tom had everything shipshape when they arrived. "Plenty of gas," he said, "and I brought along some stuff for breakfast. I also got on the horn and talked to some of the boats outside. They said there's a miserable lump out beyond the bar."

Silas nodded grimly. If the fishing boats said there was a miserable lump out there, that meant they'd be rolling around like a cork in a millrace.

They got under way. The cruiser had a flying bridge and Trenton went up topside with Tom, braced his feet and gave a fair imitation of a fishing-boat skipper.

It was rough enough when they got into the Columbia. Silas looked at Jennifer hopefully, thinking that she'd show early signs of queasiness. She, however, was apparently having a marvelous time. "If this is fishing, I'm all for it!"

"You are?" Silas said miserably.

"It's marvelous," she said. "I had no idea how stimulating it would be. You feel alive and clean and vital. When are we going to start fishing?"

"When we get outside," Silas said.

"I'm starved," Jennifer said. "This fresh air makes me hungry, and I didn't have any breakfast."

"Tom brought along some things for breakfast. I'll get the stove going for you." That would do it, Silas thought. That was all she needed. The smell of things cooking in the closeness of the galley and she wouldn't feel so vital and alive and clean.

Silas got the stove going. He found the coffee. "You can get started on breakfast. I'll check with Tom to find out how soon we'll be across the bar."

He went topside. "Be across in about an hour," Tom said.

"O.K. Jennifer is cooking breakfast. She'll be through before we start across."

"Swell," Tom said. "I could eat something. Bacon and eggs for me. What'll you have, Trenton?"

"Uh," Trenton said.

They both looked at Trenton Fielding. The man's face was white, and beads of perspiration were appearing on his forehead.

"You all right?" Silas said.

Trenton gulped once, and then again. He took a deep breath. "I think so."

"Maybe you'd better get into the cabin and lie down," Tom said.

"Maybe I'd better," Trenton said.

The man staggered down into the cabin. Silas watched him collapse on a bunk. The odor of frying bacon was heavy. Jennifer was singing Anchors Aweigh as she turned the bacon. "How do you like your eggs, Silas?"

Silas hadn't figured on the odor of bacon. Even on land he couldn't stand the smell of it. His face became set. "No bacon," he mumbled, "no eggs."

Trenton suddenly lurched out of the bunk, staggered outside and bent over the rail.

"What's the matter with Trenton?" Jennifer said. "If he's sick, it's because he didn't eat breakfast, I'll bet. I'll whip up something here in a minute, Silas, and you can take a plate up to Tom. I'll see that Trenton eats something."

"Ugh," Silas said. He went out of the cabin. Trenton was still bent over the rail. Silas gulped once or twice and went topside.

Tom took a look at Silas. "Hey! What's with you?"

"Jennifer's frying bacon," Silas said. "Never could stand it."

"Well, she isn't frying it up here," Tom said. "I can't smell anything. She about through? Boy, what I couldn't do to a plate of bacon and eggs!"

"Shut up!" Silas said. He turned around and looked at Trenton. His stomach lurched. He ran for the rail.

Five minutes later he was stretched prone in one bunk. In the opposite bunk Trenton lay moaning. Jennifer brought two plates of bacon and eggs. "Here," she said. "If you two eat something, you'll feel better."

"O-o-o-h!" Trenton moaned.

Jennifer put the plate in front of Silas. He took one look and groaned. He waved an arm convulsively. "Away," he mumbled. "Take it away."

Jennifer carried a plate up to Tom. After a short conference Tom turned the boat around.

Silas didn't care if he lived or died. Trenton looked as if he wished he would die, and was afraid that he wouldn't.

After what seemed like a year to Silas, Tom eased into the dock at Warrenton, cut the engines, tied up the cruiser. Silas got to his feet and made it to the cannery office. He collapsed in a chair.

Fifteen minutes later Tom came into the office. "How you doing?"

"You and your ideas," Silas said. "Take Jennifer out on Pete's cruiser. There's a heavy swell outside. When she turns green ——"

"It was your idea, not mine," Tom said. "Anyway, you accomplished one thing. That Trenton Fielding would get seasick in a swimming pool."

"It makes no difference," Silas said miserably. "She thinks a fishing boat is great. She said it made her feel clean and vital and alive. She'll give that Sea Scout seasick pills or something and off they'll go."

"Not so you could notice it," Tom said. "When I left, they were having one peach of an argument. Jennifer said that she could understand you getting sick, being so frail and all, but she said that she thought Trenton was the original muscle man. Seems that when he's prone on a bunk with his stomach churning, there's nothing left. I left when she slapped his face and told him that she wouldn't be caught dead with him on the Queen Mary."

"Is that so?" Silas said. His spirits began to ascend. His stomach started returning to normal.

"Uh-huh. It's all over but the shouting. Here she comes. I'll be running along."

Jennifer came into the office. "Silas," she said, "I know why you arranged this fishing trip, and I'm sorry about the bacon. I just remembered that you said that day on the beach that bacon made you sick."

"Jennifer, I ——" Silas began.

"I know you figured that Trenton would get sick, so he'd call the whole thing off."

"Well, something like that," Silas admitted.

"Silas, you didn't have to go to all that trouble."

"I didn't?"

"Huh-uh. I was already getting a bit weary of Trenton. For several days I had seen you taking your early-morning swim. It was no accident that I picked out your beach towel."

"You mean ——"

"Certainly I mean. I'd already made up my mind to marry you if you asked me. Frankly, Silas, I was nuts about you from the moment I saw you."

"Then why ——" Silas began.

"Because women are like that, Silas. No woman alive wants a courtship to be simple and uncomplicated. If she can't put a man through a few paces, she isn't much of a woman, she figures. She just wants to see how much fuss she can create."

"I see," Silas said. "I think. Although I'm not sure ——"

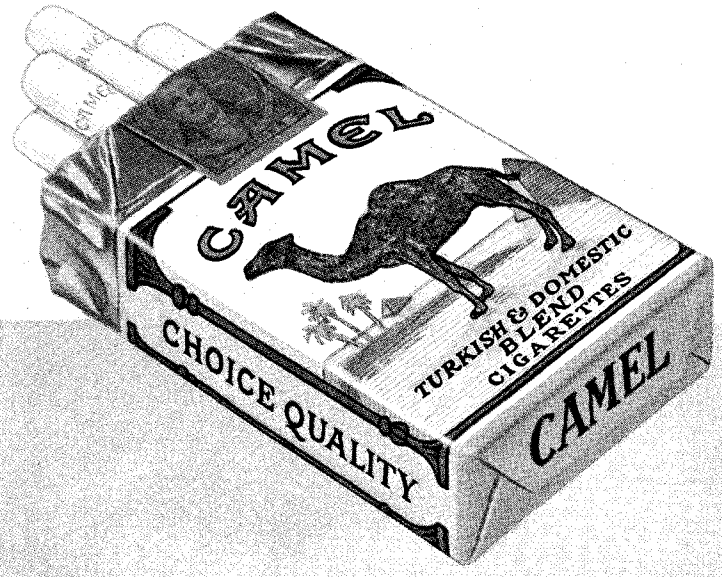
"That's the idea," Jennifer said. She bent down and kissed Silas thoroughly. Then she said, "You aren't supposed to be sure."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HAVE A REAL CIGARETTE—

# have a Camel




"I want a real cigarette—one with plenty of good flavor. That's why I smoke Camels, and have for 10 years. It's all cigarette—all the way."

*Jim Ferguson*

HELICOPTER PILOT

## Discover the difference between "just smoking" and Camels!

**Taste** the difference! You'll find Camels are rich, full-flavored, and deeply satisfying — pack after pack. They never let you down.

**Feel** the difference! The exclusive Camel blend of quality tobaccos is unequalled for *smooth* smoking. Camels are easy to get along with.

**Enjoy** the difference! More people smoke Camels, year after year, than any other brand of any kind. Try Camels—they've really got it!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

America's real smoke is **Camel**—the largest-selling cigarette today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BEST RIDE
## on the range

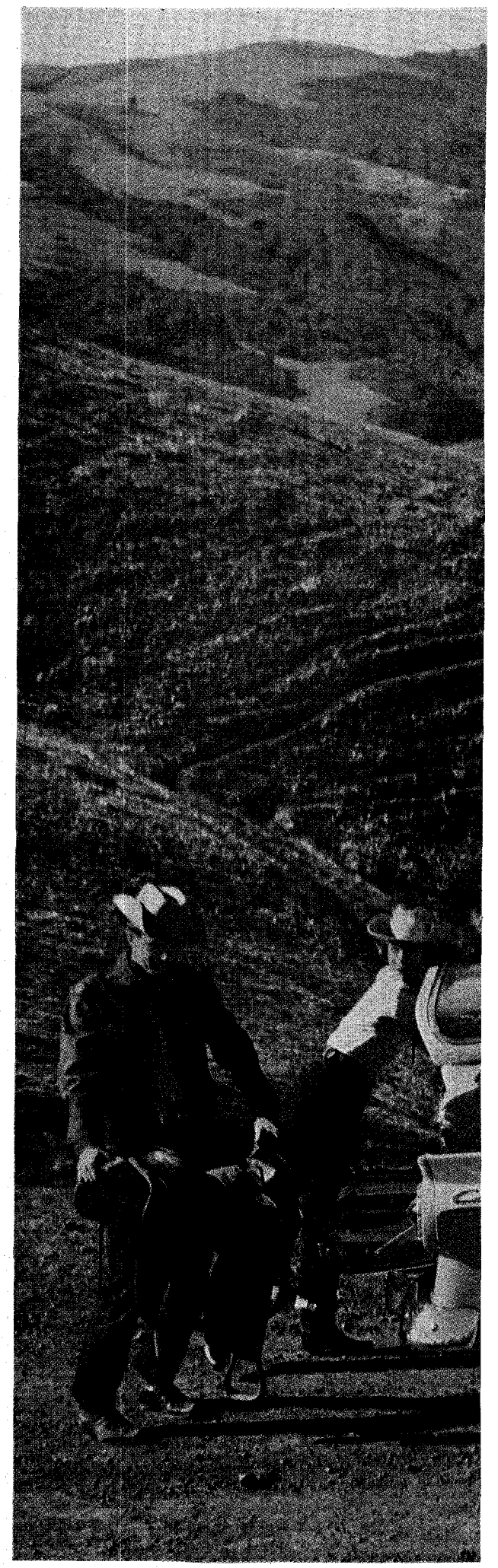
Whether you're riding herd on mountain goats or moseying down a gopher-holed cow trail, the "wild west" is suddenly *tame*... inside the new kind of Ford.

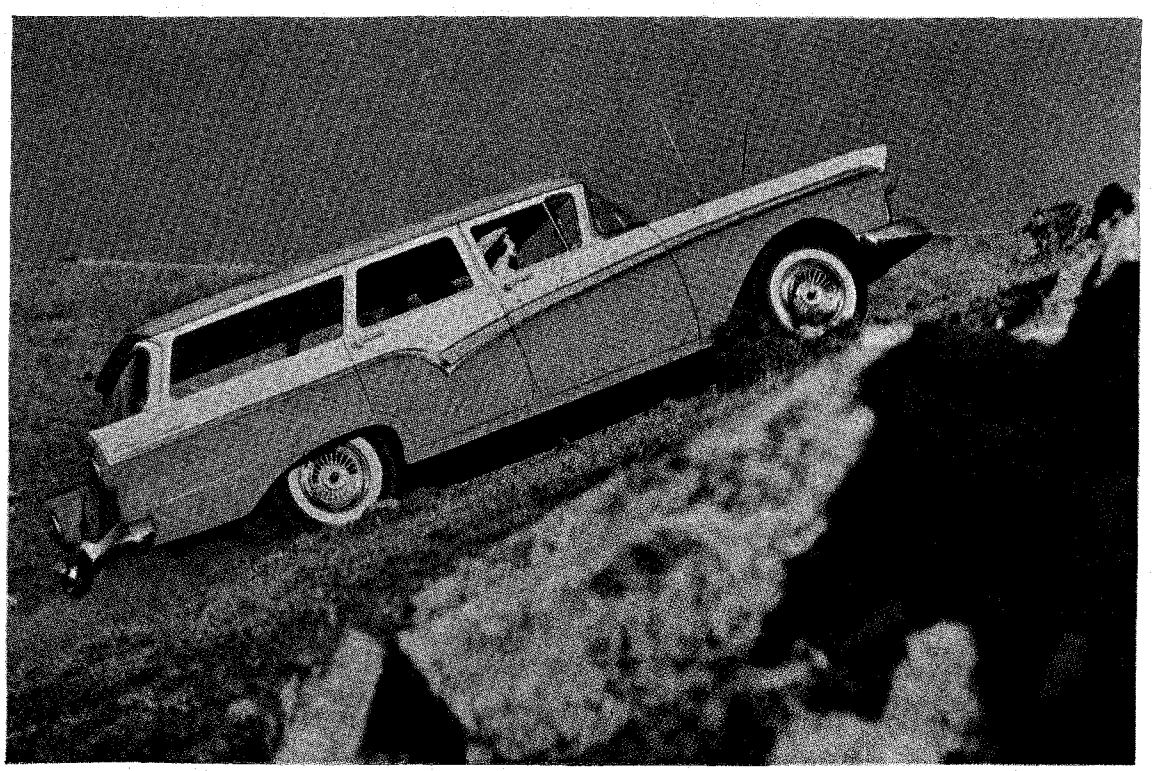
No wonder. You're in the saddle of a new Inner Ford... the beefiest, most heavily insulated "inner car" in its field. A quieter, smoother riding "inner car," cushioned by up to 20 *live rubber* body mounts. A smoother handling "inner car," thanks to a new *swept-back*, ball-joint front suspension. In short, an "inner car" that incorporates so many ride advances ... the rough roads feel like *expressways.*

All in all, you've got yourself the smoothest ride on the range. What's more, you've got yourself a ride that's designed to *stay* smooth. For the new kind of Ford is as rugged as a Brahma bull. It's built to *stay* built. And power? A mighty round-up of it from five new Silver Anniversary V-8's.* Or if you prefer, choose Ford's new Mileage Maker Six... the most powerful six in the industry.

Action-Test a Ford soon. Find out for *yourself* why the new kind of Ford is corralling such raves.

*Including a Thunderbird 312 Supercharged V-8 that delivers 300-hp and a 270-hp Thunderbird 312 Super V-8.





Like *all* of Ford's five new "glamour wagons," the nine-passenger Country Sedan measures over 17 feet. Featured is a new wrap-around liftgate for better vision. A single handle opens tailgate and liftgate *at once.*

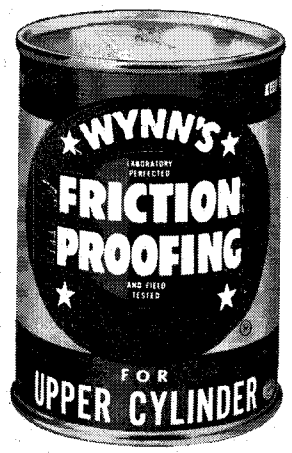
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new kind of **FORD** goes first
in any kind of going

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SO SIMPLE...

## to keep your car healthy with WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING

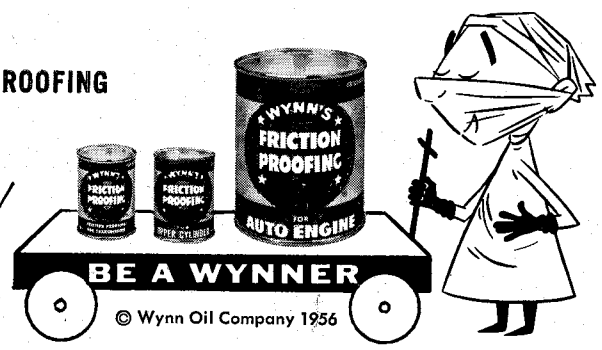



Follow Auto-Medic's prescription---add a can of Wynn's Friction Proofing for Upper Cylinder to your car's gas tank regularly. It's the best medicine to help keep your car "on the go"---healthy, peppy and trouble-free.

Wynn's Friction Proofing for Upper Cylinder protects valves and upper rings (even in the heat of combustion when oil burns away.) Reduces expensive repairs ... cuts down on oil consumption. Your car's compression and power will remain at new car peak easier, longer.

WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING

THE *Proof* IS IN THE *Performance!*




Ask your new car dealer, service station or garageman to add Friction Proofing* for Engine, Transmission and Upper Cylinder to your car today. Insist on the finest...Wynn's Friction Proofing...the can with the red and black bull's eye.

Wynn's Friction Proofing Products also available in Canada and everywhere in the free world.

Wynn's Friction Proofing Products are also specially compounded and packaged for Farm and Industry. For full details write: Bulk Sales Department, Wynn Oil Company, 1151 West 5th Street, Azusa, California.

*Friction Proofing is Wynn's trademark for its exclusive metal conditioner which reduces friction between moving metals by chemically smoothing and sealing the surfaces. Manufactured by Wynn Oil Company, 1151 West Fifth Street, Azusa, California, U. S. A.


# The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 45)

"Two years and three months, sir."

Her color heightened again. She remembered she'd been warned not to let him make her angry.

"Before we proceed, let's get one thing cleared up, if you please. These good people." He waved casually back toward the state's attorney's table. "Have they made you any promise, pursuant to your appearance in this courtroom?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the police? The Rackets Division or the Detective Bureau?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you're here entirely because of your own animosity toward the defendant?"

"That's false." Kerry flushed hotly. She saw the state's attorney getting quickly to his feet.

"Then I withdraw it, for the moment," Enoch Chew said blandly.

He paused to let the receptive silence deepen before he asked the question that would force the state's attorney to object and give him his one chance to destroy this girl—destroy her before she destroyed them.

He shot it bluntly at her. "How long have you been intimate with John Brayton, Miss Kerry O'Keefe?"

Alec Dobson rose without haste. "I object, as irrelevant, immaterial and designed only to mislead the jury, your honor," he said casually. He knew now the ordeal Kerry O'Keefe had ahead of her, and that his only course was to play it down, to keep Chew from dramatizing her vulnerability. "Mr. John Brayton is not on trial before this court. His capacity here is that of a junior member of a very brilliant, I might almost say ostentatious, display of legal talent with which the defense seeks to confuse and overpower us. Mr. John Brayton is not on trial before this court. Let me remind you of that again, as I shall, I am afraid, be forced to do more than once in the course of my distinguished friend's forensic legerdemain."

Enoch Chew smiled, bowing slightly. "My friend from the State flatters me, your honor," he said suavely. "I am perfectly aware that Mr. John Brayton is not on trial. I would not for the world do him the dishonor of so implying. But Mr. John Brayton's beloved mother is on trial here, accused of the most terrible crime that one human being can commit against another. And without the intimate relationship existing between this young woman and John Brayton, this gracious and lovely lady would never have been dragged here to suffer this despair, and this humiliation. Without the intimate relationship between this witness and John Brayton, this girl would never have been in Mt. Vernon Place in front of the Brayton house that night. And none of us—this court, this jury—would be here now. Because it was this girl who first cried murder when there was no murder—and is no murder, and no murder case; nothing but a sickening farce, a palpable and putrescent example of police persecution of a very old and very distinguished Baltimore family—originated, and abetted, and pursued, by this girl, with malice, conscious or unconscious ——"

Judge Sansbury's gavel came down. "The jury will disregard counsel's animadversions against the Baltimore police." His tone was even. "Counsel will also restrain his enthusiasm unless he wishes to find himself in contempt of this court. . . . Overruled, Mr. Dobson. . . . Proceed, Mr. Chew."

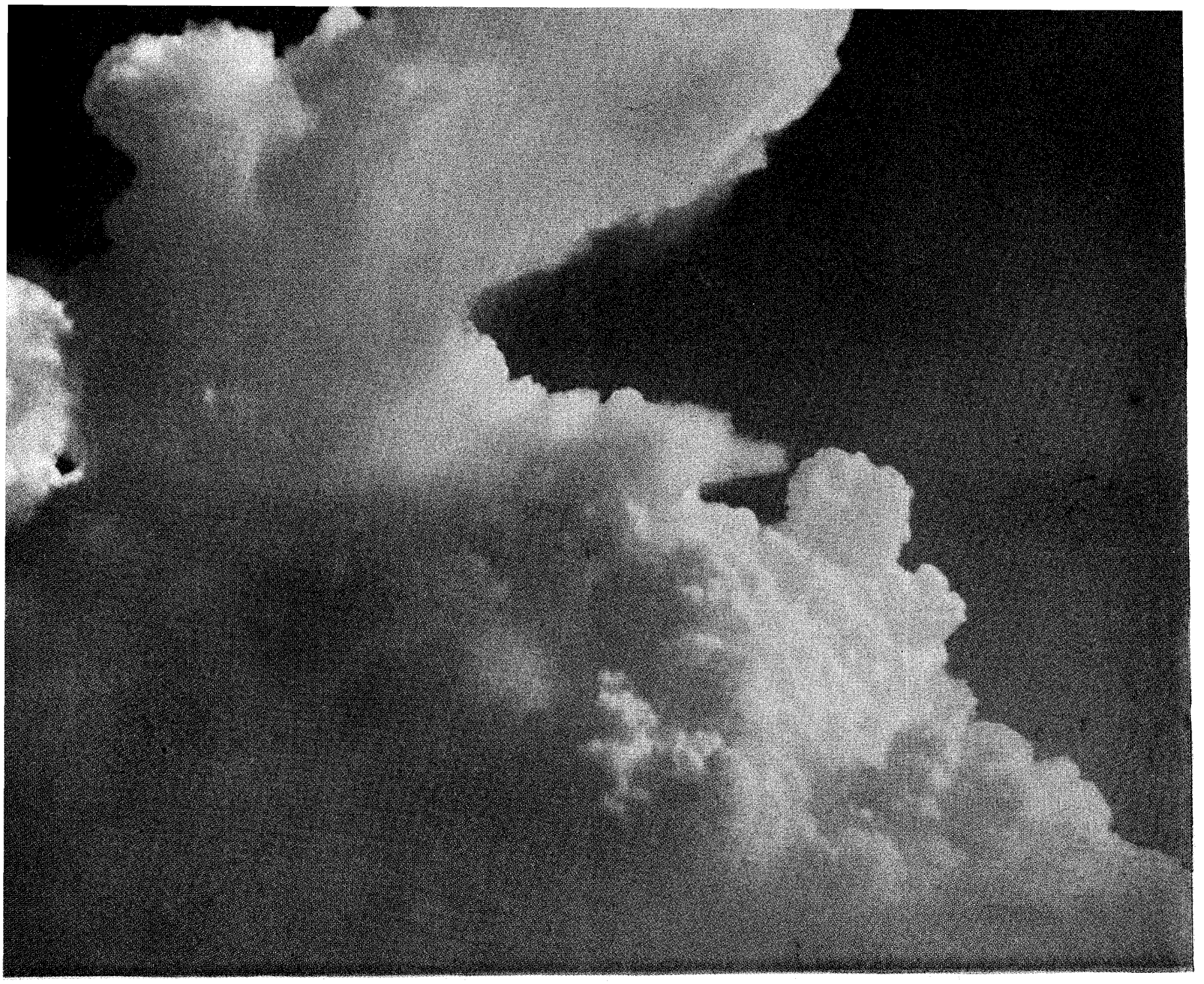
"With the court's permission," Enoch Chew said, quietly and very gravely, "I wish it stipulated that I am not impugning the conscious veracity of this witness. Her complete honesty is so palpably written in those delphinium-blue eyes and on that broad clear brow. No one can sit here and look at that white heart-shaped face and trembling young mouth and not be deeply moved at the heartbreak she is so valiantly

(*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose you just can't halt the march of civilization."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The world's most experienced builder of long-range jet aircraft brings you the jet airliner of tomorrow...

(*see following pages*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...the only American jet airliner
flying today... **BOEING 707**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Boeing 707 jet prototype, photographed in flight over the Cascade Mountains (November, 1954)*

In this superb ship you will cruise indigo blue skies six miles above the earth—with such serene smoothness you'll seem poised motionless in space, yet be traveling an incredible 600 miles an hour. Already eleven famous airlines have ordered 707 jet transports.* They chose *Boeing* jets for many reasons, including this: when deliveries begin in less than two years, the 707 will be the most tested airliner ever to take to the skies. The prototype has now been flying *more than two years.*

Why is Boeing so far ahead in the field of jet airliners? Because Boeing has more experience designing and building long-range jet aircraft than any company in the world. And because Boeing, back in 1952, had faith in the future of jet transportation, and began actual construction of America's first jet airliner.

*AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN • B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 62*) trying to conceal. This slender, dark-haired girl, this mere child who walks, an unsullied flower, through all the murk and evil of a great city, among the lowest of the low, this child is not lying. I know that. I stipulate it. She believes what she has told you."

He turned to thrust an angry forefinger at the state's attorney.

"I doubt if even my sly and subtle friend of the prosecution has been able to make her distort or change or add or subtract one tittle or one iota in the extraordinary and fantastic story she has told you. And I am not questioning her about intimacy with John Brayton with the purpose of degrading her in the eyes ——"

"Oh, your honor, I must really object!"

"I should have thought you must have done so considerably earlier, Mr. Dobson." Judge Sansbury's voice was tart. "Objection sustained. . . . Proceed, Mr. Chew."

"If the word 'intimate' embarrasses you, my child, I shall be happy to put it in more euphemistic terms. How long have you known John Brayton?"

"About a year."

"Point him out to me, please."

She raised her hand, pointing, her head bending in a frail, unhappy arc for an instant before she drew herself quietly erect again. Enoch Chew, aware of the jury's quickening excitement, was motionless, watching the whole focus of attention shift, alternating between the white face of the girl and the face of the young man, relentlessly carved in stone. He was offering them their choice between the two, for in spite of the state's attorney he had succeeded in putting John Brayton on trial before that court. It was no longer the State of Maryland versus Brayton. It was John Brayton versus O'Keefe—and Enoch Chew's only hope was to keep it that way.

"Do you recall the precise date you met him?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was Sunday morning the twenty-seventh of July of last year, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"In another courtroom?"

"Yes."

"Objection. It's quite immaterial where these young people met. It's murder, not romance, that concerns us here, your honor."

"On the contrary." Enoch Chew spoke sharply. "We are very much concerned with this romance—if that's what we should call it. My friend for the State has tried to delude us into the belief that this young lady is nothing but a police officer—a disinterested observer who found herself unofficially in Mt. Vernon Place the night of May first, and just happened to hear, that night, what no one else heard or could have heard. But she is not an observer. She is a participant, greatly interested, highly prejudiced, intensely hostile to the Brayton family. Her first meeting and all her subsequent meetings with John Brayton—where she met him, what she was doing when she met him—these are the root and branch of that hostility and that resentment and prejudice. They are the sole and direct reason for her presence in Mt. Vernon Place that night of May first, and the one clear and valid reason for her extraordinary conduct in the days following, culminating in the fantastic testimony she has given here today."

Judge Sansbury had leaned forward with a puzzled frown. "The court regards these as very serious charges, if true," he said slowly. . . . "It overrules your objection for the present, Mr. Dobson. . . . Counsel may proceed, bearing that in mind."

Enoch Chew turned to the white-faced girl on the stand. "You met John Brayton in the Women's Court at the Pine Street Police Station?"

"Yes."

"The morning after the raid on the Mimosa Club in what is known in Baltimore City as 'The Block'?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were working there the night of July twenty-sixth?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were arrested there and taken to the Pine Street Police Station? The Women's Police Station?"

"Yes, sir."

"And spent the night in a cell there?"

"Yes."

"And were fined ten dollars and costs in the court there the next morning? For disorderly conduct?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. John Brayton came there?"

"Yes."

"As the legal representative of the proprietors of the Mimosa Club, to pay the fines for the entertainers who were taken in the raid?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he paid yours?"

"Yes."

"Was your hair black at that time, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No, sir."

"Was it blond? Bleached blond?"

"It was bleached blond."

"These blue-black feather-cut curls you have now. Are they the product of the dye pot too?"

"No, sir."

"They are your own?"

"Yes."

"And did you have on this delphinium-blue cotton dress that morning, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No, sir."

"But you had some clothes on. What were they?"

"I had on a red evening dress."

"Surely you didn't leave the Pine Street Police Station on Sunday morning in a red evening dress, did you, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I had a jacket."

"Whose jacket?"

"John Brayton's."

"He lent you his cotton-seersucker jacket?"

"Yes."

"You'd known him before, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No, sir."

"You had just met him that morning in the courtroom?"

"Yes."

"You did meet him, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

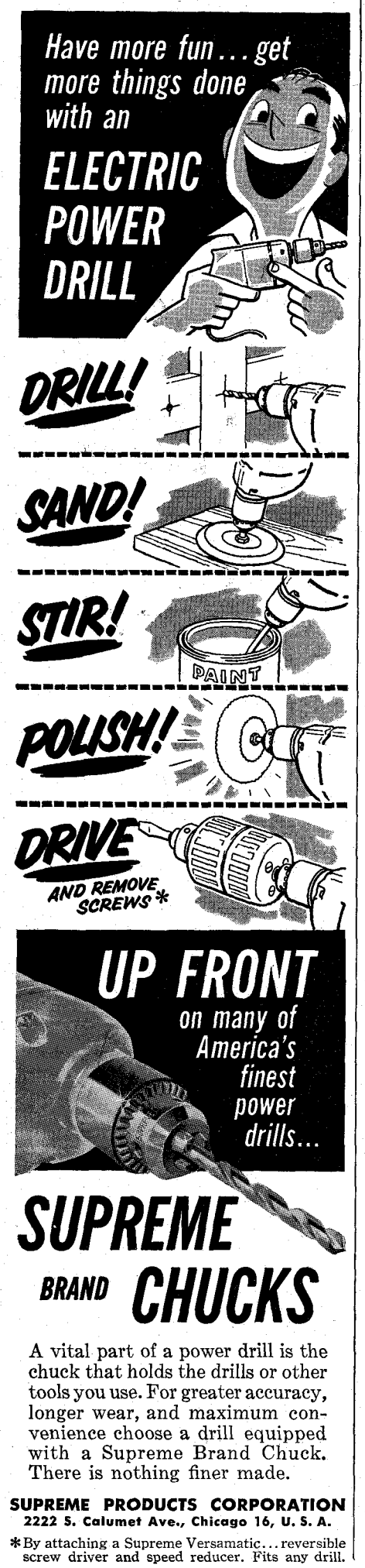
"Who introduced you, Miss O'Keefe? . . . Now please, my dear child, don't look surprised. The customary way of meeting a young man is to be introduced to him. You say you met him. Who introduced you?"

"Nobody."

"So you didn't meet him. You picked him up or he picked you up—whichever way it was. It was a pickup, was it not?"

"If you want to call it that."

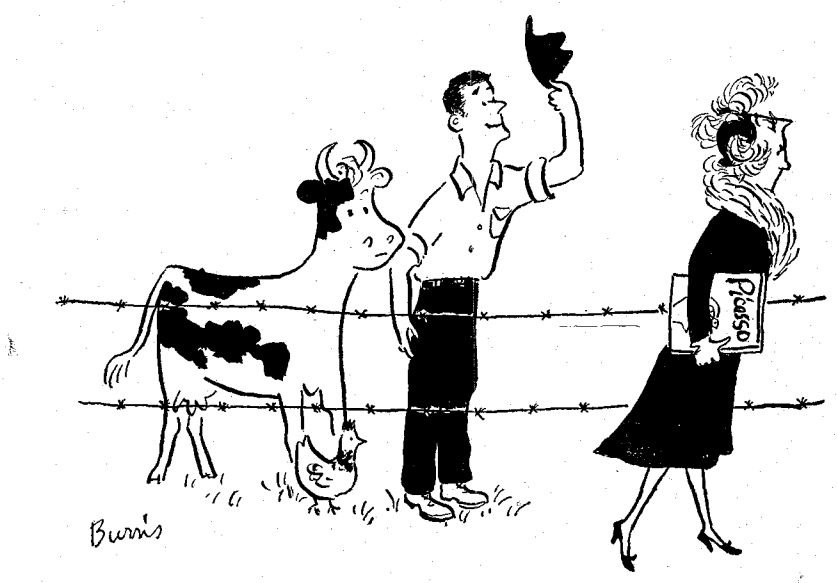
"It's not what I want to call it. It's what it was. If a young woman of your age knows The Block, she should certainly—I (*Continued on Page 68*)




A vital part of a power drill is the chuck that holds the drills or other tools you use. For greater accuracy, longer wear, and maximum convenience choose a drill equipped with a Supreme Brand Chuck. There is nothing finer made.

**SUPREME PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
**2222 S. Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, U. S. A.**

*By attaching a Supreme Versamatic... reversible screw driver and speed reducer. Fits any drill.




## The Perfect Squelch

When Mr. Bates, a small chicken farmer, inherited a sizable fortune, he remained just as friendly and unpretentious as before. But his wife, impressed by the wonder of sudden wealth, changed completely. She insisted on moving her family to the city, sent her children to private schools, and finally talked her husband into a trip to Europe. Afterward, she pretended a deep interest in art and music, cultivated only the town's loftiest people, and carefully ignored her farm background.

Some time later, attending a farm benefit with her husband, who had kept in touch with his old friends, Mrs. Bates chanced to meet a former farm neighbor. As someone started to introduce her, Mrs. Bates said, "Ah, yes, I believe my husband used to know you people."

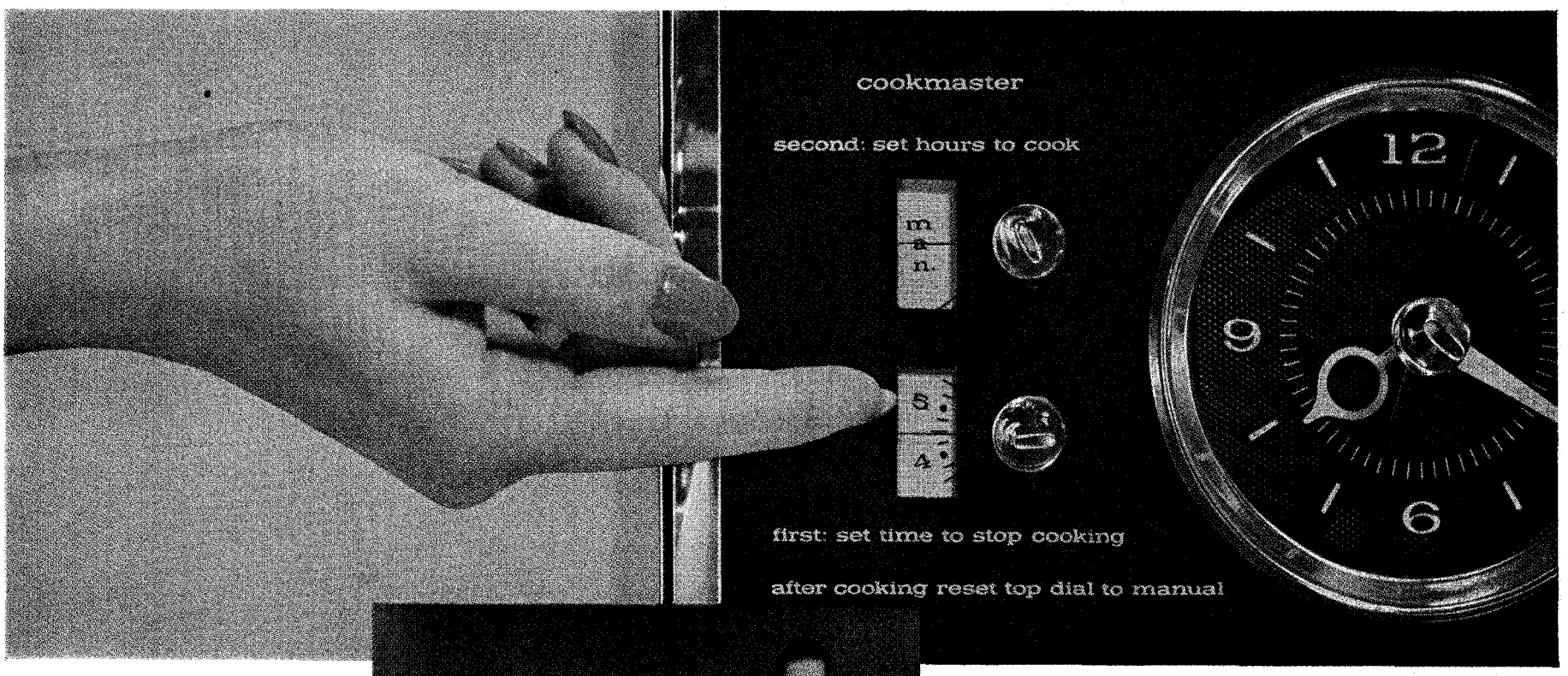
"Your husband," her former neighbor said with a smile, "still does."

**Mrs. Paul Godkin**

*We pay $100 for your original, unpublished Squelch anecdotes. Send typewritten to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Phila. 5, Pa. Decision within a month. Only those accompanied by stamped return envelopes can be acknowledged.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Now- a range with an Automatic Timer easy to set as your watch



Spacious Wonder Oven—Two Ovens in One—lets you bake and broil or bake and roast at different temperatures—at the *same* time! Exclusive in the Frigidaire RI-60-57 model!

French Doors—in the popular, compact RI-39-57 model—swing open at a slight pull on *either* handle—and your roast glides toward you *automatically!*

• Busy day? Just decide when you want dinner ready and how long the food should cook—turn two knobs—set the temperature control and walk away. You can't forget how—the simple instructions are on the panel right in front of you.

You'll come home to a perfect oven dinner—ready to serve. Because not only is the new Frigidaire Cook-Master easy as pie to set—but it cooks to *perfection*, with unerring precision.

That's just *one* hint why we call the new '57 Frigidaire Ranges the "thinkingest" ranges ever. Other mastermind features include such marvels as the Heat-Minder that keeps pots from burning or boiling over. And the "Thinking Panel" that does your tending and timing. And the Miracle Filter that actually *swallows up* smoke and fumes from broiling, roasting and baking.

And on top of all their quick, clean, automatic conveniences—all '57 Frigidaire Ranges boast the new Sheer Look—to fit plumb-line straight and T-square tight into your kitchen, for that modern "built-in" look. See them in their lovely colors, at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory, under the heading: "ELECTRIC APPLIANCES."

**Look for The Sheer Look**

## '57 FRIGIDAIRE

ELECTRIC RANGES

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 66*) would have presumed—have some knowledge of basic popular semantics. You know what semantics is? Or do you?"

"It's the science of the meaning of words, isn't it, sir?"

"I'm asking the questions, Miss O'Keefe. I'm just an ignorant trial lawyer, my child. I've never even been arrested for disorderly conduct or had to borrow a jacket to leave the police court in on a Sunday morning. But let's get on. You allowed yourself to be picked up and lent John Brayton's seersucker jacket. Did you just walk off with his jacket?"

"No, sir."

"No? He went to your apartment with you, did he not?"

"Yes."

"Is that a customary procedure in your—profession, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No."

"Speak up, my child. Remember, we do not have the fantastically developed sense of hearing that the state's attorney would have us believe you are endowed with. Is it customary for you to take men from the police court home to your apartment?"

"I didn't take him home. I didn't want him there."

"No. Because you knew this was his first case—as you told him. You were only twenty-two years old, but you were familiar with courtrooms. He was not. I suggest, Miss O'Keefe, that you thought he was a struggling young lawyer—not worth your while until you found out he was a member of a distinguished Baltimore family. That's the truth, isn't it, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No. It is not."

"But you say you didn't take him home and you didn't want him there. After that you let him come back, didn't you? He did come back, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"To your apartment? After you knew who his family were?"

"Yes."

"And he saw you at other places?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Miss O'Keefe. You're familiar with The Block, you said."

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know what a 'sitter' is, I presume. I don't mean a baby-sitter. I mean what's called a female sitter in night spots like the Mimosa Club and the Coral Seas. You do know?"

"Yes."

"A sitter is an alluring young lady who sits at a table and entices men to buy refreshments, liquid and otherwise, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Article Twenty-five, Section One-seventy-five of the Maryland Code makes it unlawful for the proprietor, lessee or manager of any place of entertainment to employ or allow a female sitter in his establishment. That's correct, is it not?"

"I'm not a lawyer, sir. You know the Maryland Code better than I do."

"But I've never been a female sitter, and you have, haven't you, Miss O'Keefe? Weren't you one the night the Mimosa Club was raided?"

"I was acting as one."

"As a sitter? What I mean is, you were a sitter, not a stripper, which I believe is the other category of entertainers in the night spots on The Block? You were a sitter, not a stripper. Also at a place called the Coral Seas Club. Now let me show you this."

He went back to the defense table and took a photograph out of his brief case.

"Oh, no, please!" Margaret Brayton started up from her chair beside Johnny. "Oh, please don't!"

Judge Sansbury rapped sharply, a court officer moved quickly forward. But Johnny had drawn his mother back into the chair. There were white ridges standing out along his jaw. This was the fine hand of his grandmother, sitting rigidly behind him on the front row of the public benches. He hadn't known, but he should have known. He sat there, sick, his hand tight on his mother's arm, as Enoch Chew went deliberately back to Kerry.

"You heard the protest drawn from the lips of the lovely lady sitting here charged with a terrible crime against the father of her children. You heard her cry, 'Oh, no! Please don't!' Trying, even in this hour of her own agony, to save you, the girl who first cried 'murder' against her. Because she's seen this foul thing. A photograph of the girl who was trying to marry her son." He thrust it at her. "It is your picture, is it not, Miss O'Keefe?"

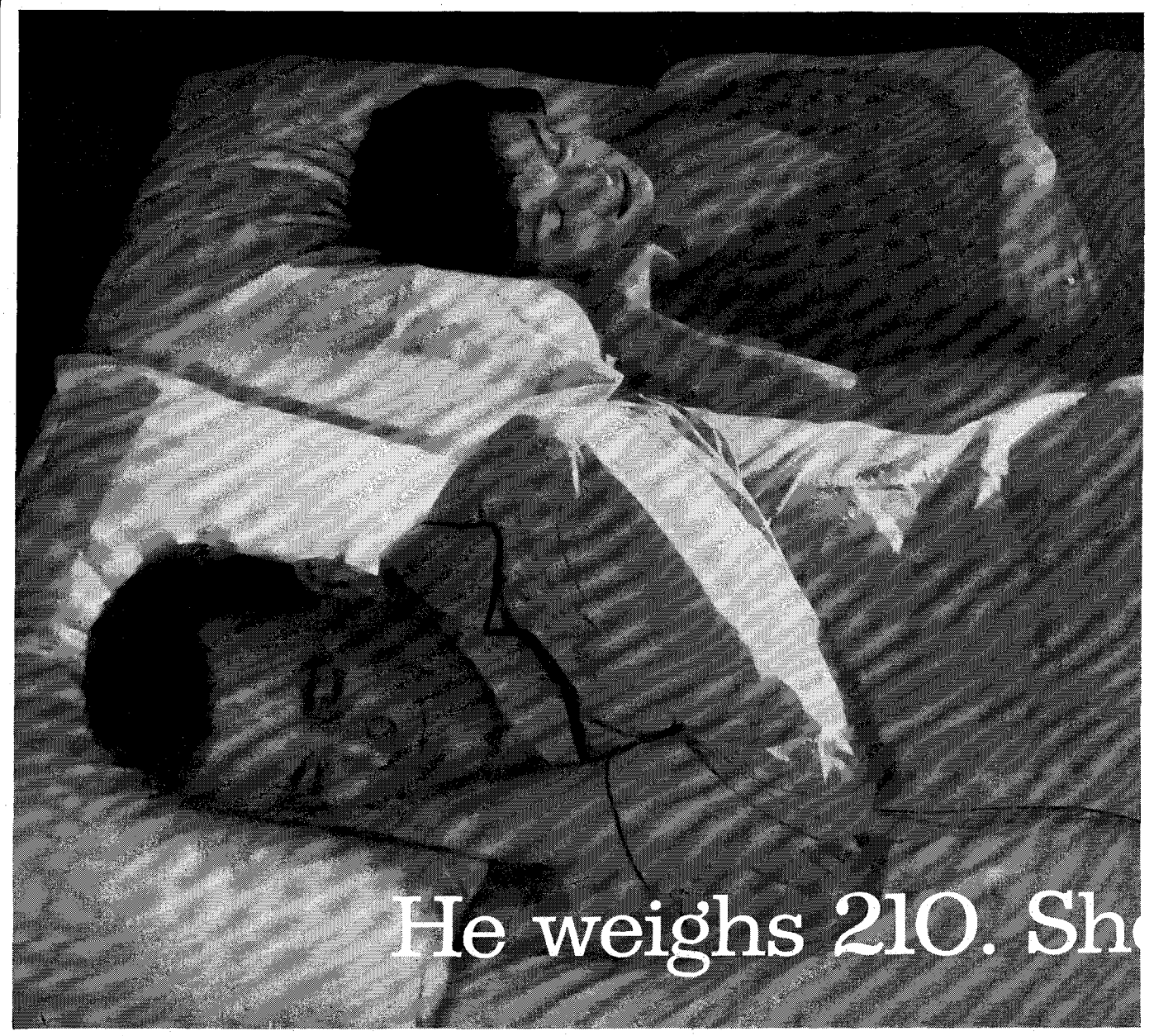
Kerry's hand trembled as she took it, her eyes moving down to it. She started violently, the color draining from her face.

"It is your picture, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I'd like this marked and entered as evidence. And I should like the ladies and gentlemen of the jury to see it at this time."

Chew watched the jury as each of them looked at the enlarged photograph of Kerry leaving the Coral Seas, the already-larger-than-life cut-out of the stripper, her black petticoat in one hand, the bubbling glass of champagne in the other, the backdrop for the girl who bore little or no resemblance to the girl sitting, pale and shaken, on the witness stand.

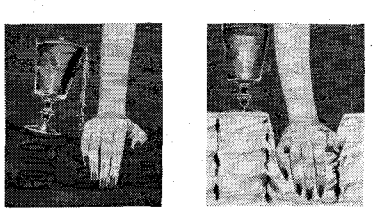



Both get private, undisturbed

**Only Beautyrest has independent springs. Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in perfect comfort.**

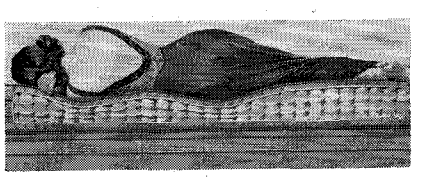
**He just turned in his sleep.** She sleeps on—undisturbed.

Only Beautyrest gives this private, separate comfort all night long, because it's the only mattress with independent springs. Instead of being joined together as in all other mattresses, each spring is strictly on its own.




See this water-glass test. See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattres See how the glass remains upright c Beautyrest.

This unique construction princip means the heaviest husband can *nev* disturb the rest of his lightweight partne



**Greater Single-Bed Comfort**

If Beautyrest is so *right* for double-be sleepers, think how *perfect* it is on single bed. Independent springs gi body-fitting comfort from head to to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*How horrible. Oh, how horrible.* Kerry closed her eyes, trying to keep down the faintness that blurred the faces of the packed benches, except the Braytons'. Mrs. Summerfield, sitting rigidly erect in the front row, Pug Brayton by her, the small dark girl she knew must be Lolly. Next to her was an empty seat where Miss Elizabeth Brayton had been; beyond that, the other sister and her husband. Only Camilla Anne had not appeared.

"And now may I ask you, Miss O'Keefe—this extraordinary profession you've chosen? You did choose it, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've been to college. You are, in fact, a college graduate, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you had many other opportunities to make a living?"

"I didn't want any other ——"

"No. You enjoy this sort of thing." Enoch Chew motioned toward the photograph going its second round of the jury box. "And your parents, Miss O'Keefe? I presume you have parents."

"Yes. I have."

"Do they approve of your traipsing along the streets, an *agent provocateur*, luring men ——"

"That's not true!"

"Then I withdraw it, Miss O'Keefe. We have the photograph in evidence for any conclusion that may be drawn. Do your parents approve?"

"They don't like my job, if that's what you mean, Mr. Chew."

"It's precisely what I mean, young lady." His voice and manner changed, no longer benign and benevolently paternal.

"And John Brayton, who lent you his seersucker jacket—did he approve?"

"He disapproved of my being a sitter. He didn't ——"

"He disapproved strongly of your being a sitter, didn't he, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes."

"But in spite of this, he offered to marry you, did he not?"

"He asked me to marry him."

"And his family were opposed, were they not?"

"I was told so."

"And you resented it, did you not?"

"No."

"You were pleased about it?"

"No. Of course not."

"But you didn't resent it?"

"No."

"Please, my dear child." Enoch Chew shook his head patiently. "Your friends, the police, and my friend, the distinguished gentleman for the State, must have instructed you not to try to evade the truth, when the truth is as patently obvious as it is right now. Are you asking this jury of highly perceptive men and women whose experience with the world is far more profound than yours—if not so bizarre—are you asking them to look at your flushed cheeks and smoldering blue eyes and believe that you didn't resent, and resent intensely, the Brayton family's antagonism to your marriage with their son?"

---

One trouble with some young people today is that they're looking for a future with no job in it.

DAN BENNETT

---

"I didn't resent their not liking my sitting job. I didn't expect them to like it."

"That's not what I'm asking you about, Miss O'Keefe. Let's see if we can approach this in a different way. John Brayton proposed marriage to you? Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted him?"

"Yes."

"In spite of the Brayton family's opposition, you did accept their son's proposal of marriage?"

"I didn't think about his family when I accepted him."

"But would it have made any difference in your answer?"

"Probably not."

"And when you did learn they were vigorously opposed, you didn't offer to break your engagement, did you?"

"No. I didn't."

"Because you wanted to marry John Brayton, didn't you?"

"Yes."

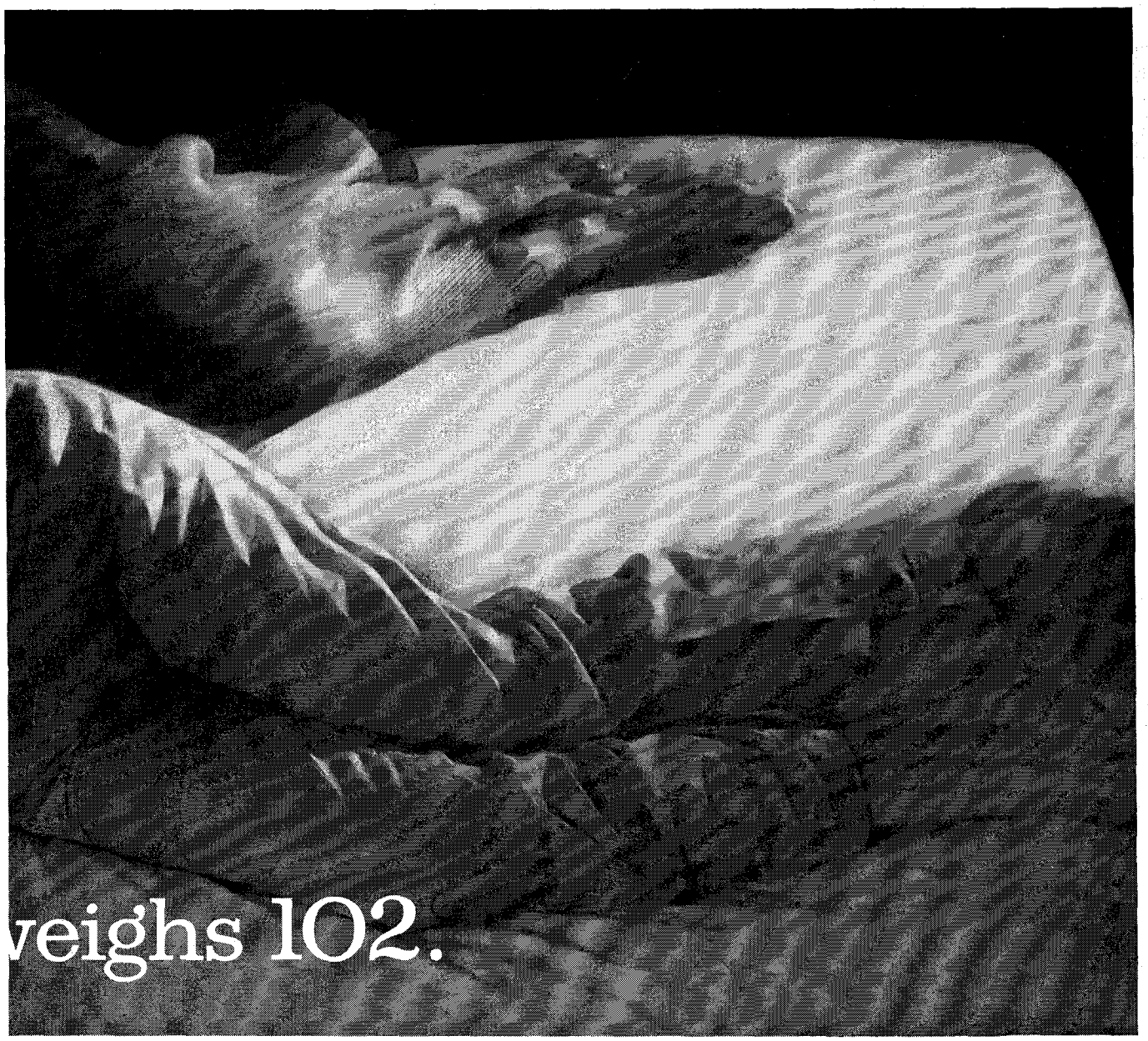
"Louder, please, Miss O'Keefe. You did want to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And when a member of the Brayton family came to see you, and saw you—not this demure little lady the police are trying to put forward to beguile and deceive us, but as you are in this photograph we have of you in your working clothes, may I say—this distinguished elderly lady imploring you not to ruin her grandson's life, you told her she was offensive. Do you recall that, Miss O'Keefe? 'Offensive' was the word you used?"

"It was offensive, to be ——"

"I'm sure you so regarded it, Miss O'Keefe. That's my sole reason for bringing the matter up. You found it deeply offensive. And on the night of May first, when another (*Continued on Page 71*)




rest on BEAUTYREST

ils give gently under the weight of ur thighs, for example, yet firm up to pport the small of your back.

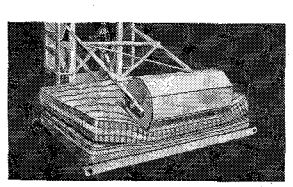
This means Beautyrest will never de- *op sag*—a cause of sleeper's ache.

**How Beautyrest saves you money**

u can spend *more* than $79.50, but you 1't *get* more comfort or value in any ier mattress in the whole wide world.

You can spend *less* than $79.50, but 1 won't save a penny in the long run.

The ten-year guarantee of Beautyrest ngs the price of $79.50 down to about a night. Beautyrest usually far *outlives guarantee*. In the long run, Beautyrest actually the best buy.



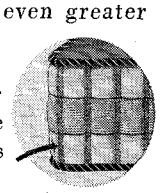
**Outlasts all others 3 to 1**

Under the nonstop rolling action of this 270-pound roller at the United States Testing Company, Beautyrest stood up longer than all the others. 3 times as long as the next best. Another reason you save when you insist on Beautyrest.

**Your choice of firmness**

Choose the Beautyrest that suits you best. There's Beautyrest Standard model (for most firmness requirements) and Beautyrest Extra-Firm model (for those who need or prefer it). Extra-length and extra-width Beautyrest also available.

Be sure to get the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACKSAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top, which is scientifically engineered to give *maximum comfort and even greater* Beautyrest durability.



**P.S.** Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines . . . it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.

**Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST**

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office,
Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

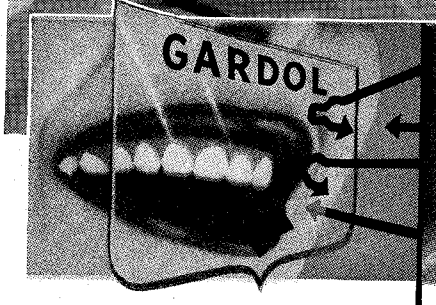
*No Other Leading Toothpaste*

# CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

# WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

## Like Colgate Dental Cream!

**Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!**



***Unlike other leading toothpastes,*** Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

**Colgate's with Gardol** helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

**SAFE** for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

**Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 69*) member of the Brayton family saw you, you were at another one of these establishments, were you not?"

"Yes. I was."

"A female sitter again—except that you were standing, Miss O'Keefe—leaning over the bar, were you not?"

"That's right." Kerry's eyes had begun to smolder again.

"And you were furious, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was. But not ——"

"You were in a blazing fury. You stormed out into the street and called John Brayton, demanded he meet you, got in your car and drove to West Mt. Vernon Place. That's a fact, is it not?"

"I left the club. I didn't storm because ——"

"Because you regard yourself as a well-bred young lady—just as good as the Braytons. And these parents of yours, Miss O'Keefe. Are they employed?"

"I'd like to leave my parents out of this. Mr. Chew. They have nothing to do ——"

"You mean you're ashamed of them, Miss O'Keefe? Or don't you want them to be ashamed of you?"

"It's neither."

"Just as you were grossly offended at being told the truth, that John Brayton was ashamed of you, ashamed to take you to his home to meet his parents. But you were running to tell him about the member of his family finding you at the bar at the Hay Ride Club. Did you tell him about his grandmother's visit to you?"

"No, I didn't."

"You kept that to yourself. But the second time, when another member of the family had tracked you down, you were in such a blazing fury you couldn't be as discreet as you'd been the first time. This was maddening."

"It was my job. It had nothing to do with me personally. It was the job we ——"

"You didn't care about John Brayton or his family, just your job. Is that it?"

"That's not true. I ——"

"You did care about him?"

"Of course I did."

"You were determined to marry him, in fact, weren't you? Or did you think you were in love with him?"

"I—knew I was."

"Very deeply in love, weren't you, in your fashion? And you still are, aren't you, Kerry? . . . But strike that out, please. . . . I have no wish to cause you pain. I'm merely trying to show the honorable court and this honorable jury that you were not a calm, dispassionate observer on that night of May the first in Mt. Vernon Place. I suggest that you were, on the contrary, passionately not calm, Miss O'Keefe. So emotionally overwrought, so overstimulated, that you did not, in point of fact, hear any second shot. I suggest that its only existence was actually in your own fevered mind, Miss O'Keefe."

"That's not true."

"I ask you to think carefully when you say so, Miss O'Keefe. I would like to spare you the other alternative. The infinitely blacker alternative that I would earnestly beg you not to force upon us. I would most earnestly beg you to let us believe that that second shot was the product of an overwrought imagination. That we could understand. But if that second shot was not the product of your distress and unhappiness of that night, if you did not invent it that night of May the first, Kerry O'Keefe, you did then invent it in the days following—invent it deliberately, with malice aforethought, to defame and to injure the people you believed had injured you. There is no other alternative. I ask you again, earnestly and with all the gravity I am capable of, my child, to tell us the truth. The second shot that only you claim to have heard, that you invented on the night of May the first. It was that night you invented it, was it not? A simple yes or a simple no is all I want."

"No."

"Then you invented it four days later, deliberately and maliciously?"

"No. That's not true."

"Then I withdraw one of those qualifications. It was not deliberate and malicious. It was the product of another passionate upheaval. Because I shall suggest to you that there was another. But I shall let that rest for the moment. Let us go back to Mt. Vernon Place. You had stormed out of the Hay Ride Club. You called John Brayton. You were weeping because, you say, your job there was ruined by a member of his family. You asked him to meet you. You didn't ask him to come to you. You got into your car and went to him. Did you go to his house and ring the doorbell, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No."

"You stayed in your car?"

"Yes."

"Where did you park?"

"Across the plaza. On the other side, going west."

"Why did you do that? You were engaged to marry him. Why didn't you go to his house and ring his doorbell?"

"Because I didn't want to see him in his house."

"You preferred to see him outside in the rain. It was raining and miserably raw that night, wasn't it, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever been in his house, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Once."

"Just one time? And you had known John Brayton for nine months and eighteen days? How long had you been engaged to marry him?"

"About five months."

"Speak up, please. You must remember when he proposed. When was it?"

"In August."

"So you'd been engaged to him for eight months, not four."

"No. I didn't—I didn't accept until Christmas."

"Why not? Weren't you in love with him? Or did it take you that long to find out what a very substantial catch you'd managed to make for yourself? Or what was the reason?"

"It was my job."

"Because he didn't like it?"

"Partly."

"But nevertheless you had become engaged to him at Christmas. Were you taken to his house at that time?"

"No."

"Because he was ashamed to take you there. But they couldn't keep you out. Not Miss O'Keefe. You went there anyway. When was that?"

"It was the Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage on April thirtieth."

"So that the one time you entered the Brayton house was when it was opened for the general public with other distinguished mansions in Baltimore and in Maryland, for the benefit of the Hammond-Harwood House in Annapolis. And did you make your presence known to any member of the Brayton family or any of the hostesses assisting them?"

"No, sir."

"You just handed in your ticket and slipped in, and pried around in a house you had never been invited to. And you were very pleased with yourself, weren't you, Miss O'Keefe?"

"No."

"No. You were ashamed, really, weren't you? Most unhappy. Or were you happy?"

"I wasn't."

"And you hated yourself and you hated the Braytons, did you not?"

"No. I didn't."

"Oh, come, my dear child. If you had a mirror in front of you at this moment, you could see what all of us here can plainly see. Your burning blue eyes and burning cheeks tell the truth your lips are trying to deny. But I don't want to distress you. Whatever impulse made you commit such a shameful breach of good manners, most of us can still understand how you might be intensely curious about the home of the man you were engaged to. But let's get on. The very next day you were across the plaza from the Braytons' brownstone mansion the raw and rainy night of May first, waiting for John Brayton. What time did you get there?"

"Before ten-thirty."

"Was he standing there eagerly in the rain, waiting for you, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I got there quicker than I thought I would."

"And you saw him come out of the house some time later?"

"About five minutes later."

"And did you sound your horn?"

"Yes. But he didn't hear me."

"He has only ordinary hearing. Or was there considerable traffic?"

"There was some traffic on Charles Street. It was raining."

"You'd found a place to park right across the plaza from his house?"

"There's a club there with a reserved entrance."

"So you were breaking a police regulation. But we'll let that go. John Brayton had gone down the street hunting for you. And you say you heard a sound."

"I said I heard a shot."

"There was no doubt in your mind that it was a shot, not a car backfiring?"

"None at all."

"You're familiar with guns, Miss O'Keefe? Are you an expert?"

"I'm not an expert, but I know a shot when I hear it."

"So you heard a shot. And there was no question in your mind that it was a shot?"

"That's correct."

"Could you tell where this presumed shot came from, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean by 'not exactly'?"

"I mean I could tell it came from inside a building. It wasn't in the street. It was muffled."

"What did you do, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I opened the car door to get out."

"Why did you do that?"

"Because I expected to see somebody come out or call for help, or something."

"But you didn't see anyone come out or call for help, did you?"

"Not then."

"And somewhere in here is where you pretend to have heard this second shot. Was it like the first?"

"Not exactly."

"It was different?"

"Yes."

"How long after you heard the first sound that you instantly identified as a shot—how long after that did it take your overwrought mind to determine you heard another sound? How long was that?"

"Several seconds. I can't say exactly how many."

"And you weren't really sure you'd heard it at all, were you, Miss O'Keefe? Because you didn't say so, did you? But let me go back. You've heard a shot. You've opened your car door and got out in the rain. Is that correct?"

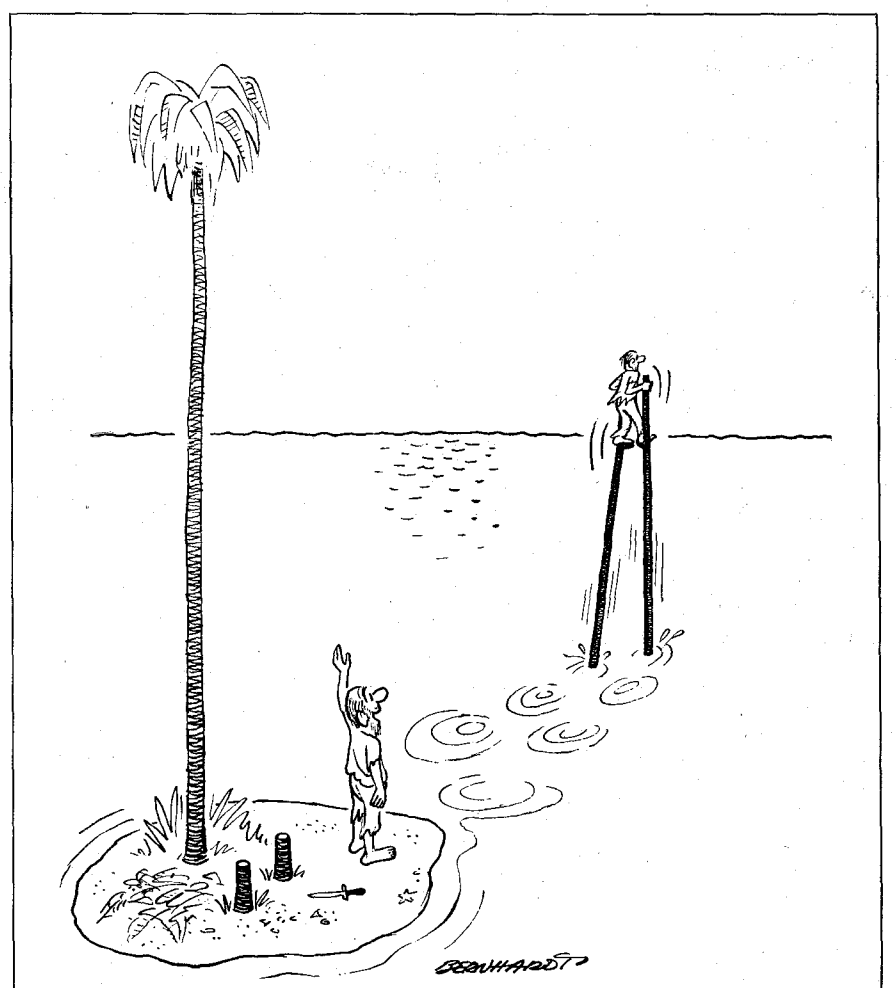
"Yes, sir."

"Now then, Miss O'Keefe, I want not what you thought you may have heard, but what you did. You got back in your car, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

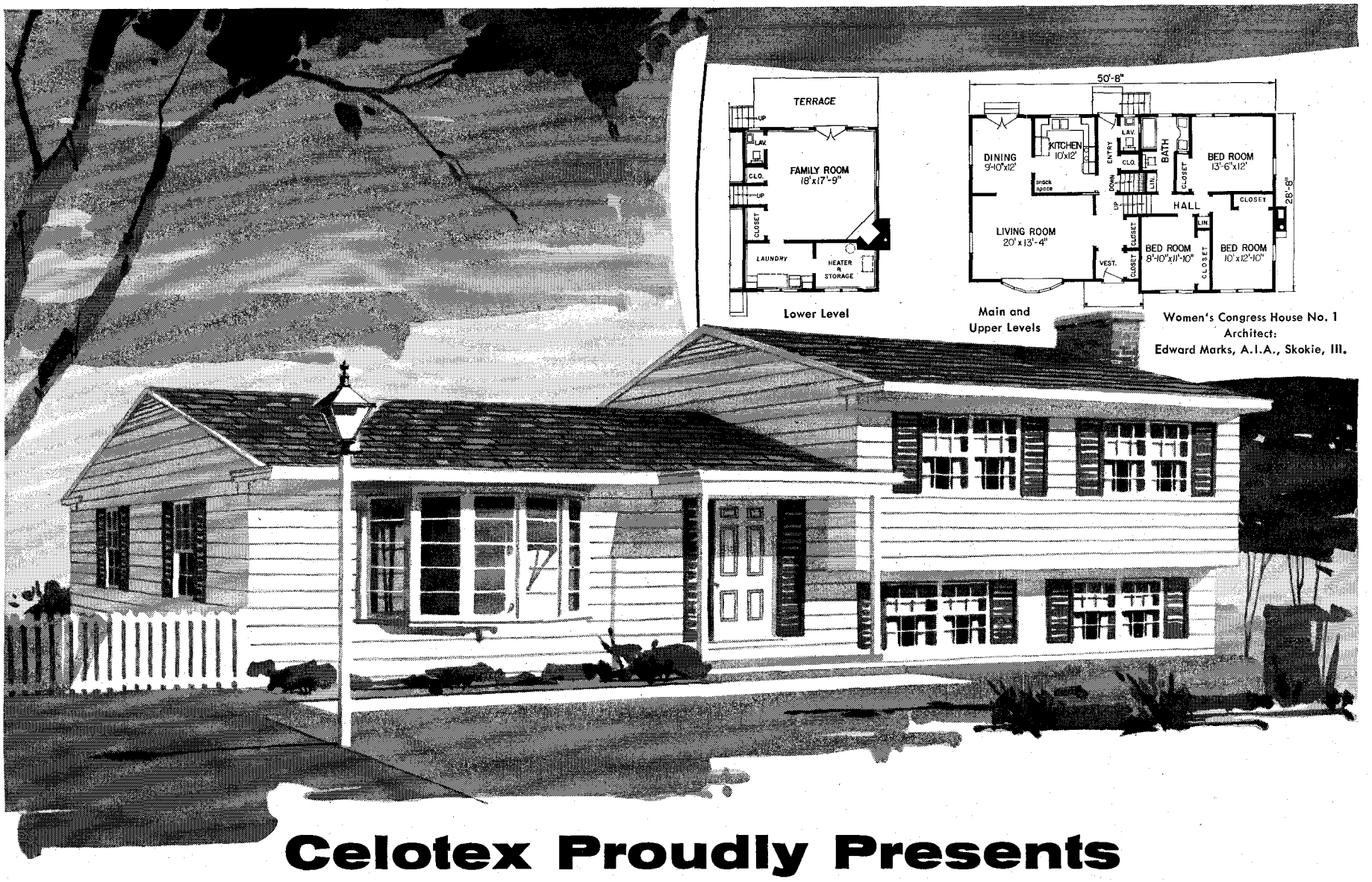
"Because I didn't want to stand in the pouring rain." (*Continued on Page 73*)




"Well, good luck, Jim."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

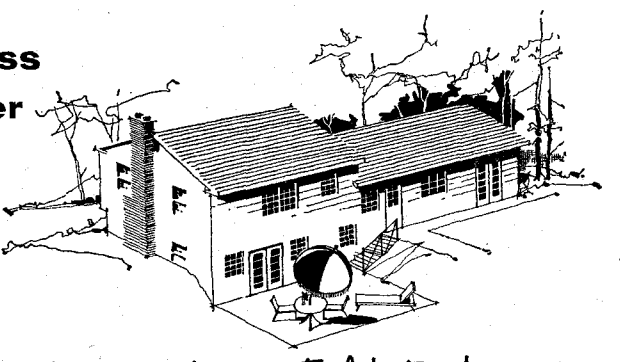



# Celotex Proudly Presents

# The Homes U.S. Women Asked For

## Based on Recommendations by The U.S. Women's Congress on Housing in Cooperation with The National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, Prominent Architects and Builders

*Illustrated in the beautiful new "Celotex 1957 Book of Homes"*



Maybe you couldn't design and build a home. But you *do* know what you want. And women with *your* ideas went to Washington and spoke up—for themselves and for you.

Add up all of the things you've wanted to see in home design, you women who manage today's homes. That's exactly what the Women's Congress on Housing did at the invitation of Housing and Home Finance Administrator, Albert M. Cole.

Promptly, the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association accepted the challenge. Architects and Builders cooperated. And now, Celotex is proud to present the results. Homes that reflect the desires and judgment of the nation's homemakers—you—the women of America.

Look at this one outstanding example. Check the features listed—practical features you *and* your husbands have looked for, asked for, and seldom found in any one home.

### See Them All Now in The "Celotex 1957 Book of Homes"

If you are thinking of building or buying a new home, now or in the future, don't miss seeing how these women-inspired ideas have been planned into beautiful, modern, budget-wise homes. They're all in this colorful, exciting book. You'll see these homes all across the country in 1957. Smart homemakers will demand them . . . and *get* what they *want!*

*Insist on genuine*

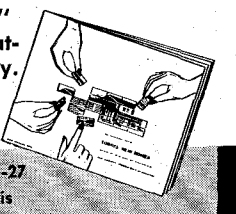
**CELOTEX**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**BUILDING PRODUCTS**

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION • 120 S. LA SALLE ST. • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

### Homemakers want these practical features!

- Most families need three bedrooms
- Ample closet and storage space
- A room for family activities
- Rear entrance with convenient half-bath
- Rooms that offer "quiet"
- Separate or semi-separate dining space
- Eating space in kitchen or family area
- Easy-to-see-out-of windows
- Medium-pitched roofs preferred by most
- Complete insulation—a "must" for year 'round comfort, for heating and air-conditioning economy.



**Send Coupon for New 1957 Book of Homes!**

This colorful, beautiful 32-page book gives designs and floor plans for 19 charming homes of moderate cost—plus data for estimating cost of construction in your locality. You can obtain, from your Celotex Dealer, through National Plan Service, working drawings for any homes you select from this book, at nominal cost. Mail coupon with 25¢ in coin for your new 1957 Book of Homes!

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Dept. SEP-27
120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Please send me the new 1957 Celotex Book of Homes giving designs for 19 beautiful homes of moderate cost—including House No. 1 shown above. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

Name_____

Address_____

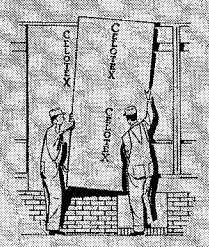
City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

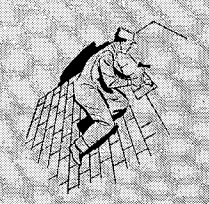
**You can obtain plans from your Celotex Dealer**

He has available complete plans and specifications for the home you prefer and will show you how to stretch your building dollars with world-famous Celotex Building Products. He will bring you up to date on modern, money-saving methods of construction. And he'll work with you and your Builder to complete a home designed and built with you in mind.

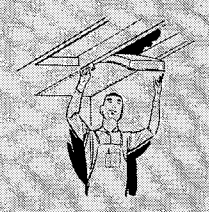
**See your Celotex Dealer Now for World-Famous Celotex Building Materials**



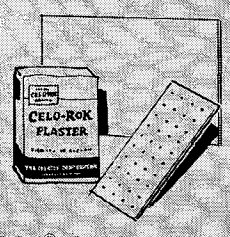
**CELOTEX INSULATING SHEATHING**—Builds stronger walls, insulates, and is moisture-proofed. Guaranteed for the life of the building.



**CELOTEX ASPHALT ROOFING**—To bring to your home Triple-Sealed protection of lasting durability, *plus* Color-Harmonized beauty.



**CELOTEX MINERAL WOOL INSULATION**—An investment in comfortable, healthful living . . . for a home that is warmer in winter, cooler in summer.




**CELO-ROK® GYPSUM PRODUCTS**—Wallboard, plasters, lath for better walls, partitions and ceilings in new construction or home remodeling.

*Insist on genuine*

CELOTEX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Building Products**

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION

120 S. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS


(*Continued from Page 71*) "Now come, please. Don't let's get in a temper. I suggest the reason you got back in your car is that you weren't sure you had even, in actuality, heard one shot, much less an echo of it, reverberating through the brownstone mansion, which I suggest—if there is one tittle or iota of substance of any kind behind this fantastic auditory dream of yours—is the one obvious and reasonable explanation for it. An echo, a reverberation. I suggest you thought you'd made a mistake, and that's why you got back in your car. Because you didn't know the shot came from the Brayton house at that time. Did you?"

"No. I didn't."

"So you weren't very much interested, really, were you, Miss O'Keefe?"

"I was interested."

"But you weren't rushing up and down avidly yelling murder, were you? You were sitting in your car, waiting to read the riot act to John Brayton. Were you or were you not sitting in your car, Miss O'Keefe? Answer my question."

"I was."

"And you sat there for how long?"

"It was eighteen minutes to eleven when I heard the first shot."

"And you were worried about John Brayton's not coming."

"No. I wasn't."

"Why not?"

"I thought he'd run into a friend and stopped to talk or something else had held him up. I knew he'd find me."

"And then you saw something, Miss O'Keefe. What did you see?"

"I saw the Braytons' door open and a woman in a robe run out and down the steps and then look up and down the street."

"And what did you do?"

"I got out and ran across the gardens."

"Toward John Brayton's house?"

"Yes."

"And you saw the post officer coming."

"Yes. He was running toward the house."

"But you got there ahead of him?"

"A little ahead of him."

"It was his job, not yours. You were unofficial. Why were you there?"

"I thought there'd been an accident and thought I could help."

"But you didn't wait to be invited to help."

"No, sir."

"And you didn't have to pay a dollar admission this time you thrust your way into the Brayton house. You hot-footed it in there and bolted up the stairs."

"Miss Brayton went up with me. That's where the smell of gun smoke was coming from."

"And you burst into a room. It was a library, wasn't it?"

"I didn't burst. It was a library."

"And you found a body there, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you touch it?"

"No."

"Did the post officer touch it?"

"No."

"Because there was no need to touch it to see that the terrible tragedy was complete—that death was there, beyond human power to assuage. Death was all too horribly evident, was it not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes."

"And you stood there, in awed silence, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You didn't jump up and down and shout 'Murder,' did you?"

"No."

"Or did you go quickly over to the post officer and whisper, 'This is not suicide; it's murder'?"

"No."

"Or did you say so to Lieutenant Caspari, of the Homicide Squad, when he got there?"

"No."

"Or to the medical examiner?"

"No."

"No, you didn't, Miss O'Keefe. You didn't open your mouth or utter a word because you could see for yourself the terrible truth. Now then, Miss O'Keefe. You've told the state's attorney the deceased was not alone in the room. There was someone else there."

"Yes."

"A lady?"

"Yes."

"What was she doing, Miss O'Keefe?"

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Weak Resolution

By ELMA DEAN

I have been through this
many times before:
The frosted muzzle and the
staggering gait;
The slow and painful rising
from the floor;
The peering eyes, the ears
less keen of late.
The cats he used to chase
sit on the fence
And all but thumb their
disrespectful noses,
While old jaws take a bone
with gay pretense
And hide it secretly among
my roses.

Bring me no other dog to
fill the place.
That is his own. I lose a
piece of heart
With each one lost. I
cannot bear to face
Another love, another time
to part.
This is the end. Oh, let
there be no more
Homeless puppies crying at
my door!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

"Just—sitting there."

"Did you know her?"

"I knew who she was."

"You knew she was John Brayton's mother, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes."

"You'd seen her, the gracious hostess in her lovely home, the day you'd paid the dollar, had you not?"

"I saw her then."

"Had you seen her at any other time? When you didn't have to pay a dollar for the privilege?"

"No."

"But you see her now."

"Yes."

"Then point her out to me, Miss O'Keefe. Point her out, I say. Or if you can't raise your eyes to meet the eyes of this gentle lady, this lovely woman who's looking at you, not bitterly, not in anger, but with pity in her heart, pity not for herself, but for you, Miss O'Keefe—if you can't make yourself raise your eyes, just raise your hand to point to her, sitting quietly, serenely facing this terrible ordeal that you alone, Miss O'Keefe, have forced on her. The lady who cried, 'Oh, no, please!' when those of us who are trying to save her from the hideous charge you, and you alone, have forced against her, when we brought forward the picture of you so the jury could see you as the Brayton family saw you, and be able to see for themselves the reason that the Braytons didn't want you in their family—which you so bitterly resented."

"I didn't."

"I suggest that you did, Miss O'Keefe. Bitterly resented it. And now you say you wanted to marry John Brayton. You are engaged to him, I believe."

"No." Her voice was like wet silk being torn in shreds.

"You are not engaged to him? Did you break it, finally?"

"He—he broke it."

"John Brayton broke it. Not you. When, Miss O'Keefe? What date?"

"The third of May."

"The third of May. That would be Sunday, would it not? And did this happen in the morning or at night?"

"At night."

"Late?"

"Yes."

"After midnight, perhaps?"

"Earlier, I think. I don't know."

"But you do know what happened at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, do you not, Miss O'Keefe?"

"Yes."

"You went to Central Police Headquarters on Fallsway at eight o'clock. You didn't go to the Detective Bureau. You went to the inspector of the Rackets Division. And that's when you cried 'Murder' for the first time. That's the first time you even so much as whispered or in any way intimated to any member of the Baltimore City police that you had heard or thought or dreamed you'd heard any echo or any reverberation of that single shot you heard in the night. Not until John Brayton broke his engagement with you—not until then, Miss O'Keefe, did you unsheath those terrible claws to rend the family that had rejected you."

Out of the corner of his eye Enoch Chew saw Judge Sansbury's gavel raised for the final lurch of the minute hand on the face of the courtroom clock.

"That's the black alternative I suggest you've given us here—the black, pitchfoul alternative. Your pound of flesh, Miss O'Keefe—a mother's head for the heart of the girl her son rejected."

The gavel came down. "The members of the jury will go to their homes and avoid any discussion of this case until Monday at ten o'clock when this court reconvenes. Counsel will see me at once in my chambers. Court is adjourned."

In the rising clatter of the packed courtroom, Kerry O'Keefe was the only one who did not move. She sat motionless in the witness stand for an instant before she slumped forward. Dave Trumper caught her as she fell.

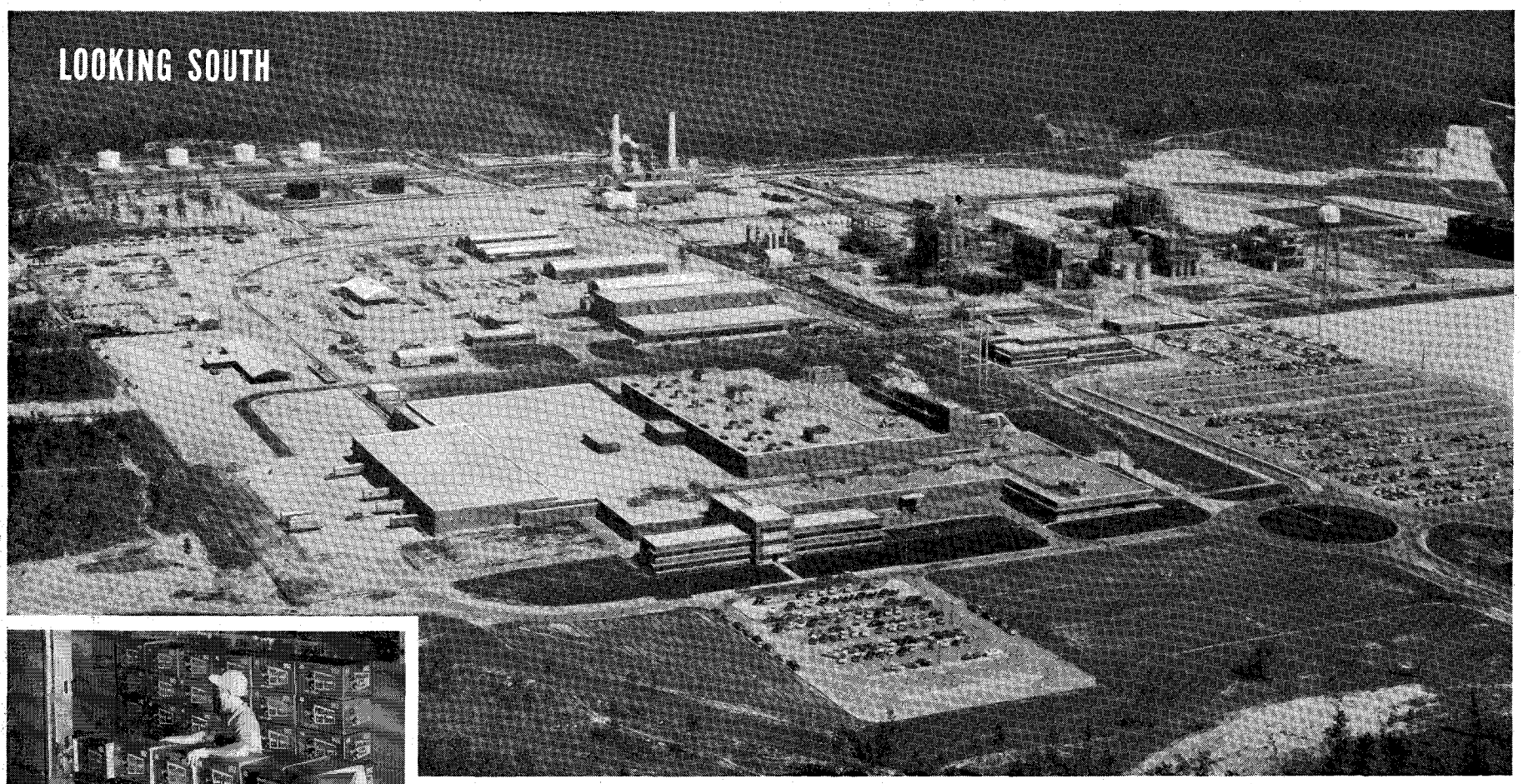
POLICE WITNESS FAINTS ON STAND. Kerry saw the headline on her landlady's extra on the hall table an hour later, as she got to her apartment. Under it was the photograph of her coming out of the Coral Seas. DEFENSE ACCUSES RACKETS GIRL OF BIAS WHEN FAMILY SOUGHT TO PREVENT MARRIAGE TO SON.

She went slowly along the hall to her door, holding the knob, her forehead pressed hard against the cool wood of the door frame, steadying herself an instant before she opened the door and went blindly on into the room. She stumbled forward and slipped to the floor, burying her head in the cushions of the sofa.

"Oh, I wish I could die. I wish I could die." She whispered it softly to the empty room.

TO BE CONTINUED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**FIRST COMPLETELY INTEGRATED NYLON PLANT** in the U. S. is The Chemstrand Corporation installation near Pensacola, Florida. About 4,500 employees work here, producing over 50 million pounds of nylon yarn yearly. Future expansions will boost capacity to 88 million pounds per year by November, 1957, to 100 million by January, 1958, and 114 million by mid-year, 1958. These increases were planned to meet the growing demand for nylon yarn as tire cord, and other industrial purposes.

**MADE IN PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI,** and distributed nationally, PUSS 'N BOOTS cat food is produced by Coast Fisheries, a division of Quaker Oats. The plant has been in operation since 1952.

**UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS ARE INSTRUCTORS** on Alabama's Educational TV Network, first state-wide educational television network in the U. S. Programs reach 90% of the state. Courses, some offering college credits, cover English, Spanish, French, home economics, music, biology, history, mathematics and art.

**TIME DOCTORS** at General Time Corporation's Athens, Georgia, plant "listen to the heart beat" of thousands of new electric clocks in the Testing Center. The modernistic $2½ million plant stands today where cotton and corn once grew.

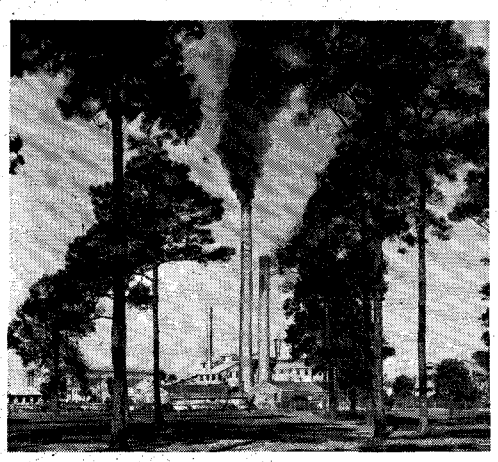
# *There's more to Southern growth than new industry!*

ONE OF THE MOST dynamic phases of Southern industrial progress is the amazing growth of firms that have been doing business in Dixie for five, ten, twenty, fifty years and more!

Modernization is everywhere! Old walls are coming down . . . new multi-million dollar additions are going up . . . modern machinery is moving in . . . new, significant production capacities are being achieved. These advancements, and others, are resulting in additional jobs, increased incomes, still higher standards of living.

The electric power companies making up The Southern Company group are keenly aware of this growth because it is their responsibility to plan ahead for it, and to supply electric power *both* to new plants and to those plants with new needs.

"The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!"



**HERCULES POWDER COMPANY** at Brunswick, Georgia, makes naval stores and chemical products from Southern pine stump wood. In 1920—first year of operation—about 300 part-time Hercules employees made only three products. Today, over 900 work full-time. Products now number over one hundred.

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY** plant in Gadsden, Alabama, makes tires in approximately 190 types and sizes. Tire tubes are produced in the world's largest raw-rubber-to-finish plant. Goodyear is now expanding its Gadsden operation for the seventh time. Employees have increased from 600 to 3,100 since 1929.

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

Alabama Power Company, Birmingham, Alabama
Gulf Power Company, Pensacola, Florida
Georgia Power Company, Atlanta, Georgia
Mississippi Power Company, Gulfport, Mississippi

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Happy Swindler (Continued from Page 23)

come here peaceful, but I have come solemn. I sold your husband my bedroom furniture out of the goodness of my heart, just because you liked it so much, and ——"

Cap'n Gow interrupted, "You sold it because you were panting after the money, that's why."

"Sure I want money," Solstice agreed. "And that's just it; I ain't had any out of that sale. You agreed to pay for that furniture within thirty days. It's only lacking two days of the thirty and you ain't paid me a cent."

Mrs. Gow's face went slack as she turned to face her spouse. "My anniversary present! And you told me it was all paid for!"

Thick, strangled sounds tore themselves from Cap'n Gow's throat.

"Sister," Solstice said, "I place this whole mis-fortunate matter in your hands. But if he ain't paid up by the end of the month—and that's Saturday—I'll take a legal action. I'll haul the bed right out from under him."

Solstice retreated fast as Cap'n Gow bellowed in thundering attack to the doorway, where he stopped, seeing that his enemy was already too far down the road.

Mrs. Gow leaned out the window to stare with mingled expressions after her disappearing brother.

"Henry," Mr. Parker whispered urgently, "we better get out of here."

They slipped through the door and around the house to a hidden lane that led to the village of Kobs Neck. The Cap'n emitted steady hissing sounds which grew in volume.

Mr. Parker pursed his lips judicially. "Shouldn't wonder if it's against the law to kill a brother-in-law."

Cap'n Gow sighed. "John," he said, "you are only merely a bachelor, so you do not know what Solstice has done to me."

Mr. Parker nodded. "Ayuh. Kind of glad I don't."

"I was going to pay the despisable little man," the Cap'n said. "Only I do not happen to have the money. Seventy-nine dollars and fifty cents."

"Ayuh," Mr. Parker said. "Sorry, but doughnuts, though, the while her back was to you, before Solstice came."

Cap'n Gow sighed. "Ayuh. Did manage to get two." He took two doughnuts from a pocket and gave his friend one.

"What's that bump in your other pocket?" Mr. Parker asked.

Cap'n Gow looked at the distended pocket on the starboard side. There was now no pleasure in this carefully arranged finale of the doughnut game, but habit carried the Cap'n through the forms of it.

"Well, what do you know?" he asked in large astonishment. "I guess a couple more must of got in there."

"Ayuh." Mr. Parker accepted another doughnut.

The two old men walked on, their rolled-down hip boots clumping heavily.

"I won't pay him another cent."

Mr. Parker nodded.

"But Abbie ——" Cap'n Gow said. "He'll jerk the bed right out from under her."

Mr. Parker stopped at the lane which led to his bachelor homestead. Cap'n Gow strode on, but halted at his friend's outcry.

"Henry," Mr. Parker said, "what's that bulge in your hip pocket?"

Without a word, Cap'n Gow reached into his hip pocket, pulled out two doughnuts and gave them both to Mr. Parker. And then Mr. Parker knew that indeed a time had come when his friend needed to walk alone and wrestle with his soul.

Cap'n Gow's way led through the woods, and then the trail suddenly emerged into a large cutover area. The cut wood lay stacked in neat piles along the far side of the cleared space, where the sea glimmered. And there, brought to bay at the edge of a low bluff over the water, Cap'n Gow stopped.

The sea soughed gently below him as his eye chanced upon a nearby pile of stacked wood and he noted that it measured a cord, but was subtly short in the measure. He looked again and malevolence came into his gaze, for he saw that in his abstraction he had wandered into his brother-in-law's woodlot.

"Him!" the Cap'n said. Hard thought followed hard thought, and he enumerated them aloud:

"He cheated Abbie out of that furniture, the first place, when old Grampa Rankin died.

"He has ruined my trade with young Mace for the Annie B. Pringle.

"He starved his dog until it ran wild and et all Abbie's chickens.

"When that steamer went aground on Lonesome Ledge, and those insurance investigators come down from Boston to learn what went with her cargo, they did not ever find it in the cellar of the old church, but it was wrong for Solstice to use a church that way.

"And he is a man would snatch the bed right out from under his very sister."

Cap'n Gow's bitter gaze again encountered a stack of Solstice's wood. "He'll even cheat with a load of wood," the Cap'n raged. "It'd serve him right if ——"

And then it was that a dim spark appeared in Cap'n Gow's eyes. The spark grew. It became a glittering light, and Cap'n Gow hurried back to the village to find Mr. Parker.

A little after dark the two men rowed out to where Cap'n Gow's schooner, the Annie B. Pringle, lay at anchor in the harbor. They bent their backs over the clattering windlass that wound in link after slow link of mud-dripping, rusty anchor chain, until Cap'n Gow said, "She's hove short, John. H'ist the jib."

The Annie B. Pringle fetched Solstice's woodlot after darkness was complete and mature. She eased in under jib alone and snuggled against the low bluff bank where her rail was level with the land; a handy position in relation to Solstice's woodpiles.

"John," said Cap'n Gow, "them first stacks, we can just prize 'em down the bank and they'll roll aboard their own selves."

"Henry," said Mr. Parker, "I'm beginning to feel a little zing into my living again."

It was quite late when the Annie stood out to sea, her large deckload of wood faintly picked out by the starlight that gleamed coldly on the ledges a few feet to leeward. Cap'n Gow borrowed Mr. Parker's can of tobacco, struck a match to his pipe. He gazed over the red glow to the vast, star-dotted blackness of infinity and sighed for the beauty of it all.

"John," he said, "it's only justice we done. And our wood ought to fetch us twenty dollars a cord, off to the east'ard. Maybe twenty and a half. Should be I can pay Solstice what I owe him."

"Ayuh," Mr. Parker said. "You didn't ever give me back my tobacco."

"Didn't?" Surprise was strong in the Cap'n's tones. He removed the can from his pocket, solicitously filled Mr. Parker's pipe and struck a match for him.

Mr. Parker puffed and considered the splendor of the night. "You still ain't give it back," he observed.

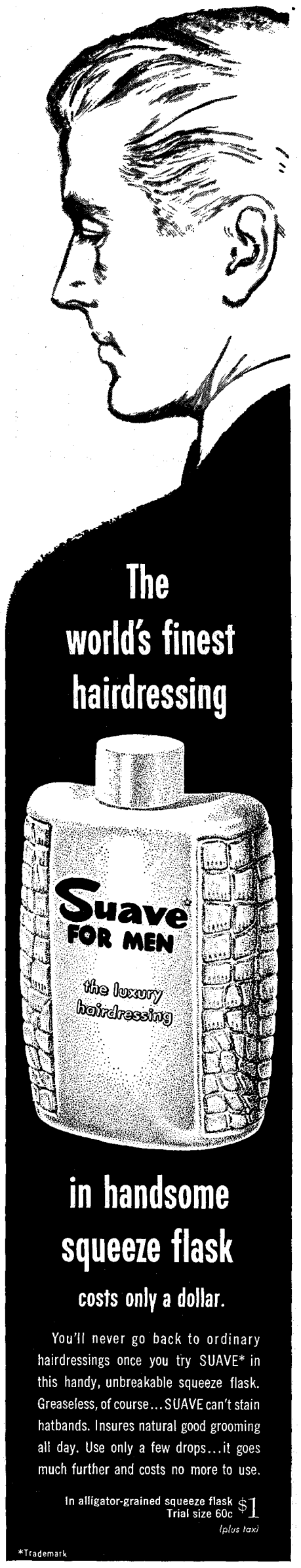
Cap'n Gow sighed, took the can from his pocket and restored it to its rightful owner. Off to port, a row of herring gulls perched on a ledge cackled a spine-tingling wail.

A whistling gasp sounded, close aboard, and was followed by a trail of green phosphorescent fire; the two old men nodded, indicating their mutual understanding of the passage of the porpoise which caused these phenomena.

"I've heard it said," Cap'n Gow mused, "that a porpoise'll push a drowned body ashore with their noses. There's a sight of things we don't know about. Kind of sets a man to thinking, don't it?"

"Ayuh," Mr. Parker agreed. "You always was a kind of a religious man, wasn't you, Henry?"

"Not always," the Cap'n told him with becoming (*Continued on Page 79*)

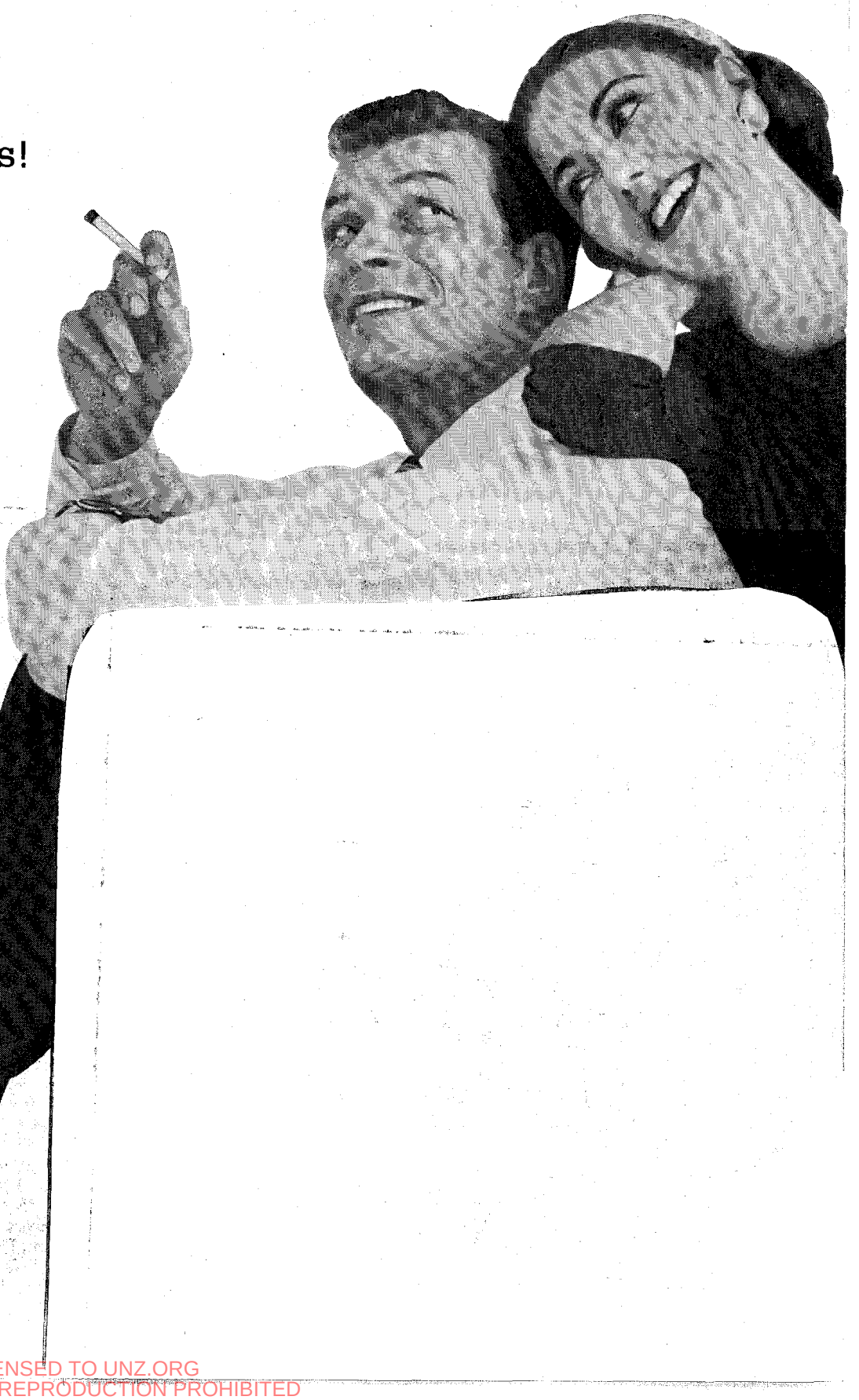

The
world's finest
hairdressing
Suave
FOR MEN
the luxury
hairdressing
in handsome
squeeze flask
costs only a dollar.
You'll never go back to ordinary hairdressings once you try SUAVE* in this handy, unbreakable squeeze flask. Greaseless, of course... SUAVE can't stain hatbands. Insures natural good grooming all day. Use only a few drops... it goes much further and costs no more to use.
In alligator-grained squeeze flask $1
Trial size 60c
(plus tax)
*Trademark

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New! Full king size!
White-tip filter cigarette!

# Hit Parade

New blend of fine tobaccos!
New free-drawing filter!



Now try Hit Parade—a *new experience* in smoking contentment!
You get the full flavor of fine tobacco through the free-drawing, white-tip filter.

This is really *smoking!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Tobacco so fine, so rich, so rare-*

# Your taste can't tell the filter's there!

"Tobacco is our middle name"
*The American Tobacco Company*

©A.T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Mining the skies*

## Nitrogen from the air has become a key to a plentiful supply of stainless steel

BEAUTIFUL, enduring stainless steel owes its rust-free life to the alloying metal called chromium. Other alloying metals...manganese and nickel...are vital for added strength and endurance.

**Ever-increasing demands** for nickel have threatened the supply of stainless steel. But the people of Union Carbide have provided an answer. Nitrogen from the air—combined with chromium or manganese through metallurgy and added to the molten steel—helps nickel go twice as far . . . making it possible, with the same amount of nickel, to greatly expand the chromium-nickel stainless steel output.

**This is only one** in a long line of contributions from Union Carbide's metallurgists during a half century of alloy making. Fifty years ago there were only a few types of steel. Today, through the use of such alloys as chromium and manganese, there are tailor-made steels to meet every need.

**The future promises** even greater developments. The people of Union Carbide are constantly at work on new and improved alloys to make better metal products for all of us.

**FREE:** *Learn how Union Carbide products and research help satisfy basic human needs. Write for "Products and Processes" booklet XB.*

UNION CARBIDE
*AND CARBON CORPORATION*
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED, Toronto

*UCC's Trade-marked Products include*

ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene
Dynel Textile Fibers
CRAG Agricultural Chemicals
SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
NATIONAL Carbons
UNION CARBIDE Silicones
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys
UNION Calcium Carbide
LINDE Oxygen
PYROFAX Gas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 75*) modesty. "It was Abbie made me that way." He tapped Mr. Parker's knee. "Abbie's a good woman, John. I'd do anything was asked of me to make her happy."

Both men glanced up quickly at an unnaturally bright flare of meteorites that flashed across the sky.

"John!" Cap'n Gow's voice came weighted with awed unease. He peered intently into the darkness that followed the glitter of falling stars. "John, I just heard somebody say, 'Henry Gow, it's a trade!'"

Mr. Parker shook his head. "A man had ought to be mighty careful what he says."

The Annie B. Pringle wallowed into the darkness, drawing liquid sounds through it.

In the morning, Cap'n Gow moored his vessel at the fish-cannery wharf at Stonesport. The Cap'n was optimistic, for he knew that there were two men in the town who dealt in wood, Art Jodd and Vic Crowden.

Mr. Crowden, after long deliberation, offered the Cap'n seventeen dollars a cord for his wood.

"Come on, John," said Cap'n Gow, and they went to call upon Art Jodd.

Mr. Jodd registered surprise when Cap'n Gow informed him that Vic Crowden had already offered nineteen dollars a cord for the wood, but had been turned down because Cap'n Gow was holding out for twenty-two dollars.

Mr. Jodd looked the Cap'n up and down, then demanded, "Where'd you steal this wood?"

"Steal?" Cap'n Gow regarded him with icy fury.

Mr. Jodd considered hastily. "I'll give you nineteen, seventy-five," he said.

"Come on, John," said Cap'n Gow.

They were at the door when Mr. Jodd grudgingly said, "Twenty."

"Sold," said Cap'n Gow. "Delivered on the steamboat wharf."

He grumbled indignantly all during the time he and Mr. Parker unloaded the wood.

"He as much as called me a thief," the Cap'n rumbled as he made preparations for supper. He pulled some ancient paper bags from the food locker, and found nothing in them but one can of beans and some slightly damp pilot crackers. He opened the beans, made cold sandwiches, and then went on deck to sit with Mr. Parker on the cabin top.

"He as much as called me a thief," the Cap'n said again.

"I don't like that in a man," Mr. Parker said. He rose and felt the seat of his pants. They were wet. "This is quite a place for dew, too, ain't it?"

They went below and lighted the cabin lamp. Cap'n Gow recounted Mr. Jodd's money, fanning it expertly with a thick, salt-toughened thumb. Then he dumped the money into one of the paper bags on the table.

"Now you take a paper bag," he informed Mr. Parker, "and it'll crackle if anybody goes to take it out of your pocket."

"Never would of thought of it," Mr. Parker said admiringly. "Kind of a cold fog breeze blowing up, ain't there? Man shouldn't set around with his pants wet and no fire to warm him." He went to the galley stove at the forward end of the cabin, piled in some birch sticks from the wood box and dumped the kerosene can over them.

"John!" The Cap'n crumpled his money bag and spoke harshly. "You've spilled oil all over the floor! Don't light that match, you old fool!"

Mr. Parker looked indignant.

"Didn't mean to speak sharp to you," the Cap'n said. "But you'd been on a vessel long as I have, you'd dread a fire at sea too." He grabbed a bag from the table and mopped the oil from the floor. Noting a slight continuing resentment in his friend's face, he hastened to start the fire, and rose to slap Mr. Parker's shoulder. "Let's play some cards," he suggested; adding placatingly, "You set with your stern to the fire. Your pants look wetter'n mine."

Mr. Parker's resentment evaporated under the cheer of the game and the warmth of the stove.

"We got a good price for the wood here," Cap'n Gow said. "But he as much as called me a thief."

"That wasn't any way to do," Mr. Parker said.

"The more I think about the way Art Jodd said that, the more I don't like him," Cap'n Gow announced.

"Don't blame you," Mr. Parker observed.

The game continued until Cap'n Gow suddenly laid down his cards. "I've been setting here studying about it," he said, "and it's come to me that I don't like that Art Jodd almost more than I don't like Solstice."

"Now that is the very judgment I just passed," Mr. Parker observed.

Cap'n Gow cast a furtive glance over his shoulder. "Abbie'd say we didn't use Solstice right about that wood."

"Shouldn't wonder," Mr. Parker agreed.

"John," the Cap'n said abruptly, "you recollect what happened out there on the bay right after I said I'd do anything was asked of me that'd make Abbie happy?"

Mr. Parker nodded. "They was stars fell, and you heard a voice."

The Cap'n nodded. "It wouldn't make Abbie happy, our taking that wood from Solstice."

"Ain't likely," Mr. Parker said.

Cap'n Gow rose abruptly and started up the companionway ladder.

"Where you going?" Mr. Parker asked.

Cap'n Gow turned to give him a long, meaningful glance. Mr. Parker nodded. He followed up the ladder. They stepped off the Annie's rail onto the wharf.

Mr. Parker pointed to the night-blackened shore. "Quite a place for going to bed early, too, ain't it?"

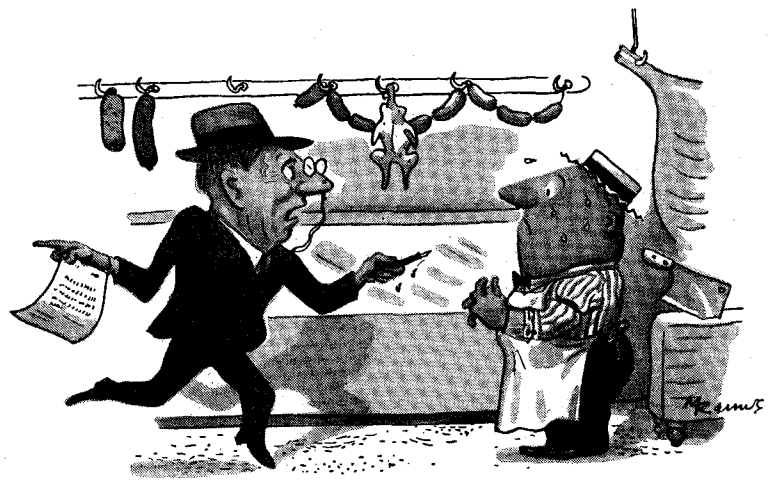
Side by side, they studied the dark silence of the town; turned and loaded Solstice's wood back on the vessel.

Cap'n Gow sighed contentedly when the work was done. "Lay onto the mains'l halyards," he said. "You take the peak. I'll take the throat."

The mains'l and fores'l and jib went up to the squeal and clatter of the blocks, and the Annie B. Pringle slipped silently out into the night.

"All's well that ends well, John," Cap'n Gow spoke earnestly. "And I can pay Solstice."

The sun rose red into a fine sparkling morning that revealed the Annie B. Pringle quietly at anchor in her home port at Kobs Neck. The schooner's ancient decks held a litter of bark and wood chips, but were clear and innocent apart from this trivial detail. Her master gazed upon the scene with satisfaction.



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sam's butcher-shop lease at $2000 a year was up for renewal. The landlord rushed in to say that he was offered $4000 a year for a twelve-year lease. Unless Sam matched this, he explained, he couldn't say no to the other man. So Sam, with the squeeze on, forked over the higher rent. Five years later he learned that the landlord had lied to him. He promptly sued to recover the extra rent.

"My landlord extorted that raise by threatening to lease my store to a rival who never existed," Sam said. "He can't do that."

"Sellers always have the right to exaggerate in bargaining for a fair price," the landlord retorted. "The rule is, 'Let the buyer beware.' That applies to renters too."

If you were the judge, would you give Sam his money back?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

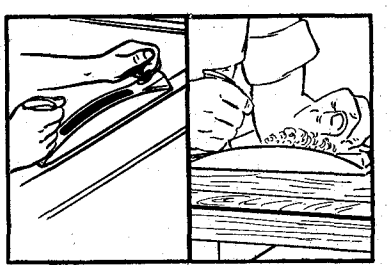
Sam got back the extra rent. The court said that his landlord went beyond exaggerating. By lying, he induced the tenant to be guided by a nonexistent situation and therefore committed fraud.

*Based upon a 1952 Massachusetts decision.*

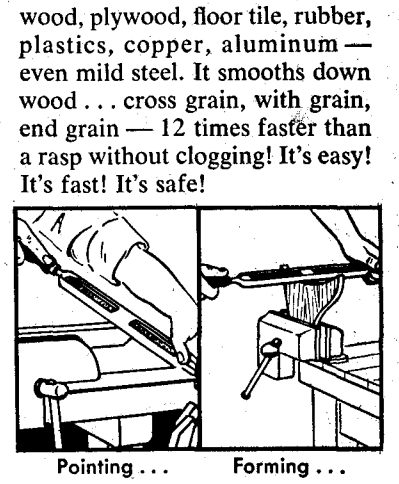

STANLEY

"SURFORM"®

An all new surface-forming tool
Does 1001 jobs



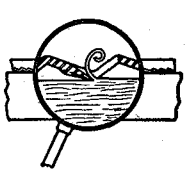

SURFORM forms the surface of wood, plywood, floor tile, rubber, plastics, copper, aluminum — even mild steel. It smooths down wood . . . cross grain, with grain, end grain — 12 times faster than a rasp without clogging! It's easy! It's fast! It's safe!




**450 sharp edges work together!**

This cutting strip is the secret of SURFORM. The tool steel strip has 450 tough, razor-sharp teeth that really cut, and 450 holes that take the cuttings away from the work. No skill is required . . . you can't go wrong. Nothing to adjust. Depth of cut is automatically controlled.

**Tough, long-lasting replacement blade fits both tools — 98¢.**



Your hardware dealer has Stanley SURFORM now. Look for it. Try it. For free tool catalog and descriptive SURFORM folder, write Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 712 Elm St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

*The Tool Box of the World*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Solstice'll never know it was gone," he said brightly. "This is the last day of the month and it'll be a sight of satisfaction to me, paying him with his own money what I got right here in my pocket."

He slewed his capacious pants around sideways and removed the paper bag from his wallet pocket. "Always remember, John," he said fondly, "a paper bag'll crackle if anybody tries to lift it out from your ——"

His words trailed off uncertainly, for the bag did not crackle during his attempted demonstration. The bag had the color of wetness, it was slippery to the touch, and from it there came a strong odor of kerosene; Cap'n Gow's eyebrows touched his hairline. He unrolled the ball of paper with fingers that quivered—and held only an empty, kerosene-soaked bag.

"Henry," Mr. Parker said, "where's the money?"

Cap'n Gow spoke in the merest trickle of sound. "This here—this here is what I mopped up that kerosene with."

"But ——" Mr. Parker said.

"John," the Cap'n whispered, "I was holding both them bags at the same time. I must of started that fire with the money bag."

Slow minute followed slow minute. Then Mr. Parker spoke. "Ayuh," he said. "Kind of too bad, ain't it?"

Cap'n Gow sank slowly to his vessel's rail and beat upon it with his fists. It was a sight to bring tears to any man not born and bred to Maine stoicism, and even Mr. Parker's eyes were filmed with a haze which obscured his vision.

"This is the last day of the month," said Cap'n Gow, "and Solstice ——"

Mr. Parker blew his nose and blinked the film from his eyes. "Henry," he said, "there's only the one thing for you to do. You got to go see young Mace. Maybe he's got the money together for the vessel. Maybe enough to pay Solstice with, anyway."

The Cap'n shuddered. "Not being a married man, you don't know what Abbie'll do to me if I sell the Annie to Mace."

"Henry," Mr. Parker said, "there's Mace now. He's rowing out here. Like as if he's in a hurry."

Mr. Parker hung the boarding ladder from the rail, and the two old men helped the young one aboard.

"Where you been?" the lanky young man demanded anxiously. "You ain't sold the vessel? To that fellow down East you said wanted to give you more'n I could?"

Cap'n Gow spoke cautiously. "Well, not yet, I ain't." He studied the callow eagerness, the openly anxious gaze which brightened with relief.

"You scared me bad when you left," Mace said. "I want the Annie for a wedding present for Lucy. Kind of a surprise for her. Got the money together."

His hand went into a pocket and came out again clutching a wad of bills, beautifully thick, lovely in color, satisfying in their plentiful number.

"Fifteen hundred," Mace said. "What you agreed to."

Cap'n Gow's hand reached. He pulled it back and stuck it in his pocket, murmuring, "Abbie." After which he said, "Solstice," held the hand out again and took the money.

"Like you said before, all's well that ends well," Mr. Parker said as he and Cap'n Gow walked up the road to Solstice's large white house.

"I still got to face Abbie," the Cap'n told him, "with Mace's money in my pocket. You do not understand these things, John."

Solstice was not a slugabed. They found him hard at work directing the activities of his wife, who was cleaning the stalls of twenty cows in the large barn.

Cap'n Gow surveyed the scene, his paunch wobbling in distaste. "Nice day for slave driving, ain't it, Solstice?" he said.

Solstice moved to keep his wife between himself and the large form that filled the barn door.

"You got the money to pay me?" Solstice demanded. "This here is the last day of the month."

"I got it." Cap'n Gow's paunch swayed with even greater distaste. "Never could stomach a man that's small about money."

In a large, magnificent gesture he plucked fifteen hundred dollars from his pocket and waggled it under Solstice's nose. Then carefully and regretfully he counted out seventy-nine-fifty.

Solstice's attention never wavered from the whole pile. His watery eyes took on a greenish, matching hue and avidly followed the rustling movement between the Cap'n's fingers.

"Where'd you get it?" he demanded, and ran his tongue over his lips.

"Trading," Cap'n Gow told him curtly. "Been down East with my vessel."

"Trading in what?" Solstice wanted to know. His breath came shallow and rapid.

"Traded in wood a little," the Cap'n said. "You'd be surprised the kind of a reception that's waiting for a man comes trading in wood, down East. Around Stonesport way in especial."

"Is, eh?" Solstice turned to his wife. "Minerva, get Cap'n Gow a glass of milk." He hesitated. "A full one."

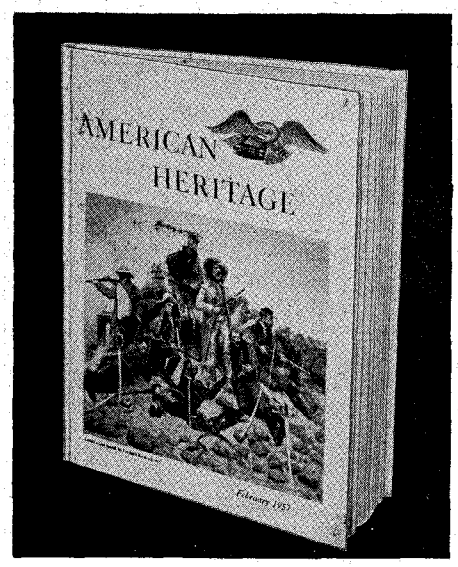
Cap'n Gow and Mr. John Parker exchanged wondering glances. Solstice's attention wavered briefly out the barn door, in the direction where his large and flourishing wood lots lay, beyond the churchyard hill.

"Henry," he said, "there's been talk you might sell your vessel, now that you ain't as spry as you used to be. Loading wood's (*Continued on Page 84*)


**FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS ONLY— THIS VERY SPECIAL 'SEEING IS BELIEVING' OFFER**

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST EXCITING NEW PUBLICATION

# AMERICAN HERITAGE




**ONE TRIAL ISSUE FOR ONLY $1**

REGULAR PRICE: $2.95

EDITOR: Bruce Catton, 1954 Pulitzer Prize Winner

SPONSORS: The Society of American Historians and The American Association for State and Local History

**DISCOVER THE TREASURES OF THE AMERICAN PAST.** Now, for just *one dollar*, you can introduce yourself to the pictorial splendor and magnificent writing of America's most widely praised new publication—AMERICAN HERITAGE—your gateway to the treasures of the American past . . . to your understanding of America's present and future.

**WHAT AMERICAN HERITAGE IS.** 6 times a year, the history of the United States comes to life in rich, vivid, *true* detail . . . in the pages of this extraordinary publication. Here you find not only the lives, the intimate secrets, the carefully concealed scandals of the "great", but thousands of revealing glances of people like yourself living and working and playing and fighting, if need be —to build *your* heritage. Every issue is a fine 112 page book for permanent enjoyment . . . a big 8½ x 11", case-bound between beautiful, durable board covers. Every issue is also a fine magazine . . . containing 14 varied articles by top writers and 25 or more full color pages of old prints, maps, photographs, art treasures, and unusual Americana . . . with no advertising to intrude.

**WHY THIS SAMPLE OFFER?** We are offering this trial copy of AMERICAN HERITAGE for just one dollar ($1.95 *less* than you would pay in any bookstore), because we are confident that once you have experienced it—visually . . . intellectually . . . *emotionally*—you will want to become a regular subscriber. We're betting you'll like it—but we're not plunging over our heads, any more than you will be. We are limiting this offer to the next 30 days only! So, mail the coupon below with your dollar today.

**P. S.** As an added inducement for you to subscribe, we will send you an interesting proposal—an *extra* subscription offer—along with your trial copy. Your $1 trial does not, however, obligate you in any way!

**CRITICS ACCLAIM AMERICAN HERITAGE**

**Harper's Magazine:** "Let three cheers be given for AMERICAN HERITAGE . . . absolutely stunning in appearance and content . . ."

**Paul Engle, Chicago Tribune:** "The astonishing thing about this distinguished series is its ability to throw light not on obscure items of our history, but on lesser known aspects of well known affairs. There is something here for every taste."

**Time Magazine:** "A rich blend of good story-telling, vivid historical fact and fine color pictures."

**J. Donald Adams, N. Y. Times:** "AMERICAN HERITAGE is by all odds my favorite magazine. I find in it more to interest me, more attractively presented, than I find in the pages of any other periodical."

**Carl Victor Little, The Houston Press:** "Although AMERICAN HERITAGE sells for $2.95, it is apparent that $10 or $12.50, considering the color plates, the text and the general production job, would be a reasonable price. If you can't buy, beg or borrow AMERICAN HERITAGE, then steal a copy—but not mine."

**OFFER GOOD FOR 30 DAYS ONLY • MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

**AMERICAN HERITAGE, Dept. 6001, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17**

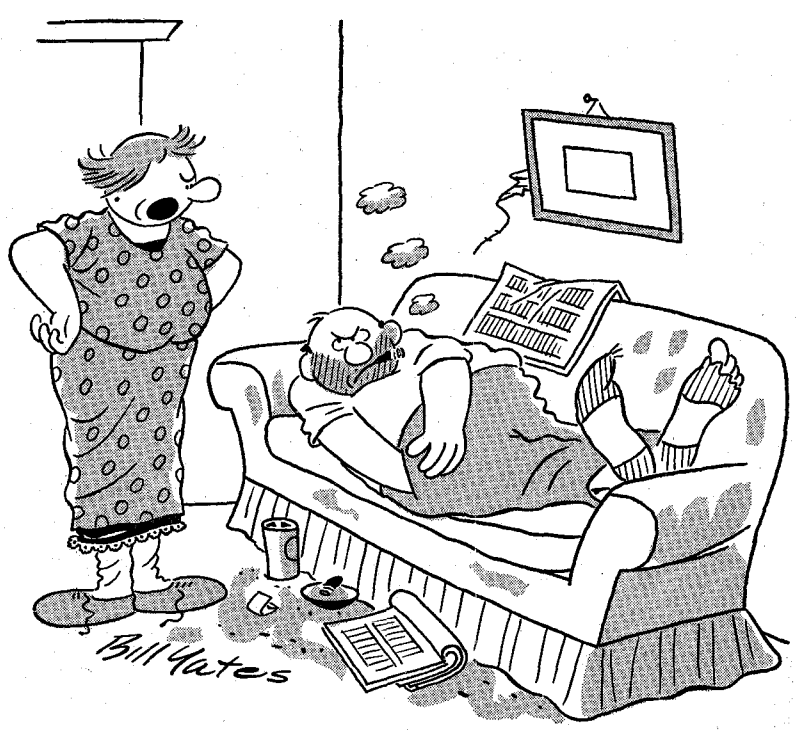
I am enclosing one dollar ($1) in ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order, for my introductory issue of AMERICAN HERITAGE. I will also receive an *extra* bonus subscription offer which I am at complete liberty to accept or reject. I understand that the introductory issue is mine to keep, whether I take advantage of the extra bonus offer or not.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....

State.....


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"O.K., if you must know why I want 90 cents . . . I'm running off to South America with Rock Hudson."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Success Story of a Modest Man

As a man makes his way up in the world, it's only natural that the personal possessions he chooses bespeak the success he has attained.

But the story need not be told in boastful tone — with the accent on cost rather than merit.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this more gratifyingly true than in the selection of a fine motorcar—as exemplified by Roadmaster.

Among men who have the wherewithal to buy whatever car they choose, Roadmaster has become an ever-increasing choice.

We think you may like to know why this is so.

Roadmaster, you see, is not the costliest of fine cars. But it *is* the most distinguished of Buicks.

As such, it embodies all the brilliant advances that have swept Buick to top rank as America's most-wanted big car — then carries each of these advances to a new peak that is Roadmaster's own.

For example, here is the style-setting grace of Buick's 1957 low-sweep silhouette — further enhanced by distinctive touches of elegance only the custom-built Roadmaster can have.

Again, here is Buick's new and mighty 1957 V8 engine — powered to the highest peak in Roadmaster's illustrious history.

Here is more massiveness — to bring even steadier motion to Buick's wondrously buoyant new 1957 ride — plus a new ease of handling born of Roadmaster's new Safety Power Steering.

And here in Roadmaster, alone among the world's fine cars, is the instant obedience to command — the utter smoothness of action — that stems from a new advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow.

So, if you measure your car not by how much you pay for it, but by how much it returns you—in pleasure and in satisfaction and in pride — see your Buick dealer for an introduction to the matchless merit that is Roadmaster's.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

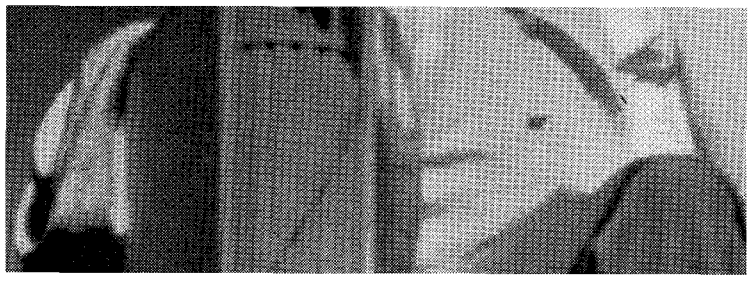
**SAFETY NEWS**

**Only Buick has the SAFETY-MINDER**

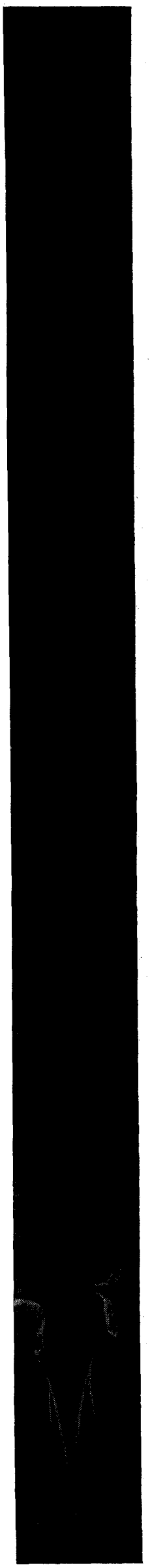
– a simple device that's a great boon to your safety. You merely preset the miles-per-hour you want. When you reach that pace, a warning buzzer sounds. Drop below that pace and the buzzer stops.

**ROADMASTER** *Custom Built by Buick*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# LINCOLN NATIONAL

## extends insurance protection to men, women and children in all walks of life!

LINCOLN NATIONAL holds to Abraham Lincoln's principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. Not only does it insure those who are considered preferred risks; it also extends the benefits of insurance at reasonable rates to many who have physical impairments or hazardous occupations. It provides coverage for every member of the family—for father and mother and also for children as young as one day.

● **What's more,** this company offers a complete line of individual and *Group* insurance plans for *Life* insurance, *Accident* & *Sickness* insurance, and *Hospitalization* protection including coverage for *Major Medical* expenses.

● **All these coverages** are extended to the employees of business concerns—from the largest organizations to those with as few as five persons.

● **You'll find** that the Lincoln National representative in your community is qualified in the Lincoln tradition and will help you find the right plan for your individual needs. Consult him freely about your insurance problems.

***Here are some of Lincoln National's many plans and services!***

Low-Cost Coverages
Retirement and Endowment Plans
Mortgage Redemption Insurance
Family Income Protection
College Educational Plans
Partnership and Key Man Insurance
Impaired-Risk Service
Group Insurance
Accident and Sickness Insurance
Hospitalization Coverage
Major Medical Expense Protection

*More than $8 Billion Insurance In Force*

## THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

***Its Name Indicates Its Character***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 80*) solemn hard work for a man getting on in years."

Mr. John Parker looked into Cap'n Gow's eyes, for the Cap'n made alarming strangled sounds which could indicate a heart attack. This passed.

"Tolerable hard work," the Cap'n admitted in an awed voice. "And, well, suppose I might sell the Annie, much as I'd hate it."

He pointed a thick finger at his wad of bills. "But I'd get a good price for her. Ain't like to forget I got all this here after just one trip down East."

Solstice looked again in the direction of his extensive wood lots, and from there Cap'n Gow could see his thoughts penetrate other men's woods where timber could be had cheap.

"I don't need a vessel," Solstice said. "But because you're my brother-in-law, I'll give you five hundred dollars for her."

"Come on, John," said Cap'n Gow, and rose to go.

"Now wait a minute," Solstice said. "Maybe I'd go as far as eight hundred dollars."

"Solstice"—Cap'n Gow continued his voyage toward the door—"you got no idea how those folks down East are looking for my vessel to come again, trading in wood. Why, Art Jodd can't hardly wait to see the Annie sail in again with wood to sell."

"Art Jodd?" Solstice knew Mr. Jodd and respected his buying power. "Just what'll you take for the Annie?"

Cap'n Gow adjusted his cap to a jaunty angle. "Two thousand," he said, "and you won't pay it, so I'll go." Sweat stood out on the Cap'n's forehead, but he forced his feet again toward the door.

"I'll give you eighteen hundred dollars!" Solstice snapped. "And not another cent!"

"Sold," the Cap'n wheezed and sank down on a milking stool.

Morning was high and lush and warm as Cap'n Gow and Mr. Parker went down the road from Solstice's barn. Cap'n Gow's knees showed a tendency to buckle under his weight, and Mr. Parker helped support him.

"Solstice!" the Cap'n said. "And he paid me three hundred dollars more than what Mace did."

"Ayuh," Mr. Parker said. "That's because Solstice knows he's smart. Always bets on a sure thing."

Cap'n Gow's peacefully dazed smile widened. "John," he said, "I did not wish to disturb you none whilst we were at sea, but it's all right to tell you now." His paunch rumbled blissfully. "Out Stonesport way I saw a place on the Annie that's even worse'n I figured it was. John, I do not believe she'll last till winter."

They trundled themselves on down the road. "Be kind of embarrassing," the Cap'n remarked, "telling Mace that he ain't got a vessel, after all."

Mr. Parker pursed his lips and delivered a solemn judgment. "He could hold you to it. He could take it to law and win the case. Contempt of a bargain."

Cap'n Gow's feet jolted to a full stop. "No!"

"Contempt of a bargain," Mr. Parker repeated solemnly.

"Could he?"

"That's what the courts would call it," Mr. Parker informed him.

"Why, that miserable young pup!" The Cap'n's veins stood out like the leading on a stained-glass window.

"S-st," Mr. Parker warned. "There he is now, and Lucy with him, down on the beach. Looks like they're getting ready to row out to the Annie."

The Cap'n's large form bristled. "If he sets foot on the Annie I'll ——"

"Ayuh," Mr. Parker said. "But you got to kind of remember it's his vessel now. He paid for it."

Cap'n Gow's eyes were points of fire when he and Mr. Parker came up to Mace and Lucy.

"Now you look ahere," the Cap'n began, and Mace retreated before him. Guilt was clear in Mace's eyes, the Cap'n saw.

"Gratitude!" Cap'n Gow cried. "I am a man which has held vipers to his bosom."

"Now you just hold your horses, Cap'n Gow!" Lucy Webster spoke tartly. "Mace is a chicken farmer and not any viper in anybody's bosom. Nor any sailorman either. I have just told him that I do not wish to have any schooner for a wedding present. Cap'n Gow, I want Mace's money back."

Cap'n Gow sighed. Lucy, he suddenly realized, was a very attractive girl. Her hair was golden yellow, and her face nicely formed.

But Cap'n Gow spoke gravely, "You have scared five years off of my life. By rights, I'd ought to take you to law about this money. And I'd win the case. It's contempt of a bargain."

"No!" Lucy gasped.

And Mace stammered, "No."

Cap'n Gow eyed them severely. "I got it in mind to do it," he said. "But on second thoughts, maybe I won't."

He took Mace's money from his pocket and gave it to the girl. "I'll expect you to remember my kindness," he said. "Could be, I might ask a favor sometime."

A little later the Cap'n felt strong enough to walk again. "I'm going over to the post office," he told Mr. Parker. "And I'm going to send Art Jodd's money back to him."

"No!" Mr. Parker breathed.

"Yes," Cap'n Gow said. "And then, John, then I can go home again. To Abbie."

Cap'n Gow found his wife in the kitchen, frying a batch of doughnuts. She studied the large and obvious innocence of his manner. "Henry Gow!" she said. "Where have you been? What have you been up to?"

"Me?" the Cap'n asked. "Just trading, Abbie. Just trading one thing for another thing. Oh, yes, Abbie, I also paid Solstice, and ——"

"Henry," Mrs. Gow gasped, "where did you get the money? You didn't sell the Annie to Mace? You wouldn't do a thing like that. Did you?"

"Mace?" The Cap'n waved the idea aside. "Him? No." He gazed earnestly at her. "Sugarplum," he said, "let's you and me go to meeting come Sunday. I kind of want to give thanks."

"Oh, Henry!" Mrs. Gow clutched her heart, and then the Cap'n's sturdy encircling arms. "Oh, Henry, you've made me so happy! You are a two-natured man, but your better side has come out on top!"

Mr. John Parker came up the walk to the Gow kitchen door; he came purposefully, his nostrils wide and flaring as he followed the scent of fresh doughnuts. Looking through the window, he stopped abruptly, his toes curving into the earth over what he saw.

Beyond his wife's shoulder, Cap'n Gow caught his friend's eye and knew immediately what errand brought him. Quietly, taking advantage of his wife's preoccupation, the Cap'n reached behind him and filled his pockets with doughnuts. Later, he thought, he would give one to Mr. Parker. Two, maybe, if John remembered to look in his other pockets.

THE END


The complete Black & Decker line is POWER-BUILT to speed up your jobs!

# They cut your costs for 4 big reasons!

Whatever B&D Tool you buy, *this* you can be sure of:

(1) It will be powered by the best electric motor in the business. (2) Its balance, compactness and light weight mean easier handling. (3) It will drive many of the 1,000-plus B&D attachments and accessories. (4) Its rugged construction means longer life, lower upkeep.

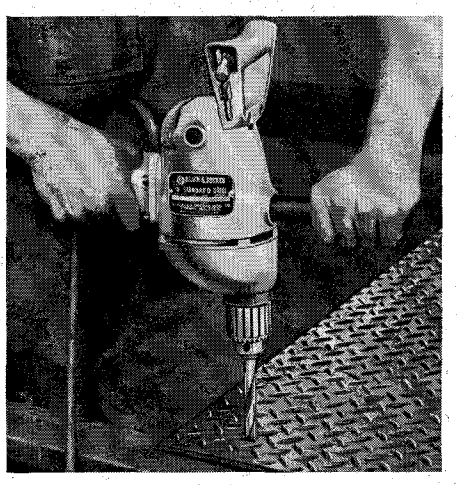
Result: you save time, cut costs, take the hard work out of tough jobs when you standardize on Black & Decker—built by the world's largest maker of portable electric tools! Write for free catalog No. 10 to: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO., Dept. E-027, Towson 4, Maryland. (In Canada: 80-86 Fleet St., E., Toronto 2, Ontario.)

Look Under "TOOLS-ELECTRIC" in 'Yellow Pages'

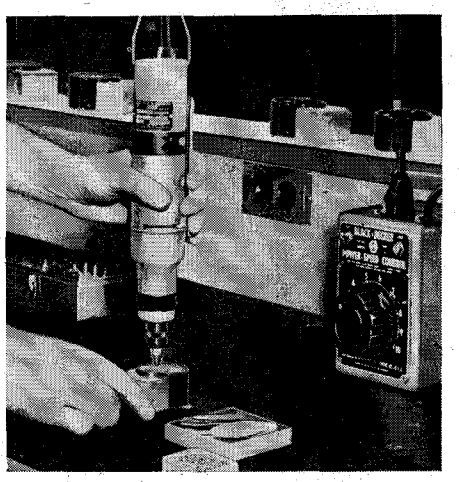
Leading Distributors Everywhere Sell

Black & Decker®

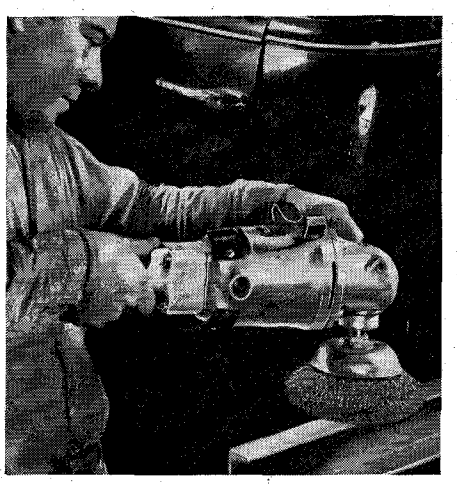
Portable Electric Tools—Power-Built to Last



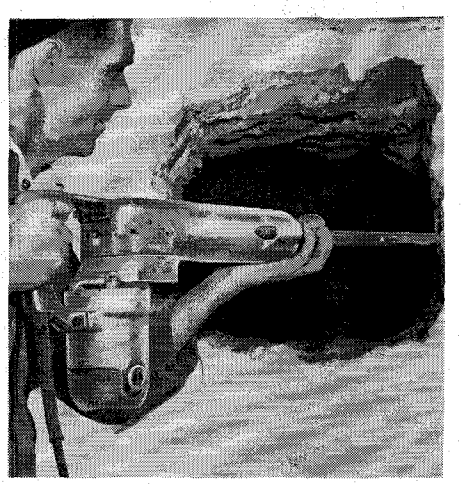
**1. Tailored Power** — Heart of every tool is a motor completely built by Black & Decker and tailored to the tool's specific needs.



**2. Streamlined Balance** — Like this compact Scrugun®, all B&D Tools are designed for easier handling, less operator fatigue.



**3. Top Versatility** — Typically, this B&D Sander does a variety of jobs . . . sanding, grinding, wire brushing, buffing, wood planing.



**4. Extra Rugged** — This B&D Hammer, for example, handles some of the toughest jobs imaginable because it's *power-built* to last.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Everybody Laughs at Me (Continued from Page 21)

wants to have the guest shot for stealing the show. In this instance they were going to pay me $5000 for doing practically nothing.

"Now, Victor," the star said, "it's very simple. You come out dressed up like Napoleon, and you've got your hand stuck inside your vest. Then I ask you why Napoleon always had his hand inside his vest. Right?"

"Right. Then what do I do?"

"Easy. You withdraw your hand, and your pants fall down."

I thanked the gentleman for dredging up this old gag and walked out. If I have to have my pants fall down to get a laugh, I am playing in the wrong key, although I confess I have done variations of such burlesque for a lot less than $5000.

Well, at the moment it is four o'clock in the afternoon at Vibo Farms, my home in Connecticut, and all is not well. I am, or was, incommunicado in the music room. I call it that because what goes on there is certainly not music. I am supposed to be working on this story and thinking about a medley for a forthcoming television show. I have been struggling with story and medley since noon, but this is not a normal household and there have been interruptions.

In the living room, my lawyer, Mort Rosenthal, is going over the books, which

---

The honeymoon is over when baby takes over the baby talk.

SHANNON FIFE

---

show that I have recently broken a lot of box-office records. "You've grossed more than a million dollars in a year," he will say glumly, "and what have you done with it?" My agent, Harry Squires, is on the phone asking me if I want to go into the Cotton Bowl in Texas. "Who are we playing?" I ask. "The Government?" My five children are outside yelling like Indians, so I can't hear his reply. But if he books me, I'll go. Matter of fact, I did go there last October. I don't know who won. Bob Hope once called me "Danish ham on wry," and he was probably thinking I would go anywhere and do anything to get the lettuce.

My pretty wife, Sanna, who is known to many as "The Dragon" because she is usually a fire-breathing guard outside my dressing room, is reminiscing in the den. She is playing an old recording of a radio interview I had with Irving Berlin years ago, and snatches of the dialogue drift through the hall.

"Victor, I beg of you . . . stick to the classics."

"But, Irving, every time I play Mozart I hear a little voice that whispers: 'Don't play it. . . . Don't play it.'"

"You recognize the little voice?"

"Yes, Irving. It's Mozart's."

Sanna is obviously not overwhelmed by this repartee, and I expect her to call out: "Mr. B.,"—that's what she calls me—"that was pretty bad." But she says nothing and the phonograph goes off with a little click. In the pond outside the house is an enormous bullfrog, the same one that keeps me awake every night, and he sounds as though he is blowing a threeba, which is a sort of oversized tuba.

He is croaking to the other frogs, and I am reminded of an evening with Benny Goodman, during one of our exchanges on the Mobilgas show. We were talking about biographical movies, and I said, "Benny, if you were going to make a picture about a famous musician, whom would you choose?"

Benny pointed his clarinet like a gun and said, "James C. Petrillo. You're not getting me in a jam with the union."

In the meadow on the other side of the pond is a flock of Australian sheep I bought from the Bing Crosby Enterprises, and they have been bleating off-key all day.

The sheep wander out of sight over a hill, and the children have moved to another play spot. There is a sudden uncomfortable silence and I have no more alibis. I sit down at the piano and I play a chord. It sounds terrible because the piano is out of tune. The day is all shot anyway. So is the medley. I'd better think about the story.

I like the word "medley." Webster says a medley is "a composition of passages or scraps . . . detached from several different pieces." The story I have to tell is probably not a story, but a medley. Passages and scraps. The passages will be pretty melodies, detached from the several different pieces of an exciting life, a life so crammed with good luck that sometimes it frightens me.

The scraps will only go a round or two, perhaps with velvet gloves. I shall be talking about my so-called "feud" with Rudy Vallee, and whether I am as ungrateful as he says. There will be some friendly shadowboxing about Ed Sullivan, and who did or did not "discover" me. There will be a flurry here and there about music critics, and certain die-hard grouches who say I am butchering classical music and insulting the memory of the great composers.

But no matter what I choose—a passage or a scrap—I hope you will find it fun.

Remember that simple little melody, Dear Hearts and Gentle People? It reminds me of a recent trip to the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., where I did a sell-out benefit for the Heart Fund. Afterward I turned over all the receipts from this one show in the form of a check made payable to President Eisenhower as chairman of the fund. Several days later I received a registered letter on pale green stationery from the White House. It read:

*Dear Mr. Borge:*

Thank you for your letter expressing such kind and encouraging sentiments.

I am likewise grateful that through your efforts there has been raised such a substantial sum for the Heart Fund. Because the processing of your check through my hands would cause complications for my tax accountants, could you please withdraw this check and make it out instead to the Washington Heart Association?

With best wishes,

Sincerely,
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

I sent another check at once, but I was tempted to say: "Dear Mr. President: I am glad that you also have complications with your tax accountants. Why don't we citizens get together and do something about it?" I didn't write any such letter, of course. And I'm only fooling, Mr. President. I am so grateful that I can have the American privilege of making enough money to pay taxes and that I, who came here as an unknown only sixteen years ago, can get a personal letter of any kind from the President of the United States. Mr. Eisenhower, I know, would understand my impulse to joke about the matter. You see, I have not


*However you "cream" your coffee —*

**You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!**

IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

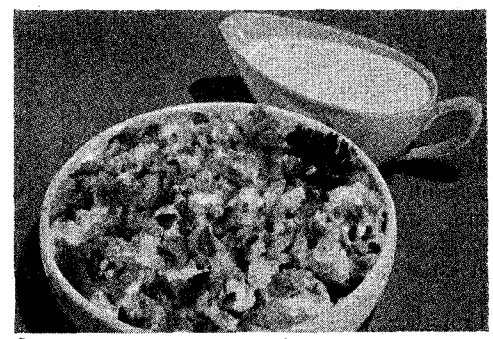
You'll love Pream®, the delicious instant coffee "creamer" that's made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products! It's powdered, never sours, and is so handy!

Pream is wonderful for modern cooking, too! Write immediately to *Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio,* for Pream's brand-new, *free* "Quick Modern Recipes with rich old-fashioned goodness."

NEW RECIPE

**NEVER-LUMP PREAM WHITE SAUCE the best ever— wonderful for casseroles too!**

Combine 4 tablespoons Pream with 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt in sauce pan. Add 1 cup water; cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add 1 tablespoon butter and blend. Makes 1 cup medium white sauce.



© 1957, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**PREAM**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgotten the last time I kidded the ruler of an important nation, a man named Adolf Hitler. He issued orders to have me shot. If his men could catch me, that is. Thank God they never did.

I can turn to another section of my file, and there I would find the music for Chopin's Waltz in C Sharp Minor. For a good many years this charming work, along with Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat, has been what you might call a standard part of any pianist's repertoire.

But I used to say: "Frédéric Chopin, or Fritz, as he is known here, wrote this waltz. Mr. Chopin is dead. He'd better be—they buried him a hundred years ago—but before 1847 this waltz had not been written—so Chopin wrote it because he wanted to hear what it would sound like, but when he first played it he didn't recognize it because he had never heard it before."

This patter was a lot of nonsense, of course, as a few stuffy music lovers have said bitterly. Sometimes I played the first few bars. I never liked playing bars because they're so noisy. Sometimes I played excerpts, or didn't. Sometimes I didn't finish the waltz and occasionally I strangled it, or so the reviewers said. Chopin would have loved it. The nonsense, not the butchering.

Anyway, there came a letter one day from a friend in Washington named Prentiss Coonley, inviting me to his home for a late dinner. I had a miserable cold that week, but decided to go anyway. I sniffled my way through my weekly television show, caught a plane at LaGuardia Airport and flew to Washington. I was late getting to the Coonley home, and was the last guest to arrive, and so we started for the dining room without any of the customary predinner chit-chat. My eyes were blurred, and my head felt as though it had been stuffed into a space helmet.

"Victor," Prentiss said, "I'm going to put you at the far end of the table, right next to the President."

"What President?" I asked.

"There's only one, you nitwit," he laughed. "President Truman, of course."

Now, I am not easily flustered. Ed Sullivan once wrote an essay about me in which he said no audience ever frightened me, including a crowd of 95,000 we entertained at Soldier Field in Chicago. Essentially this is true. I have deep respect for an audience. I feel I am their guardian for an hour or two, and they trust me to give them what they came for. And I do it. But never with fear or even uncertainty. But I admit I was uneasy at the prospect of sitting beside Harry Truman, with those ubiquitous Secret Service men hovering around and perhaps touching their holsters every time I lifted my fork.

For a number of years I had been doing a bit in which I would say: "My next number will be a classic by Beethoven—the Deep-Freeze Concerto, by Harry S. Beethoven." I would pause a moment, and would then say: "You will recognize the beat—Vaughan-two, Vaughan-two." It fractured people. I don't know why, but it did. It still breaks up an audience. I knew that President Truman had heard this silly little business on another and more public occasion—that will be another story in my medley—and I had been told he laughed as loudly as the rest.

But there he sat, with his napkin practically in my lap, and I waited for some mild reproof. But he never mentioned the spoofing, and soon we were talking music. He had a remarkable knowledge of music and composers, and my admiration couldn't have been more profound. We gathered around the piano after dinner, and after clowning for a few minutes, I asked him what he would like to hear.

"I love Chopin," he said.

So I played what I knew was his favorite—the Waltz in C Sharp Minor. I looked up as I touched the keys, and I saw Chief Justice Vinson, Attorney General Tom Clark and other Cabinet officers gathered around the President, and for the first time in months I played the waltz through to the last delicate note. When it was over, the President walked up to me, took my hands in his and held them tightly for a moment. His eyes were wet and shining behind the glasses, and he said, "I have heard them all, but I have never heard a more beautiful touch." I am not a politician and I avoid political arguments, but one thing I know. Harry Truman has music in his heart.

There are other tones in my medley, and each of them has a part in the making of an American citizen. There are the thousands of miles I traveled by bus, car, plane, boat, train, tractor, bicycle and on foot, playing theaters, auditoriums and schools in the forty-eight states. I have flown through snowstorms, hurricanes and dust in small chartered planes to make a date on time, and have had some near misses that may account for the distinguished-looking gray in my hair. Only last August I was in an Air Force C-47, flying over France en route to do some shows for American troops at Évreux. The plane was struck by lightning and after bouncing around for quite a while in hail and strong winds, we got down with our skins intact. I got out after we landed, raised my hand and said, "I hereby swear I'll never tell another joke about Debussy. Not in France, anyway."

I have cut, pinched, torn and broken my fingers—I never should have bought those do-it-yourself kits—and I played at least one performance with my thumb in a cast. The critics, alas, thought the bandage was a new gag and suggested I could do without it. I have composed music, including a symphony for eighty-six saxophones and a drum. I call it Holiday for Strings. Among my newfound friends, just to name three or four, is Tallulah Bankhead. The last time I was on a network program with her, she refused to speak to me. "I never saw this man before," she said. "I never recognize anyone who steals my show."

I remember the day I almost didn't get my American citizenship because I lent a Government agent my scrapbook and he found something in it that made him suspicious. There was the wartime day when I was arrested in Hollywood as a German-spy suspect, and with my accent at the time they could have stood me up against a wall. There was the morning I first drove into Jacksonville, Florida, and saw a group of men fishing from a bridge. "What are you fishing for?" I asked, like a friendly tourist. The first man didn't even look up. "Meatballs," he said. That man was a free thinker, and I've had a warm feeling for Jacksonville ever since.

There was an evening in Victorville, California—which town was not named after me, by the way—when a car shot across the road and smashed head-on into mine. I was in the hospital for weeks and thought I would never play again. I remember being hungry in Wheeling, West Virginia—we couldn't seem to find an open restaurant—and going into a delicatessen to invent the famous Borge sandwich. That's one piece of bread between two slices of meat, and I must say the butchers and meat packers are happy whenever I mention it.

I recall disguising myself as a ferryboat deck hand so I could sneak into Denmark to see my dying mother for the last time, and waiting for the dreaded moment—it had happened to some of my friends—when the Gestapo would suddenly close in and you disappeared forever.

I remember my first Christmas Eve in New York, when I stepped out on the hotel fire escape, thinking it was like the hotel balconies we had in Europe. I fell through the staircase opening and was saved only by a desperation clutch at the iron rail. There was an evening in New York, only a few weeks after I got off the boat with my skimpy vocabulary of fifty English words, when I failed miserably in my first Broadway appearance. For one despairing moment I thought of ending my life, but affectionate advice from an old Danish friend made me change my mind.

And there was another evening on that same Broadway, long years later, when the Columbia Broadcasting System man handed me a check for $175,000 for doing a one-hour television show. They tell me it was the highest fee ever paid one man for sixty minutes on stage, even though the Variety editors still think the figure was much less. But it would have been full circle for me at almost any price.

Where does a man start the medley of his life? I don't know. But there is one major theme which has a persistent and irritating clamor, and which will not wait. It has been charged—if that is the word—that I have no respect for the immortals of music. They say Borge ridicules the great composers and makes fun of their works. There have been a number of these complaints, especially from elderly ladies who sit on the board of directors of a great symphony orchestra and piously appoint themselves defenders of the musical faith. They imply that they were impersonal friends of Richard Wagner, for instance, and indeed some of them may (*Continued on Page 89*)

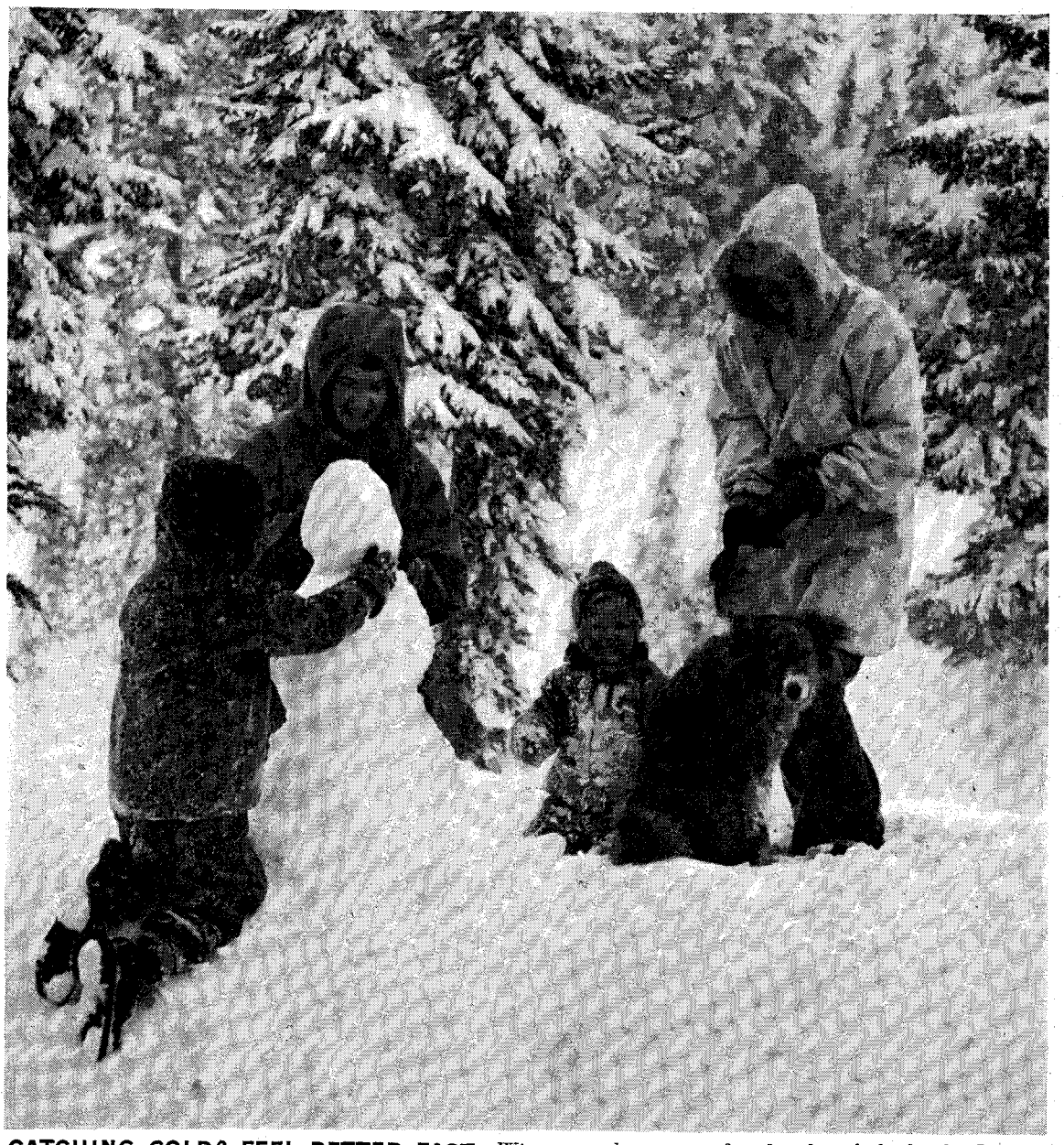
Borge as the toast of Copenhagen. Before the war, he appeared in this night-club revue. He was then Denmark's highest paid stage and screen star.

Below: Borge with the captain of the transport American Legion on arrival in New York in 1940. Despite his success abroad, he was almost stony-broke.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? NEURALGIA? MINOR RHEUMATIC PAIN?

# BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

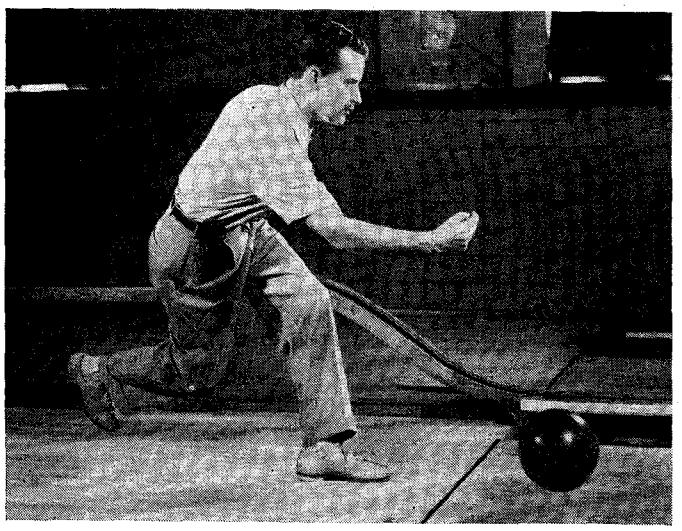


**CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST**—Winter weather means fun for the whole family. It also means that adults and youngsters alike will be catching more colds. That's why it's important to have both regular size and *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin handy—to use at the first sign of a cold. Bayer Aspirin quickly relieves painful cold discomforts and reduces fever. It makes you feel better—*fast!*

BAYER®

## And it's one thing most people can take any time— WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

**MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST**—A miserable morning headache doesn't have to ruin your whole day. Bayer Aspirin will bring remarkably fast relief! To see one reason why, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. What it does in the glass it also does in your stomach. It starts to disintegrate—is actually ready to go to work—*instantly*, to make you feel better *fast!*



**NEURALGIA? FEEL BETTER FAST**—When the pain of neuralgia, neuritis or a backache threatens to interfere with "after hours" fun, take Bayer Aspirin right away. You can be sure that Bayer Aspirin will bring you the *fast* relief you want, and the *safe* relief you need!

## Don't Pay Twice The Price Of Bayer Aspirin For ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!

What is aspirin "in disguise"?...a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relievers as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

**MINOR RHEUMATIC PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST**—Countless persons who suffer from rheumatism, arthritis or sciatica find that Bayer Aspirin helps them keep active by bringing quick, temporary relief from minor pains. And Bayer Aspirin is not only amazingly fast, but wonderfully gentle, too—so gentle, doctors prescribe it even for small children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who put the new
EXCITEMENT
IN CATSUP ?

**Del Monte® chefs did ...**
**with pineapple distilled vinegar !**

The real secret of DEL MONTE Catsup's *rich tomato flavor* is the fine vinegar that goes into it. Exciting Pineapple Distilled Vinegar coaxes out every bit of flavor in ripe tomatoes and tangy spices. That's why DEL MONTE Brand Catsup is livelier on—or in—prepared dishes like stew, with meats, or with your favorite fish. Try DEL MONTE Catsup!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 86*) have known him. He died in 1883. So when I hear these matriarchs mumbling about the dignity of the classics, my memory goes back to Copenhagen, when I was perhaps ten or twelve years old. I was often asked to play at musical teas or salons or in private homes, and sometimes I would say: "My next selection will be the Beethoven Sonata No. 112."

Afterward—and this happened many times—some of these musical experts would embrace me and exclaim, "My dear boy, I never heard Beethoven played more beautifully." I never had the heart to tell them that they had not heard Beethoven at all. I had simply improvised every note, and they didn't know the difference.

Arthur Godfrey, among others, had similar experiences when he made up stories about the great composers. When he first began spinning records, for instance, he told his audience the "little-known fact" that Beethoven wrote his Sonata Pathétique while riding down the Rhine in a canoe given to him by a descendant of Pocahontas. No music lover ever challenged this whopper and so Arthur concluded, erroneously, of course, that nobody was listening to him. If anybody asks me about it, I tell them the canoe sank with all hands, and that was really pathétique.

Let me put it this way: I don't make fun of good music. I make fun with it.

Were I able to resurrect Mozart, Brahms, Bach and other composers just for a day, they would probably look awful. But I'm sure they would be cheer leaders for my audiences. They were brilliant men, but any student of music knows they also had a great sense of humor, and much of that gaiety is shown in their works. I have never been able to understand why today's concerts must be such a deadly serious business. You walk on to a stage and you look down at the audience. People are sitting there like pallbearers, almost daring you to make a mistake. Most of them don't know a sonata from a tomata, but they are afraid to show their ignorance, and, as a result, they lose the real enjoyment of the music.

I know I have shocked a lot of people with some of my opening lines. I come on stage in white tie and tails, and I look as solemn as a lawyer reading a will to expectant heirs. I sit down at the piano and they expect a pretty ripple of notes. I pause, carefully place my hands on the keyboard, then turn back to the audience and say, "This piano was built to resemble a famous swimming pool. Now, many people have asked me this question: 'Why are there three pedals on a piano?' Well, ladies and gentlemen, the pedal in the middle is there to separate the other two. That might be bad news for people with three feet—or more for that matter, but that is optional."

This, of course, is the truth, at least for people who don't know better, and for those who do know better, this is the way it could or maybe should have been.

I was only about six when I left my first teacher and began taking lessons with Olivo Krause, of the Royal Danish Conservatory, and I liked him at once. He was bald-headed, and so were many of the musicians in the Royal Danish Orchestra, in which my father had been playing for many years. It was perfectly natural, therefore, for me to assume that the best musicians were those without any hair. I rushed home from school one day, snipped off all my hair and hurried to my lesson with the certainty that now I could be another Paderewski, even though my name was spelled differently.

There may be amateur analysts who would interpret this act as a subconscious rebellion against so-called "longhair" music and musicians, but this is simply not so. I was scolded by my mother, naturally, and ridiculed by the neighborhood children. But I never applied the scissors to my hair again, and there was still enough left not so long ago for columnist Earl Wilson to write: "Borge? He's Georgie Jessel with hair."

In the years since that childhood incident I have learned that my most sincere admirers—those who laugh because they know exactly what I am trying to do and say—are the professional musicians themselves. I was playing a Buffalo hotel supper room once some years ago when I looked out over the clattering tables and saw Jascha Heifetz. He was having hysterics, doubling up like a man with a cramp and dabbing at his streaming eyes with a large silk handkerchief.

After the performance he came backstage to tell me how much he enjoyed the evening. He was going to play with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra the following day, as I knew, with Steinberg conducting. He had chosen the Beethoven violin concerto and I was aching to go, even though I knew my schedule was tight and I would probably miss the first ten minutes. He asked me if I was coming to the concert.

"I doubt it," I said. "By the time I got there you'd be finished."

"Victor," he said, "I start the concerto right after the intermission. I'll have a seat at the box office for you. Please try to make it."

I said I would rush to the auditorium the moment my first show was over, and Heifetz said he would look for me. The next evening I virtually jumped from the stage into a waiting taxi and zipped down to the concert hall. The audience was seated when I got there, and the orchestra was poised. The instant I sat down, Heifetz came from the wings and began playing that sublime instrument of his. I found out later that he had stretched the intermission ten minutes, and did not come onstage, even though the audience was fidgeting, until he peeked out and saw that I was in my seat. It was one of the most heart-warming tributes of my life.

I should add, I think, that I am not above joshing these titans of music when circumstances seem to call for it. On one occasion in Philadelphia I followed a noted virtuoso into a certain playhouse, and, before I went on, the management announced from the stage that he had had an overflow audience the night before. I went down into the aisles, clutched the first unattached young man I saw, and led him to a chair in front of my piano. "Here is my overflow," I said.

Another time I appeared at the Municipal Auditorium in New Orleans in the wake of a memorable performance by Vladimir Horowitz, the great concert pianist. "Borge may be amusing," one critic wrote the next day, "but he's no Horowitz." I didn't really mind, because I had the last word. That evening I read the review aloud from the stage and said, "I am sure this news will come as a relief to the parents of Mr. Horowitz."

On second thought, perhaps I shouldn't have said it. The auditorium had an open skylight, and I had just turned back to the piano when the skies exploded in a violent storm. The rain splashed through the square vent in the ceiling and nearly drowned half the audience. I guess Mr. Horowitz has powerful connections I didn't know about.

One thing I do know. I am famous. A Manhattan restaurant has created a Victor Borge Sandwich, and the fact that it is a turkey sandwich does not mean my show was a flop. I have had a baby named after me, and that seems reasonable, considering that I am its father. There is a gentleman in Highland Park, New Jersey, a Dr. Alfred Bloch, who says he is my double. His wife thinks he is better looking than I am, which is no trick at all, and he agrees with her. There is even a man named Victor Borges. I have never met him, but at one point we were both guests at the Waldorf in New York. This was extremely awkward because he kept getting my bills and my telephone calls. All I got from his letters were checks I couldn't cash, unless, of course, I put an apostrophe between the *e*, and the final *s*.

Yes, I am very well known.

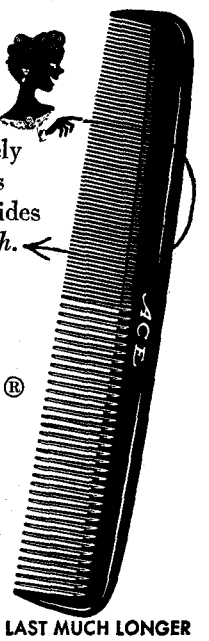
I see by the papers that I am Will Rogers Plus a Piano, Beatrice Lillie With Pants, the Noel Coward of Copenhagen, and the former summer replacement for Fibber McGee. Comedy in Music, my one-man show, broke the Broadway record for this type of show with 849 performances and, as a result, I get barrels of fan mail addressed to Victor Borga, Borgese, Borgue, Borgo and Borgha. Actually my full name was Robert Charles Arthur Victor Borge, but I dropped the first three. I got tired of being called RCA-Victor.

Now there is a new one. I have a mean letter this morning addressed to Mr. Victor Borgia. This proves only that in this business you can easily be one man's meat and another man's poison.

Editors' Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Borge. The second will appear next week.

"It's me! What's for supper?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Only ACE completely rounds and smooths each tooth: ends—sides—*even between teeth.* No sharp edges to scratch scalp or snag hair.

ACE® HARD RUBBER COMBS

SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Lincoln Cult (Continued from Page 37)

about him; they have discussion groups in all the major United States cities. London, England, has its active Civil War Round Table. The London group, McMurtry says, is particularly interested in the Confederate viewpoint. Doctor McMurtry's remarkable public probably ranks as the world's most active tourist clan too.

More than 2,000,000 people a year visit the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., and some 200,000 go to the Ford Theater museum in the Capital. Elizabeth E. Hamer, of the Library of Congress, says most visitors to the library—about 750,000 annually—see the Lincoln exhibit there. It includes the first draft and reading copy of the Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural Address, and a page from Lincoln's school notebook. Mrs. Hamer is fond of a bit of doggerel scrawled in his notebook by the backwoods youth:

*Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen*
*He will be good, but God knows when.*

The Library of Congress has President Lincoln's personal papers, donated by his son, Robert Todd Lincoln, who died in 1926. Robert made a provision that the papers could not be opened until twenty-one years after his death. The opening, in 1947, was an exciting occasion for a select group of historians invited. Doctor McMurtry was among them, and he'll never forget this curious Washington party.

"They almost rushed the guards for that first look," he says. "The papers cleared up many problems, but there are more than eighteen thousand items in the collection. It will take another fifty years to evaluate them fully."

Some 300,000 people a year go to view the birthplace log cabin at Abraham Lincoln National Historical Park, Hodgenville, Kentucky. One day last fall, Ernest L. Wright, Jr., superintendent, got to wondering where they came from. "We checked in forty-six states, the District of Columbia and thirty-one foreign countries," he reports. At Springfield, Illinois, more than 500,000 visitors annually go through the sedate Lincoln home on Eighth Street, a big two-story frame structure with shuttered windows. Lincoln bought the house and lot for $1500 in 1844 from the Episcopal rector who had married him and Mary Todd.

"Most of our visitors are surprised that Mr. Lincoln had as nice a home as this," says Mrs. J. H. Bradish, the custodian. "They just naturally think he jumped direct from the log cabin in Kentucky to the White House." Women visitors are touched at the sight of little Tad Lincoln's rocking horse, and tired businessmen smile appreciatively at the long horsehair sofa in the parlor. Lincoln, who stood six feet four, had the sofa specially made for himself.

Another 500,000 visitors annually sign their names at the Lincoln tomb, at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield. Many of them continue their pilgrimage to the restored Lincoln village of New Salem, also in Illinois. All kinds of people come, from all walks of life.

Nearly every true Lincoln fan eventually becomes a collector—whether it be books, pictures, campaign ribbons or merely Lincoln pennies. Doctor McMurtry is a victim of this urge. His house on shady Rudisill Boulevard, Fort Wayne, is full of Lincolniana. His prize piece is one he found himself down in Kentucky, an old corner cupboard made of cherry and poplar which, he believes, was made by Thomas Lincoln. McMurtry got it from an elderly farm woman.

"That is not what is meant, Thorndike, by taking one for the road."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The Lincoln family were en route to Indiana in a wagon," Doctor McMurtry says. "As the story goes, they were fording a swollen stream and this cupboard fell in. Tom Lincoln decided to go on without it."

Certain tricks of craftsmanship on other known Thomas Lincoln furniture, like Tom's habit of nailing on decorative panels rather than carving them into the main piece, and his distinctive star-and-streamer fancywork design, indicate to Doctor McMurtry that his cupboard is the real thing.

In a safe, the museum has hairs from Abraham Lincoln's head and a piece of the towel used to dress the President's fatal wound. The hairs were removed by one William Slade, Lincoln's messenger, shortly after the President died. Back in the foundation's cluttered vaults are gavels made from wood allegedly taken from the birthplace farm and a piece of brick from Ford's Theater. The bric-a-brac which keeps coming in is often a problem.

Admirers of Honest Abe have an unfortunate habit of "impounding" things to save them for posterity. McMurtry has turned down chips and slivers taken from the White House.

Some time ago a Wisconsin lady wrote Doctor McMurtry offering a slightly moth-eaten tail feather from an eagle named "Old Abe" carried by the 8th Wisconsin Regiment in the Civil War.

"We didn't buy it at the time, but we do have a feather from that eagle now," Doctor McMurtry said.

People are always bringing in old letters, pictures, and so forth, wanting to know if they are genuine. A few of them are. Most of them, unfortunately, are not—and it makes these folks pretty sore when McMurtry has to break the sad news to them.

"I hate to hurt their feelings, but it's my duty," he says.

One item causes Doctor McMurtry and his Fort Wayne colleagues considerable embarrassment. For many years the foundation has published, as a courtesy, reprints of the Gettysburg Address in Lincoln's handwriting on fine paper resembling sheepskin and marked as facsimiles. Somebody finds an old one in the attic and brings it in for appraisal. Actually, five autograph copies of the Gettysburg Address are known to be in existence, including Lincoln's first draft, the reading text, and revised copies he gave out after the speech was made. Oscar B. Cintas, former Cuban ambassador to the United States, paid $54,000 for an authentic copy. The Illinois State Historical Library at Springfield has a copy Lincoln wrote out for Edward Everett. This, along with Everett's own speech at Gettysburg, was purchased for $60,000. Part of the money was provided by school children of Illinois. In 1952 Doctor McMurtry attended the biggest sale of Lincolniana ever held, that from the estate of Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago lawyer, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on Madison Avenue, New York. Proceeds were more than $200,000.

If, while rummaging through an old trunk, you should happen to find the original of Lincoln's famous letter of November 21, 1864, to Mrs. Bixby, the Boston mother of five sons "who have died gloriously on the field of battle," you might have something even more valuable than the Gettysburg Address, McMurtry says. The original Bixby letter has never been located. As a matter of fact, there are quite a few authentic pieces of Lincoln's handwriting around. Their value, according to Doctor McMurtry, depends on their historical significance.

"For a plain autograph cut-out, and there are lots of (Continued on Page 92)

**These airlines...**

*will get you there with speed and luxury by Douglas*

Listed below are the leading airlines that fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes:

**AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS**
***ALASKA AIRLINES**
**ALITALIA**
**AMERICAN AIRLINES**
**AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS**
**BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS**
**BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORP.**
**CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES**
**CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS**
**CONTINENTAL AIR LINES**
**DELTA AIR LINES**
**EASTERN AIR LINES**
**JAPAN AIR LINES**
**KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES**
**LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE**
**LINEE AEREE ITALIANE**
***MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS, LTD.**
**MEXICANA DE AVIACION**
**NATIONAL AIRLINES**
**NORTHEAST AIRLINES**
**NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES**
**PANAGRA**
**PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS**
**SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES**
**SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM**
**SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS**
**SWISSAIR**
**TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.**
**†TRANS AMERICAN AIRLINES**
**†TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS**
**TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX**
**UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT**
**UNITED AIR LINES**
**WESTERN AIR LINES**

Cargo Service Only
**FLYING TIGER LINE**
***RIDDLE AIRLINES**
**SLICK AIRWAYS**

Supplemental Air Carrier
***LOS ANGELES AIR SERVICE**
***NEVADA AERO TRADE**
***OVERSEAS NATIONAL AIRWAYS**

*Flying soon †Certificate applied for

*More people and more airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes combined*

DC means DOUGLAS


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A place in the sun_more time to enjoy it...by DC-7*

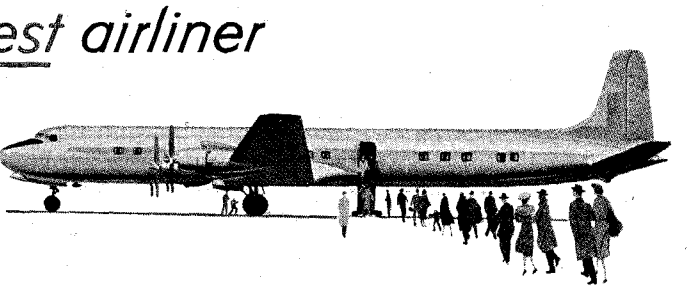
# Whatever your reason for getting there sooner...

## Take the DC-7__world's fastest airliner

With its top speed a remarkable 410 miles an hour, the DC-7 wings you with velvet swiftness across the oceans, across the continents—anywhere in the world!

There's unbeatable luxury and comfort, too. The spacious DC-7 cabin is pressurized, air conditioned, soundproofed and tastefully appointed to make your travel completely restful.

Next trip, get there *sooner*, more *comfortably*—by DC-7. See why *more* people and *more* airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes *combined!*



**DOUGLAS**

BUILDER OF THE DC-8 JETLINER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) these, collectors pay around twenty-five dollars," he says. "An ordinary Lincoln letter brings around five hundred dollars. But I'd pay all I could raise for a letter in which President Lincoln might have said, 'We are going to Ford's Theater tonight.'"

The Fort Wayne museum and other collectors are even willing to pay for Lincoln forgeries—that is, if they're good ones. Among the more popular known forged items are pictures and "old papers" attested by one William P. Brown. He was Mrs. Lincoln's Negro coachman, and McMurtry believes he probably did receive a few genuine keepsakes from the President's widow.

Incidentally, both Doctor McMurtry and his long-time associate, Dr. Louis A. Warren, director emeritus of the foundation, have little patience with the opinion widely held nowadays that Mary Todd Lincoln was a shrewish First Lady who gave her husband a terrible time.

"Mary Todd Lincoln was probably the most helpful influence in President Lincoln's career," Doctor McMurtry says. "It's true, she did have a temper and would get mad at Abe now and then, but what wife wouldn't? Abe wasn't an ideal husband himself; he was too busy with his law practice and with affairs of state. It is also true that Mrs. Lincoln became emotionally ill and eventually had to be hospitalized. Most of this trouble came after the death of their son, Willie, and after Lincoln's assassination; it's understandable. But the main facts about Mary Todd Lincoln as we now understand them are that she was a good wife and a good mother. Lincoln loved her."

Perhaps the most important part of Doctor McMurtry's contribution is this work of clearing up misconceptions and myths that have, somehow, grown up around Abraham Lincoln.

"A lot of it is really folklore, and some of this is quite appealing," Doctor McMurtry said. "For instance, there's a story still current among Southern Illinois farmers that the brown thrushes didn't sing for a year after Abraham Lincoln was killed. A very common one is the story about Lincoln having said, in answer to complaints that General Grant was drinking too much, that he wished he could get some of the same brand of whisky for his other generals. That's in character, all right, but it's folklore—the same statement was attributed to George III."

There is still a raging controversy among Lincoln experts over the legitimacy of Nancy Hanks. Warren, a noted documentarian, says these charges are unfounded. McMurtry says he isn't sure—"It's a thing I'm not very interested in." One Lincoln legend Doctor McMurtry hates to demolish for romantics who dote on it is that young Abraham Lincoln was hopelessly in love with fair-haired Ann Rutledge and never quite got over losing her.

"Lincoln was acquainted with Ann Rutledge in the village of New Salem before he went to Springfield to practice law," McMurtry says. "He liked her, and felt badly about it when she died. But there is no reliable evidence that he ever wanted to marry Ann."

Doctor McMurtry's services to the Lincoln public, for which he takes no pay beyond his salary, are made possible by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, whose founder, the late Arthur F. Hall, was an ardent Hoosier devotee of the Emancipator. A prized museum item is a letter written in 1905 to Mr. Hall by Robert Todd Lincoln. The letter authorizes "use of a portrait of my father upon the letterhead of such a life insurance company named after him," and Robert enclosed a favorite Brady photograph of his father. They still have it at Fort Wayne, along with 130 other original photographs of Lincoln.

The historical foundation was organized in 1928, with Doctor Warren as its first director. He had been Gerald McMurtry's Sunday-school teacher down in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and brought him to Fort Wayne as his assistant in 1931. After five years at Fort Wayne, McMurtry went to Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee, where he headed the Department of Lincolniana, edited the quarterly Lincoln Herald, and built up an outstanding museum. Last year, unusually youthful-looking at fifty and still full of lively curiosity about Lincoln, McMurtry took over as director when his elder mentor, Warren, retired to write and lecture.

Doctor McMurtry was out of the Lincoln business for one year in 1936, when he decided to try selling insurance with his family's agency at Elizabethtown.

"I couldn't get much done," he recalls. "People knew I was a Lincoln student. Somebody would call me on the telephone and ask me to come over. I'd think I was going to make a sale, but when I'd get there, the customer would say he found an old Civil War newspaper up in his attic, or something of the sort, and that would be what he wanted to see me about. I couldn't do any business—everybody wanted to talk history!"

McMurtry, the insurance man, was saved from this dilemma by an elderly retired doctor who owned a lot of real estate in Elizabethtown. The doctor, who was lonely, offered Gerald all his insurance contracts, if he'd just drop around now and then for a good confabulation about Lincoln.

"That one sale was the biggest in the history of our agency up to that time," McMurtry declares. Soon he got the L.M.U. offer, however, and couldn't resist the chance to get back to full-time Lincoln work. "Even now," he says, "I look around me sometimes and think how lucky I am. They pay me for having fun!"

Not that it's any sinecure, however. Doctor McMurtry's working day starts at eight o'clock, dictating letters. Now and then, an urgent long-distance call comes in from New York, perhaps a magazine editor or TV script writer wanting to know something about Mary Todd Lincoln or Nancy Hanks. Then there'll be people to take through the museum. While he's doing all this, McMurtry has to keep up on his research for Lincoln Lore, and he may have to come back at night to prepare for a lecture in Chicago, Denver or New Orleans. He is called on frequently to make talks down South.

"One time down there a lady got up and said she had no use for Mr. Lincoln, just hated him," Doctor McMurtry recalled, smiling. "I told her I hated Julius Caesar too. I don't, of course. Why hate a historical character?" Actually, both he and Doctor Warren say they find Southern audiences uniformly courteous and, like people everywhere, sincerely eager for information about the martyr President.

"Abraham Lincoln seems to take hold of people as no other historical character does," Doctor McMurtry says. "He is someone they can tie themselves to. He possessed a true nobility of character, yet he was like the rest of us in so many human ways. We feel that we really know him. Yet Abraham Lincoln remains a paradox; try as you will, you cannot master all the elements of his character. That is what makes him so fascinating to me and, I think, to others who study his life."

If you want to make a hobby of Lincoln studies, Doctor McMurtry advises you to begin by reading several standard biographies. Then, he says, you should specialize on one phase of Lincoln's activities—Lincoln as a lawyer, for example. Or Lincoln as a military strategist, perhaps.

"You simply can't master the whole thing in one lifetime," McMurtry says. "But you'd be surprised at how interesting these specialties can become." Every public library has its Lincoln shelves. Among larger centers for Lincoln information besides Fort Wayne and the Library of Congress are the Illinois State Historical Library at Springfield; the Huntington Library at San Marino, California; Brown University's library at Providence, Rhode Island; Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee; Indiana, Illinois and other state universities. Lectures on Lincoln are given at the Chicago Historical Library and museum in Lincoln Park.

Doctor McMurtry classifies the Lincoln following—his customers—as either highly sophisticated collectors and bibliophiles, of whom there are several thousand, or just plain folks, millions of them. He knows a preacher in Illinois, for instance, who went without an overcoat one winter to buy an expensive Lincoln book. High and low, whoever they are, they all love Lincoln.

There may be a few exceptions, though, Doctor McMurtry admits. One of these is right there in his home at Fort Wayne. Her name is Jan, three years old, blond. Not long ago Mrs. McMurtry had to go downtown during the evening and Doctor McMurtry was elected to stay home and baby-sit with Jan.

"She was a bit restless, so I started reading baby books to her," he said. "After a while, Jan got tired of that, so I tried telling her stories about Santa Claus, and finally, Abraham Lincoln. About that time, my wife came home.

"My daughter Jan said, 'Mamma, I don't like daddy, I don't like Santa Claus and I don't like Abraham Lincoln!'"

Doctor McMurtry is confident Jan will become a fan, though, when she gets to know a little more about Abe. Everyone else does. THE END

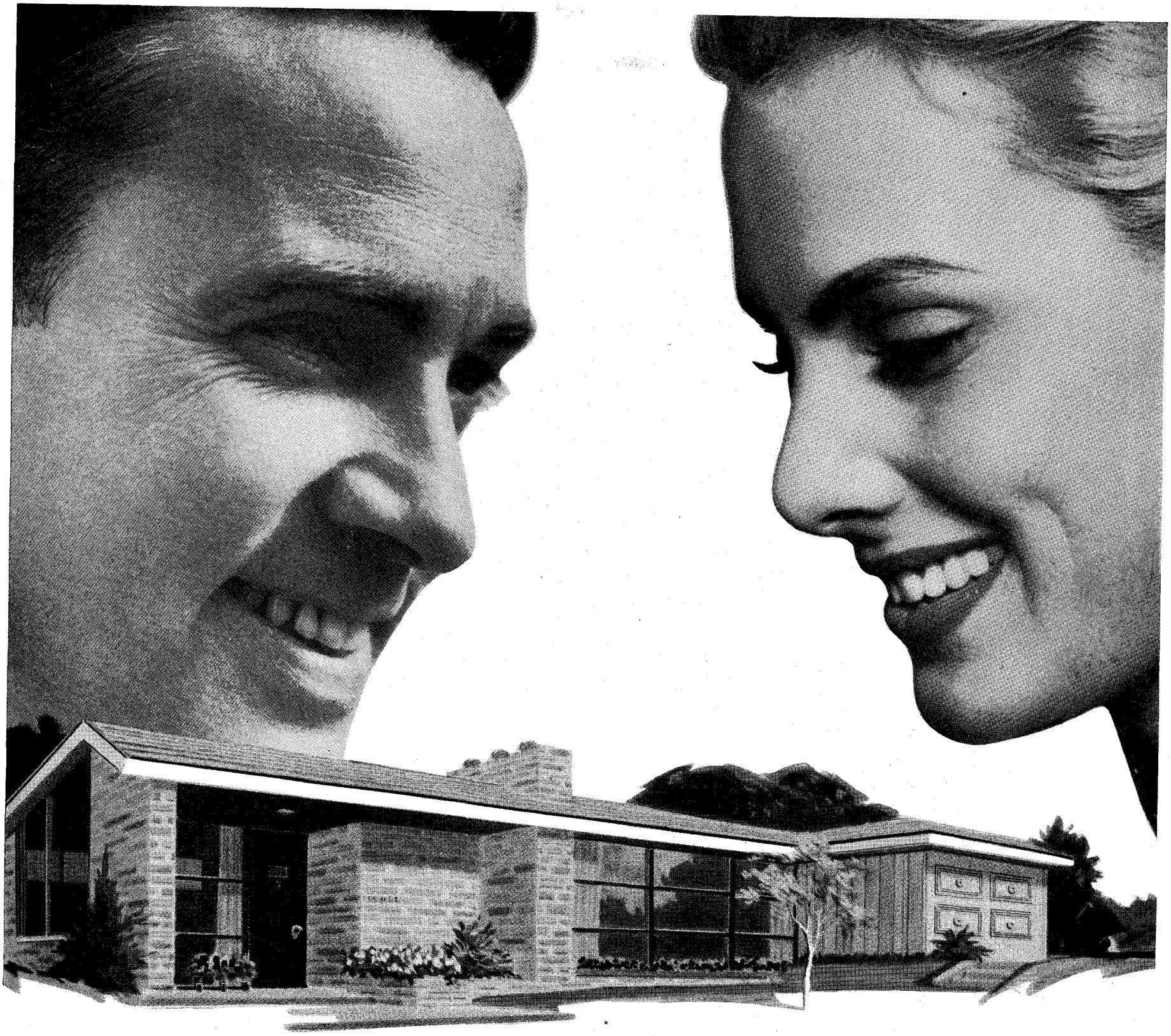
## ABE LINCOLN'S FAVORITE CAKE

Florence McMurtry applies the finishing touches to a cake baked from the original recipe of Mary Todd Lincoln. Her husband, Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, and their daughter, Linda (left), watch hungrily while their other daughter, Jan, snitches a sample of the icing. Mary Todd made this cake for Lincoln before their marriage, and he declared it "the best in Kentucky." The original recipe is printed below, with Mrs. McMurtry's baking hints in parentheses.

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
3 cups flour (cake or pastry)
2 tsps. baking powder (double-acting)
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup chopped blanched almonds
¼ tsp. salt
6 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar lightly. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with milk (to the first mixture). Add well-floured nuts, then vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of egg, to which salt has been added. Bake in three layers (9″ or 8″ pans) in moderate (350° F.) oven. Ice with boiled icing, to which add ½ cup candied pineapple and cherries, chopped fine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Keep It Yours with modern,

## one-package insurance protection!

The America Fore Comprehensive Homeowners Policy will, in a one-package policy, cover you against loss from fire, windstorm, explosion, burglary, theft, family liability and many other perils too numerous to list.

YOU select the coverages YOU want and decide upon the amounts YOU wish to carry. And best of all—if your selection includes fire, theft and liability insurance, you qualify for PREMIUM SAVINGS OF 10% TO 30% compared to the cost of like individual policies.

See your nearby America Fore agent or broker for full details about this modern packaged protection and, if you wish, he can arrange convenient monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual budget payments.

For the name of a nearby America Fore agent call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

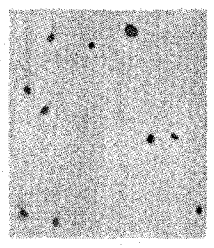
★ The Continental Insurance Company
★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company
★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

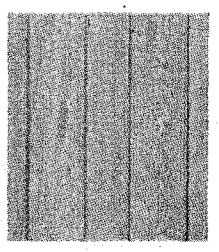
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Exciting Ideas in *Decorative Paneling*

## with Weyerhaeuser 4-Square WOOD PANELING



This is natural Knotty Idaho White Pine Plywood paneling.



This is genuine West Coast Hemlock, one of the finest woods for paneling.

Rich natural beauty and delightful charm become attributes of rooms economically paneled with wood panelings of your choice.

Your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer is prepared to show you many colorful examples of a wide selection of paneling patterns and species—to give your home an ideal decorative theme. See the wide range of panelings which he has for you . . . the vibrant beauty of Western Red Cedar, the bold and rugged character of Knotty Pine, the subtle tones of West Coast Hemlock. These and other species can be patterned to your paneling preference ready for a variety of finishes.

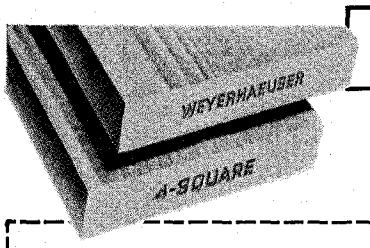
Send for your copy of "Ideas For Decorating With Wood Paneling"—16 colorful pages illustrating many types of beautifully paneled rooms.

For additional home improvement ideas, the coupon below will also bring you the new booklets on Wood Siding and Fences . . . valuable aids to anyone planning to build or remodel.

WEYERHAEUSER

4-SQUARE

LUMBER AND BUILDING SERVICES




OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

**Weyerhaeuser Sales Company**
P. O. Box 5000, Dept. 327-P, St. Paul 4, Minnesota

● Please send me home improvement planning literature listed below. I enclose 25¢.

- ☐ Colorfully illustrated booklet: "Ideas For Decorating With Wood Paneling"
- ☐ Brochure showing "Sidings For Ideal Homes of Wood"
- ☐ Folder containing "20 Modern Fence Designs"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

# The Notorious Miss Maggie

(Continued from Page 31)

quickly away, brushing a hand across her eyes.

Another woman stepped up to the counter. For the past several seconds she had been waiting impatiently, and Mrs. James B. Watts—for that was the lady's name—was not one who took pleasure in waiting.

Mrs. Watts was tall and angular—very stern-and-rock-bound-coast. "I am a very busy woman, Miss Morrison," she said without preliminaries. "I do not like to be kept dangling."

"As the librarian, it is my duty to be helpful when people ask about books," Maggie replied a little stuffily. "Mrs. Muratori was inquiring about a book. What book do you want to inquire about, Katy?"

Katy sniffed. She sniffed twice. She opened her purse. She took from it a folded sheet of heavy letter paper and unfolded it. She sniffed a third time and began to read. The letter was from United States Sen. Charles A. Collings, (R) Vt., and he had written from the nation's capital to Katy's husband—Mayor James B. Watts (R)—requesting that his honor hire somebody to clean his new house and to arrange, in a tasteful manner, the furniture that was arriving today.

"My husband," said Katy, with a careful articulation of each word, "sold Senator Collings the Goodwin mansion on Chester Hill."

"I read about it," Maggie said. "In your husband's newspaper."

"Senator Collings intends to live here," Katy went on. "Between sessions, of course."

"I," said Maggie, "am properly impressed."

Katy tossed her a look in which several emotions vied for expression. "I am a very busy woman," she stated.

"You told me," Maggie said.

Katy ignored this. "I do not have time to look for a suitable cleaning woman, but if you ——"

Maggie stopped her. "Do you want me to clean the senator's house?"

"Of course not, personally." Katy tossed a hand in an all-embracing gesture. "Just sort of supervise."

"Thanks a lot," said Maggie. "But no, thanks."

"Well!" said Mrs. James B. Watts. And then repeated, "Well!" She took a step toward the door; stopped and faced Maggie. "The library board will most certainly hear of this! Most certainly!" she reiterated. She turned on her heel and went out.

It was not much more than a minute later when the double glass doors of the Carnegie Library swung inward and a man came up to the librarian. He was short and dark; not physically impressive, being more on the slight and dapper side.

"She was here, wasn't she?" he asked, stopping by the counter and removing his gray fedora.

"She was here," Maggie said.

"You turned her down."

"She demands, Jim. She doesn't ask."

"I know." Mayor James B. Watts (R) sighed. "I know, Miss Morrison. I've been telling her that for twenty years."

Blue eyes and brown eyes met across the oaken counter, and a grin tiptoed slowly across Maggie's mouth. His honor met her grin with one of his own.

"Will you do it for me?" he asked, almost boyishly eager. "As a great big favor?"

"Sure, Jim," she said without hesitation. Then she added, "Someday you ought to stand up to her."

"Someday I will." Mayor Watts grinned again, wryly. "But look at me. Thirty-four chest. Smaller than Marilyn Monroe even."

He lifted a hand in a spare gesture of farewell and was gone. Maggie plucked the phone from its cradle and dialed. She spoke briefly, hung up, dialed again. She tried a third number. A fourth. Every woman in town was working for The Williamson Beach Manufacturing Company. Her fifth call got results of a sort.

"Yes, I know where the street is," she said into the transmitter. "But I've never heard of Dorothy Clayton. . . . She's a widow? Not an old one, I hope."

Strange as this may seem, the library in Wakefield, Vermont, did not have upon its shelves many books on the subject of heaven. And none at all that Maggie considered right for a frightened little boy. Therefore, when she locked the double glass doors for the supper hour, she was empty-handed, but determined to go and see Tommy Muratori anyway. She was walking down the worn granite steps to the sidewalk when Judy Watts, the mayor's daughter, came up to her.

Judy was pretty and blond and seventeen. And she was just beginning to be molded in spots. The right spots.

"Did you want a book, Judy?" Maggie inquired. "If you did, you'll have to come back after supper."

"I don't want a book, Miss Morrison," Judy said. "I want help."

"Help?"

"With pop."

Maggie lifted a questioning eyebrow.

Judy said, "Do you know Hank Walters?"

"Hank Walters?" Maggie gave her subconscious a moment with the name. She shook her head. "No, I don't, Judy."

"Neither does pop."

Maggie looked slightly perplexed. "You've lost me somewhere, Judy. I think, in the rough on the third hole."

Judy giggled. "Hank is the most," she said. "The utmost most. He's the man I've been stalking. And what's more, I got him."

While Judy was speaking, a low, buttercup-yellow car stopped at the curb and a young man squirmed out of it.

"And what's more," Judy said, "here he is."

"By some odd coincidence," said Maggie dryly. "No doubt."

The young man had halted beside them. He was tall and slim and his red hair was cut very close to his scalp. He addressed himself to Judy.

"Hi, Lollipop!" he said. "Am I late?"

"Miss Lollipop, to you!" Judy retorted. "And you are!" She faced Maggie, pride in her hazel eyes. "This is him, Miss Morrison. Hank Walters. Don't you think he's beautiful?"

"Devastating." Maggie held out her hand to the redheaded youth. "Hi, Hank," she said.

"Hi, Miss Morrison," he returned, grinning.

"Will you help us?" Judy asked eagerly. "Pop thinks anything you approve of has just got to be right. So if you'll come with us now and approve, while I break the glad tidings to him, I'll sure appreciate it. Hank will too." She glanced at him sharply. "Huh?"

"I'll grovel," he said, "in the deep dust."

Maggie said, "Haven't you told your father you're engaged?" There was a note of censure in her voice. "Doesn't he know about it?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You might even go a little deeper than that," Hank said. "He doesn't even know I know Judy."

"How about your mother?" Maggie questioned.

"Oh, she's taken care of," Judy said. "Or she will be." She grinned. It was pure imp. "Hank's great-great-grandfather was in the Mayflower."

"Before it sailed," Hank said. "He had the painting contract."

A tiny frown etched Maggie's forehead. "Right this minute I am on my way to see Tommy Muratori ——"

"After supper, then," Judy said quickly. "We'll meet you inside around seven."

"Well, maybe ——"

"You're a powerhouse!" Judy's smooth round arms were about Maggie and lipstick was being implanted too generously on her cheek. "The utmost most!"

The sun was sliding down the western sky and a little pink cloud was scurrying to get home before dark, when Maggie arrived at Tommy Muratori's home, where Doc Bender, black bag in hand, was readying his departure.

"I don't know, Miss Morrison," he said, in answer to her question. "I just don't know." He frowned; then, abruptly, the frown swapped places with a small, wry smile. "It's ironic, isn't it? Being scared about heaven."

Maggie said, "May I see him?"

"Go ahead," he said, after a pause. "This may sound paradoxical, but if we can get Tommy over being afraid of dying, he may get well."

Evening was knocking with soft fingers at the single window when Maggie entered the sickroom. Young Tommy was lying flat on his back, staring upward at the empty ceiling, and he didn't look toward her, or speak to her, or in any way acknowledge her presence as she sat down near him on the small white bed.

For a full minute Maggie didn't speak either, and then quietly she began to tell him a story about heaven. And the heaven that she unfolded for him was a paradise that no theologian ever had the humanity to paint. Maggie's heaven was a place of happy little boys and laughing little girls. A heaven of rough-tongued wee puppies and soft-furred tiny kittens. A heaven where space-ship trips to the moon were made almost daily, and where, if your chores were finished, you could ride along. You could even pilot the ship, if, for a whole week, you hadn't sassed your guardian angel.

A heaven where you had your own pinto pony, and where in school you were taught about jet planes and ray guns. A boy's heaven of hunting and fishing and camping. Of games and fun.

Not once did Tommy move. Not once did he speak a word until, her story told, Maggie got to her feet. Then he said, "It sounds pretty O.K."

The house in which Mrs. Dorothy Clayton lived was painted white and was set back from the street in a small patch of green lawn. Maggie rang the bell, and when the door opened she said, "Good evening. I'm looking for a Mrs. Clayton."

"I'm Mrs. Clayton," the girl in the doorway said. "Won't you come in?"

She was tall and slender and she was wearing blue jeans and a yellow sweater. She was only slightly older than Judy. Maggie walked into a living room that was softly lighted and attractively furnished in chintz-covered chairs. It was not exactly what she had expected. Neither was Dorothy Clayton.

Maggie said, "Mabel—Mrs. Chapman, at the gift shop—told me you might be interested in work."

"Oh, I am. I'm very much interested," Dorothy Clayton said.

Maggie smiled. "I'm Maggie Morrison ——"

"The librarian! But of course! I've seen you lots and lots of times. What sort of work did you have in mind?"

"Cleaning," Maggie said bluntly. "And arranging the furniture in Senator Collings' new home."

Dorothy hesitated. Then she said, "When did you want me to come to work?"

"Tomorrow's my day off. I'll come by and pick you up around eight-thirty. All right?"

Dorothy nodded. Maggie started for the door. "I think you have a darling house," she said. "I like it."

"Thank you." Dorothy's smile was shy. "Bill and me—Bill's my husband—was my husband—we built it weekends and late afternoons, and we ——" She checked herself abruptly. "He was killed in a plane crash last month."

"I heard," Maggie said sympathetically. "I'm terribly sorry."

"He was flying home from camp on leave. He was a sergeant."

Maggie put a hand on the doorknob. "Please forgive me for asking, but if Bill was in the Air Force ——"

"Why do I have to do cleaning?"

Maggie nodded.

Dorothy's eyes darkened. "I—I didn't get his insurance."

"You didn't get it!"

Dorothy's nice mouth hardened for a moment. "His stepmother was the beneficiary," she stated flatly. "Bill supported her when his father died. But when we got married—Bill and me—he changed the policy. He told his stepmother—she married again anyway, and didn't need it—that he'd changed it in my name. But the transfer got lost in Washington. And then—and then Bill got killed."

"How about the stepmother? She knew."

"Sure, she knew." Dorothy's mouth hardened again. "She said Bill intended to make the change, but just never got around to doing it."

"She sounds like a real lovely person. A stinker."

"It has been sort of embarrassing. Besides"—Dorothy smiled that shy smile of hers—"I'm going to have a baby and I can't—nobody will give me a steady job."

"It's a shame," said Maggie. "Not about the baby. That's wonderful. But this insurance mess. There must be something we can do about it."

Dorothy shook her head. "I've done everything, Miss Morrison," she said. "Everything I can think of, anyway. I hired a lawyer and I wrote a letter to Senator Collings."

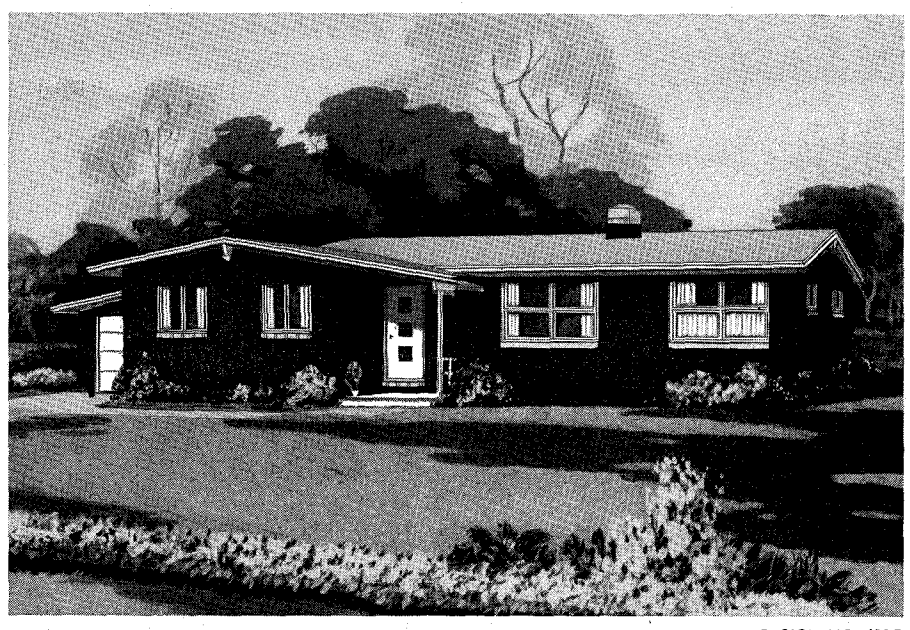
"Is he helping you?"

"I don't know. Not much, I guess. He wrote and told me that he would do all he could, but"—Dorothy lifted a hand in a little hopeless gesture—"you know the kind of letter."

### Essentials

As children grow, their
needs increase.
To keep their supple natures
sunny,
Each day it takes more
patience, love,
Strength, wisdom, faith and
money.

R. H. Grenville

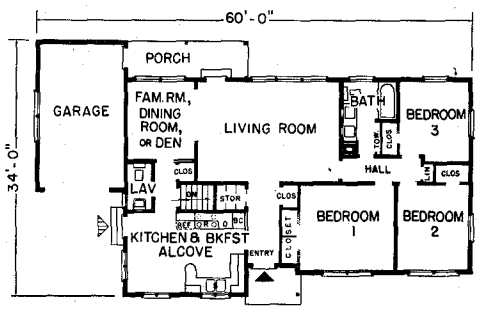



DESIGN NO. 6125

How professional planning helps you gain

Greater Home Values

See scores of *expertly planned homes* in the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square HOME BUILDING SERVICE




To guide you in securing an ideal, comfortable home, Weyerhaeuser developed the 4-Square Home Building Service. This helpful Service includes over 100 new, modern home designs . . . each created by professionals, and each engineered by Weyerhaeuser structural experts for greater home value.

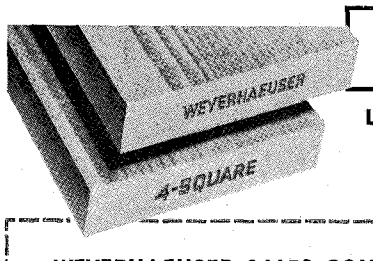
Modern homes, by talented architects, offer features which assure the enjoyment of solid comfort and convenient family living.

This helpful Home Building Service is available without charge at the office of your local Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer. There you can study the best in modern and traditional design, compare various sizes and floor plans, and decide which home will best suit your needs and preference. Blueprints and accurate specifications have been prepared for every design in the Service. Also, your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer can advise you in selecting durable, economical building materials to give your home structural soundness as well as enduring beauty.

To guide you in your planning, you will find the literature described below very helpful. Mail the coupon today.

WEYERHAEUSER 4-SQUARE

LUMBER AND BUILDING SERVICES




OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY
P. O. Box 5000, Dept. 327, St. Paul 4, Minnesota

Please send me the valuable home planning literature listed below. I enclose 25¢.

- Brochure describing home above and 5 other new designs
- Floor Plan and Furniture Placement Guide for Design No. 6125 above
- A money saving booklet: "Professional Pointers For Home Planners"
- A booklet illustrating and describing outstanding homes from the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Building Service.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Your Personal Convenience

The Mallory Mercury Battery offers the modern precision power plant in incredibly small size, yet gives "miniaturization" tremendous advantages in far longer life and steady output of power.

Already, you can experience the advantages of

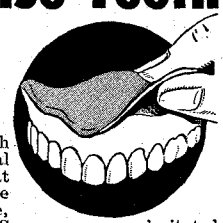
P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
*Mercury Batteries*

In—Tiny Transistorized Radio Sets
Hearing Aids
Pocket Recorders
Photo-Flash Equipment
Clocks
—and This Is Only The Beginning!

Another MALLORY First
P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

**Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight**

**Eases Sore Gums**



Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and irritation of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose fitting dentures. Applied in a few minutes, makes the wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures.

Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 6 months. Stays soft and pliable—does not harden and ruin plate. Peels right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

For EVERY Gift Occasion!
Windsor
• LIGHTERS • CUFF LINKS
• PENS • GIFT SETS
Exciting Values...Styles to Please Everyone
At Better Stores Everywhere • WINDSOR PEN CORP. N.Y.C.

ARMSTRONG
... more EXCLUSIVE features than any other furnace!
ARMSTRONG FURNACE COMPANY
DIVISION NATIONAL UNION ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
FREE LITERATURE, REX, MONTICELLO, ILL.

Maggie said, "Yes, I know the kind of letter. I'm afraid I've written some of them myself."

The stars were out scouting for the moon, which was hanging back timidly behind the white steeple of the Second Congregational Church, when Maggie returned to the library after supper. Young Judy's earlier plea for help with her father had gone completely from her mind, and it was still buried under an insurance policy and a stinker of a stepmother when she telephoned Mayor Watts and asked him to come and see her.

With the dapper little official sitting by her desk, Maggie related to him the story of Dorothy Clayton's insurance. At the completion of her narrative, his honor said, "It's too bad, Miss Morrison, but that's it. It's too bad. There's nothing you can do about it."

Maggie had a temper, and now it suddenly flared. "If Dorothy had money and influence," she said, biting at the words, "she would have collected her insurance long ago! And you know it!"

"Sure, I know it," Mayor Watts agreed placidly. He grinned at Maggie now, broadly. "That's what I like about democracy: If you've got enough influence, troubles which otherwise might go unrecognized usually get themselves straightened out. But unfortunately," he tacked on, "I can't help how the world is run."

"You claim you can!" Maggie threw at him. "Before elections!"

His honor's grin was wider, unabashed. "Well, thank the good Lord, I've got a full year before I have to make that silly statement again. In the meantime"—he patted Maggie's arm affectionately—"you can run the world if you want to."

Maggie was suddenly her normal self, and she beamed fondly upon the little official. Out of the corners of her eyes she had espied Hank and Judy standing uncertainly by the double glass doors, and, in seeing them, was reminded of her half promise to the mayor's daughter.

"All right, I'll run the world," she said. "And thank you very much for the opportunity."

She stood up and beckoned to the young couple. "Come here, Judy—Hank," Maggie said.

Judy and Hank moved up to the counter, slowly, oddly timorous. And his honor, quickly alert to the fact that this was not just a casual meeting, got hastily to his feet and frowned on his pretty daughter.

"What's this all about, Judy?" he demanded. He pointed an authoritative finger at Hank. "And who is this young man?"

"He's the father of Judy's children," Maggie said, enjoying the look of quick shock that blanketed the mayor's face. "To be, that is," she added.

"Hank wants to marry me," Judy stated breathlessly.

"I'm Hank," said Hank.

"Or at least he did an hour ago. Want to marry me," Judy said.

"I am going to give them their flat silver," Maggie put in, surveying his honor with amused eyes. "And you, Mr. Mayor, may give them one of those new little houses you're building in Mulberry Road."

The look of quick shock on the city official's face had swapped places with one of quick wrath. "Wait a minute!" he barked. "Wait a minute! I've got something to say about this!"

"No, you haven't," Maggie told him firmly. "Right now I am running the world, and with your sanctioned permission."

The next morning the cleaning of Senator Collings' house was progressing with smoothness and dispatch when, at ten-thirty, Mrs. Muratori arrived with an offer of assistance. She had heard about the work to be done and—well, Tommy was better and ——

"Funny, isn't it, Miss Morrison?" Mrs. Muratori said. "Tommy was scared of heaven. Then you told him such a beautiful story about it that—that he sort of really wanted to go." She smiled happily. "But Doc Bender says he isn't going now."

At eleven o'clock Mrs. James B. Watts put in an appearance. She had come to supervise and to make an announcement. "I presume, Miss Morrison," she said, with a tinge of condescension, "that you have been informed of my daughter's engagement to Henry Walters the Third."

"Is he the third?" Maggie returned innocently. "Anyway, he's a nice kid."

Mrs. Watts had no comment on this somewhat pertinent observation, but there was more to the announcement and Mrs. Watts looked about to see if anybody was within conversational earshot. Nobody was, so she raised her voice a ladylike little. "And, of course, you know, Henry's great-great-grandfather was in the Mayflower," she said.

"He was also something of a painter, wasn't he?" Maggie asked, with just a drop of acid. She felt catty.

Mrs. Watts stiffened. Mrs. Watts sniffed. Mrs. Watts said, "Seascapes, I believe."

"Boats, is the way I heard it," Maggie said.

Mrs. Watts sniffed again and moved off. Judy came up to Maggie with a broom in one hand and a dustpan in the other. She kissed the tiny librarian on the cheek.

"We love the way you're running the world, Miss Morrison," she said. "Hank and me."

It was a few minutes later when the diary was found. Maggie was alone in the walnut-paneled den, and as she carried a carton of books across the room to the bookcases, it fell to the floor. It was small and pocket-size, with a green cover and MY DIARY printed on it in gold.

Maggie picked it up. *I wonder what men write in diaries*, she thought, and opened the book. *And it's research, so mind your own business!* her mind said to her conscience, as she let her eyes drop to the open page.

It was blank. So was the next and the next and the next. Between the sixth and seventh pages there was a folded sheet of paper. Maggie unfolded it to discover a snapshot and a few lines of writing. She read the note before looking at the picture.

I control two hundred votes.
At least. So don't try to back
out now, or I'll give my support
to the other boy. KD.

"Well!" Maggie said aloud. She sounded like Mrs. Watts, so she amended it to, "I'll be jiggered!" Then she examined the snapshot. It showed a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl in flowing negligee, sitting in the senator's lap. Her arms were about his neck, and there was exhibited a considerable length of very shapely legs. There was no mistaking those lovely legs; there was no mistaking that impish face. They are entrancingly on view, "Live From New York," over Channel 2 every Tuesday evening at nine P.M., E.S.T.

"Kathy Doyle!" Maggie exclaimed under her breath. "She hasn't got much on herself, but it looks as if she had plenty on our bachelor senator."

She put the note and the picture in her apron pocket, and then pushed her handkerchief down firmly over them. "No doubt, senator," she said, addressing the desk top, "there is a definite responsibility in running the world. But I'm beginning to like it better and better and better."

After supper that evening, Maggie again asked Mayor Watts to pay her a visit. He arrived to find her rocking complacently on the front porch of her house.

"What's up?" he questioned, eying her dubiously. "You look as guileless as Doc Bender just before he jabs you with a needle."

Maggie smiled—guilelessly. "Senator Collings is running for re-election this fall, isn't he?" she countered.

Mayor Watts nodded. "What about it?"

"He has been consorting," Maggie said.

"What!"

"With Kathy Doyle. Oh, I don't blame him," Maggie said. "If I were a man, I'd do a little consorting with her myself. But now, unless the senator does something—something concrete—about Dorothy's insurance," she added firmly, "I shall do something—something concrete—about his election plans."

Icy fingers of dread began inching along the mayor's spine. "Such as?" he asked cautiously.

Maggie handed him the note and the snapshot. James B. Watts studied both exhibits with care. Then he looked over at Maggie and scowled darkly. "This note—this picture—you found them in the senator's house?"

Maggie nodded brightly.

"And," Mayor Watts went on, "you have put two and two together and arrived at an answer."

"Four," Maggie said. "And unless he assures me, (*Continued on Page 98*)

"Aren't you using more sugar than usual on your egg?"

NORMENT THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*SWEET, SMOOTH AND SASSY—the beautiful Bel Air Sport Coupe. You can see and feel the solid quality of its Body by Fisher.*

# *filled with grace and great new things*

CHEVROLET

1 USA '57 CHEVROLET

**270-h.p. high-performance engine also available at extra cost. Also Ramjet fuel injection engines with up to 283 h.p. in Corvette and passenger car models.*

**It looks agile, graceful and easy to handle — and it more than lives up to its looks! Chevy offers fuel injection and America's first and only triple-turbine transmission.**

You expect something pretty special in the way of driving pleasure the very first time you take charge of a new Chevrolet. Those clean, graceful contours hold a promise of quicksilver responsiveness. And there's something about the low, action-poised profile that tells you Chevy's a honey to handle.

It doesn't take long to find out that this car lives up to all its "advance notice"—and then some! Horsepower ranging up to 245* translates your toe-touch into cream-smooth motion. You find that turning a corner is almost as easy as making a wish. And you see how Chevrolet's solid sureness of control makes for safer, happier driving on city streets, superhighways and everything in between.

If you drive a new Chevrolet with Turboglide (an extra-cost option), you'll discover triple-turbine takeoff and a new flowing kind of going.

Stop by your Chevrolet dealer's and sample *all* these great new things! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 96*) when I call upon him tomorrow, that he will take care of Dorothy's insurance at once, I shall turn over the note and the snapshot to the newspapers."

"Not my paper!"

"There are plenty of others."

"Miss Morrison," the mayor said sternly, "I call that blackmail!"

"Mayor Watts," Maggie retorted, "I call it taking advantage of a situation."

His honor took two steps to stand in front of her formidably. "I am not going to let you do it," he stated. "I permitted you to bamboozle me with Judy, but now I am going to stop you."

"How?" Maggie inquired.

Mayor Watts' scowl was black. "I wish you had a husband," he growled.

"So do I," Maggie said. "But what has that got to do with this?"

"He'd take you over his knee and give you a darn good walloping."

"And I," said Maggie sweetly, "would probably love it."

The senator, himself, opened the door for her when, on the following afternoon, she called upon him with a full determination of forcing a showdown. Charlie Collings was a big man with square, capable hands and laughing gray eyes, and he told Maggie how grateful he was to her for having his house put in such beautiful order, as he escorted her to the den.

Kathy Doyle was there, seated in a red leather chair, and she rose to her feet as they entered. *Brazen hussy*, Maggie thought; then altered it, despite herself, as Kathy warmly echoed the senator's thanks, to, *Cute pretty little brazen hussy.*

"It was just sweet of you," Kathy Doyle concluded, "and we both appreciate it a very great deal."

"We sure do," endorsed the senator. "I want to give you a check for the woman you hired before you go. I'll write it now, if you'll give me her name."

He went to his desk and sat down. "Her name," Maggie said, and her voice was brittle and ominous, "is Dorothy Clayton."

"Charlie!" Kathy Doyle turned toward the senator. "Charlie, did you hear that?"

"I did." He faced Maggie. "I was going to ask you if you knew Mrs. Clayton. I suppose you know about the foul-up with her husband's insurance?"

"She told me," said Maggie tersely. "And I'm here ——"

"Charlie's got her case all straightened out," Kathy said proudly, and smiled at him fondly. "He's really quite a guy."

The senator opened his brief case, searched in it for a moment; then brought forth an oblong slip of heavy greenish paper. "Here's her check for the full amount," he said, and handed it to Maggie. "Ten thousand dollars."

Maggie looked at the check in her hands and swallowed hard, once, twice.

Senator Collings continued. "Dorothy Clayton's papers got filed under 'D' instead of 'C.'"

"'D' for displaced," said Kathy.

Maggie gave the check back to the senator. He said, "I'd like to see her real soon, if you'll let me know her address."

"We may be able to get her a good job," Kathy said, "if she wants one."

Maggie let her fingers play over the note and the snapshot in her jacket pocket. "She lives on Second Avenue," she said in a weak little voice.

The telephone on the table beside Kathy rang and she picked it up. "Hello," she said. Then, "Oh, Jerry, let me call you back in a few minutes, will you?"

She returned the instrument to its cradle and smiled at Maggie. "My agent, Jerry Cloutman, in New York," she explained. "I'm quitting my show. Charlie thinks it's too hard on me."

"Are you," Maggie asked meekly, "planning on being married?"

"Oh, we are married. We've been married for five months," Kathy said.

"Five months, three days and fourteen hours," the senator said, grinning.

"He makes believe he likes it," Kathy said. "But I had a heck of a time getting him to marry me." She let her eyes dance over the senator's face. "I even had to write him threatening letters."

Charlie Collings chuckled. "I've got one of those letters around someplace," he said. "I'll show it to you someday, Miss Morrison."

Surreptitiously, cautiously, carefully, Maggie took the note and the snapshot from her pocket and slid them, one by one, between the cushion and the back of her chair. A few minutes later she took her leave.

The sun, like a great copper coin, was dropping into the pocket of night when Maggie walked to her car, parked at the curb in front of the senator's house.

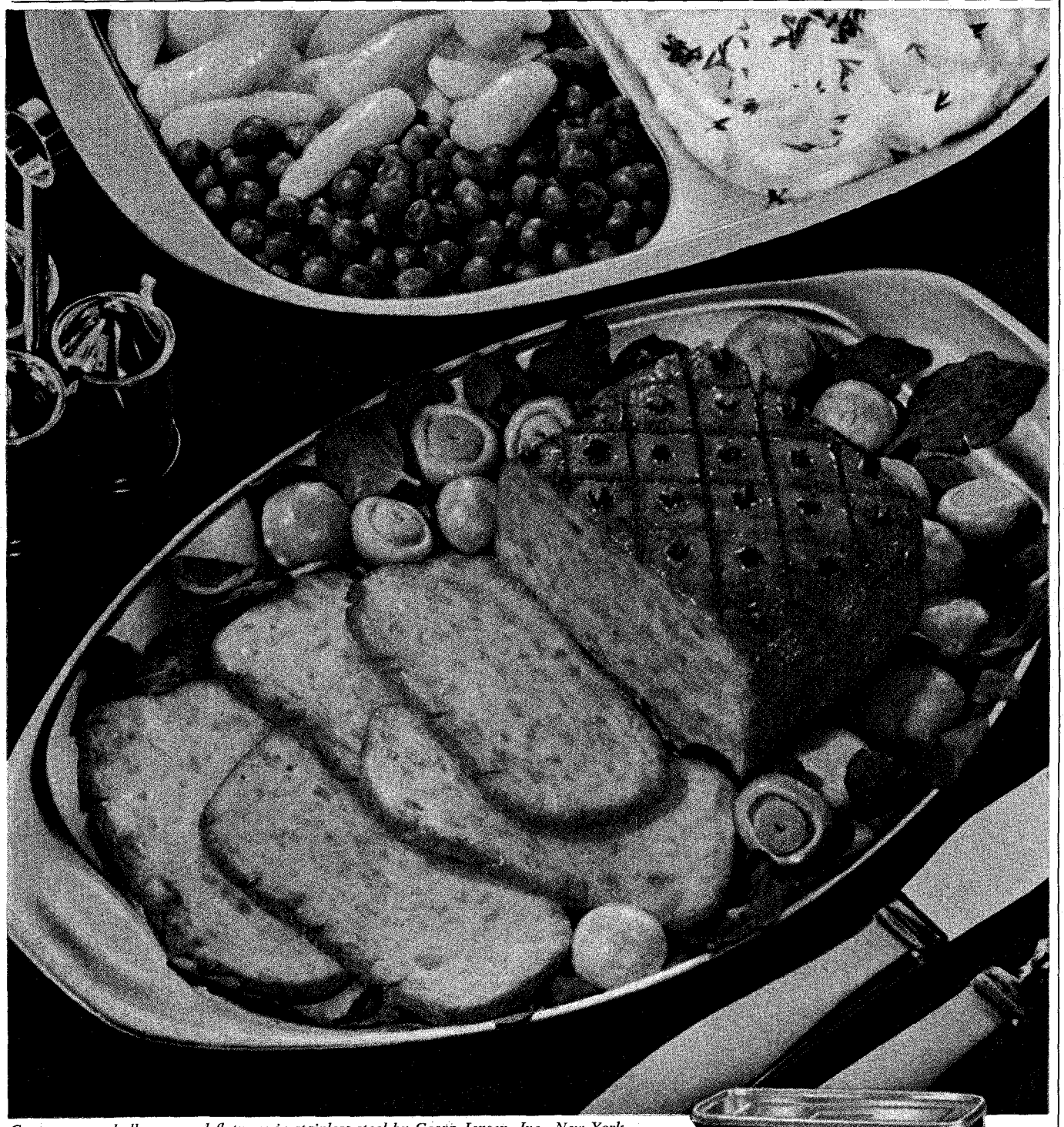
"Fancy finding you here," said Mayor Watts, stepping up to her and grinning broadly. "How's the little blackmail racket?"

"It blew a fuse," Maggie said. "You knew, didn't you?"

"Not until this morning," his honor said. "I paid a political call." He grinned again. "Well, as I always say, all's well that ends well. What do you always say?"

Maggie hesitated. Maggie pondered. Maggie grinned. "What I always say is, ain't it the truth," she said.

THE END

*Contemporary holloware and flatware in stainless steel by Georg Jensen, Inc., New York.*

Easy elegance...when supper stars

# Coffee-glazed Spam®

Easy to serve a dressed-up meal, with our modern packaged foods! Mashed potatoes can come from a package . . . vegetables from canned goods shelf or freezer. Almost before you know it, an elegant dinner is ready. Star of the occasion, of course, is luscious coffee-glazed SPAM. And do be sure it's *SPAM*... the unequalled Hormel blend of sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham.

*Coffee-glazed SPAM:* score SPAM, stud with cloves. Spread with glaze mixture: ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tbsp. wine vinegar, 1½ tsp. instant coffee, ⅛ tsp. dry mustard. Bake 25-30 min. at 375° basting occasionally with glaze. Serve with canned butter-browned mushrooms.

SPAM
INGREDIENTS: Chopped pork shoulder meat with ham meat added and salt, water, sugar, sodium nitrite and flavoring
A HORMEL PRODUCT

COLD OR HOT SPAM HITS THE SPOT

In 12 oz. can.

SPAM *is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# North African Nightmare

(Continued from Page 27)

working up to Number Three when our intervention forced them back to One and Two."

It was as good an explanation as I would get of a perplexing situation. What the French are engaged in here is called "pacification," and it is done with soldiers. Four hundred thousand soldiers, all but some 20,000 of them French, are sitting on Algeria at this writing, compared to a mere 80,000 Frenchmen who fought the war in Indochina. There are some regions here where you can't turn around without staring down the bore of a French submachine gun. Yet, withdraw a unit from a village and the rebellion sweeps back in. "Think of a paperweight placed on a stack of papers by the open window," a French official had told me in Algiers.

This is a dirty war. Few prisoners are taken. Both Frenchmen and Algerians accuse each other of atrocities. And no one knows how many victims the rebellion has claimed since its beginning on November 1, 1954. Two hundred thousand, as the rebels say? Seventeen thousand, as the French have stated? There is no Arab casualty list. There is no front. There is, in fact, no enemy. Eight million Moslems live out their routine in towns and villages, and who can tell, by looking at the bearded man behind the wooden plow, what kind of rendezvous he has tonight? Most ambushes are mounted by small groups of minutemen who keep a crossroads date, jump a French convoy and melt back into turbaned anonymity. What you'll find is some stalled jeeps, some riddled bodies, but no *fellaghas*.

"You can see," says Monsieur Vignon, the prefect, "that this is no popular uprising. The vast majority is peaceful." We are in Tizi Ouzou, the toylike little capital of the Kabylie. It's lunchtime, and our host, a tall, good-looking man, wearing an open shirt and slacks, has just come in from a Sunday-morning game of tennis, tagged by his sleek great Dane. "There are no more than sixteen thousand Europeans in the Kabylie, scattered among a million Moslems," he says, over *apéritifs*. "If all these people were against us, would we still be alive?" He is a Frenchman and, therefore, logical. So logical that he left Madame Vignon and their daughter in Paris when he took the job.

But if this is not a rising of the entire population, it is a full-grown revolution, nonetheless. Conquered by France 127 years ago, Algeria has, in fact, never been quite subdued. Her mountain people, in particular, most of whom are of ancient Berber stock, proved quite untamable, and there has been one major rising every thirty years. When, after the Allied landing in Algiers, in 1942, the territory was abuzz with talk of the Four Freedoms, long-smoldering nationalism took on form. "It was the birth of a new hope," an educated Moslem told me.

From various nationalist currents emerged, late in 1954, the National Liberation Front—FLN—which is, today, the spokesman for the revolution. Its aim: a free Algerian nation. Its chiefs almost immediately set up their headquarters in Nasser's hospitable Cairo, where they could operate without French interference.

For the first year or so, the fighting was largely confined to the Kabylie mountains and to the thickly wooded Aurès range. Today, the rebel troops are everywhere and nowhere. Aided by some of the roughest country in the world, full of gullies, gorges and great, rocky outcroppings, they play a game of cops-and-robbers with the exasperated French. In action, they wear uniforms—often as not the same as the French regulars or World War II leftovers anyone can pick up in the bazaars. Their arms, none of them heavier than trench mortars, are a collection of anything that shoots, from 100-year-old blunderbusses and prewar Italian carbines to modern French, Czech, British and American automatics brought in as contraband, by truck or camel, across the long, vague desert borders. No major shipment has been intercepted since last October, when the French captured the yacht Athos, with sixty tons of arms and ammunition out of Egypt.

Few rebel bands are larger than 200 men, and the whole Liberation Army probably numbers no more than 20,000. Thwarted in their attempt to take a town and set up their own government inside the country—they came close to it, once or twice, during the winter of 1955–56—the rebels are now specializing in sabotage and kill-and-run sorties: a train derailed, a bus machine-gunned, a bridge blown up, an orchard burned, a power line taken down, a convoy ambushed. It is a war of nerves as much as anything. "The first dead are inevitably ours," a French lieutenant said.

The question is: How long can France hold on? Flanked by her newly independent sisters, Tunisia and Morocco—both of them former French protectorates—Algeria is all that remains of France's vast North African domain. And, as the mutiny picks up momentum, you hear a voice intoning, "Going, going ——" But this is not a mere protectorate that can be jettisoned like excess furniture. Algeria, under France's law, is an integral part of France, and its 9,000,000 people—Moslems, Christians, Jews—are French citizens.

Just two and a half airplane hours from Marseilles, the territory is a kind of southern suburb. Four times the size of France herself, it has served her well both as a market and as a personal New World where Frenchmen could turn into pioneers. Indeed, the French can rightly say that they have made Algeria; that they have taken this raw hunk of Africa and shaped it into something nice to look at and worth living in. The roads, the schools, the hospitals, the modern cities and the well-kept farms are their creation.

But there are other reasons why France is loath to let Algeria go. The territory's coast line of 650 miles protects the belly of the mother country. And its vast desert tracts reach down into the depth of Africa, linking the French metropolis with her black colonies. "Without Algeria," say the French, "we would become a third-rate power. And, without France," they add, "Algeria would be lost. Far from exploiting the Algerians, we are underwriting their existence. The territory is costing the French taxpayer the staggering amount of four hundred million dollars a year, not counting military expenditures. How could a free Algeria earn her way? The country is not rich—her annual trade deficit comes to some hundred and thirty million dollars. Besides, Algeria never was a nation. Unlike Tunisia and Morocco, she lacks a national tradition. She has no middle class, no leaders, no experts and technicians, no capital and no experience. Give her independence and she will collapse!"

But then, where is the mutiny that would be stopped by reason? "The fiercer our battle, the sooner will the French capitulate," one nationalist said to me. Most Algerians have little to lose. They are as poor as mosque mice. By fighting such mass killers as malaria and curbing infant mortality, the French have parlayed an original Moslem population of fewer than 3,000,000 into 8,000,000, but they have not created enough wealth to go around. The typical Moslem workman is a farm hand, picking grapes, or doing shovel work, at $1.50 a day. Some 400,000 are permanently unemployed, another 250,000 work in France as unskilled laborers. A large portion of the population is undernourished, poorly housed, illiterate. Life, day in, day out, is misery. And with the birth rate going up at a fantastic rate, a blowup of some kind seemed imminent. Even without the nationalists' applying a convenient match, the boiler might have burst.

At any rate, the thing is now exploding. The city of Algiers, a gleaming crescent of white buildings against the deep-blue sky, stands as a monument to European enterprise. Of its 600,000 people, fewer than one half are Moslems. Strolling down the Rue d'Isly or Rue Michelet, with their expensive shops, their banks, their big apartment houses, their crawling traffic and their busy crowd of well-dressed men and women, you have no trouble thinking yourself back in France. Just a few jarring notes show that things are not quite right.

At lunch, for instance, in the dining room of the Alletti, you look up from your soup and see a helicopter hustling by the window; two stretchers are strapped to its sides and you can see the blankets flapping—wounded from the mountains. Or you want to inspect the city's famous tourist lure, the Casbah, and find that teeming beehive of a native quarter sealed off by barbed wire and guarded by heavily armed police: "Not recommended." Or a French friend takes you out for a walk and slips a silver-handled pistol into his pocket as he leaves the house. "A lot of good ——" you can't help thinking.

"Like a bombardment, wouldn't you say?" says Jacques Chevallier, the tweedy, half-American mayor of Algiers, as he unrolls a map of the big city. Each act of terror is represented by a colored dot. Some sectors of the city are covered with a rash of dots. But it occurs to you that this is not like a conventional bombardment, but more like London during the V-2 attacks. You never know. And so you go about your daily chores with an indifference approaching courage.

True, all it takes is for a car to backfire and people all around you jump a little. But the sidewalk cafés, ideal targets for assassins, are crowded as if this were Paris on a spring day; the stores are packed, offices function normally. You see a Moslem nursemaid with three French children crossing the street; they carry yellow toy balloons and blink into

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR

Roughing it at Miami Beach

Florida's Fabulous Fontainebleau Hotel

The Case of the Erudite Jockey

The Surprising Mr. Ted Atkinson

Surgery at Sea

A Short Story by Jacland Marmur

Everybody Laughs at Me

Victor Borge's Own Story

Men Wanted: $25,000 a Year

What You Need for the Big-Pay Jobs

We Started Our Own School

By the Parents of a Nursery-Age Child

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open up your nose–

BREATHE AGAIN
-SLEEP AGAIN!

Stop tossing and turning on those nights when a stuffed-up nose keeps you from falling asleep. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose Drops! A few drops up each side of your nose, as directed in package, and... your nose opens in seconds. You can *breathe* again!

Nothing works like Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops to open a stuffed-up nose. Use it! Breathe again! Sleep again!

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
NOSE DROPS

HOW CAN I CONVERT TRUCKS TO CASH?

DON'T FREEZE operating and expansion capital in today's "tight money" economy . . . don't tie it up in trucks in any money market when full-service NTLS truckleasing furnishes everything but the driver—even your frozen cash! You're released, too, from the headaches of licensing, maintenance, insurance. Learn how you can "own" your fully maintained trucks with a single *cost-known-in-advance* invoice. Write for folder.

NTLS don't buy... LEASE
National
TRUCK LEASING SYSTEM
23 E. JACKSON BLVD. • SUITE S-2
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS
*Members in principal cities*

WHY WASTE GASOLINE?

*Clean your* CARBURETOR *with* GUMOUT *now!*

Just add to the gas—cleans as you drive.

GUMOUT
FOR CARBURETORS
GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

ARMSTRONG
... more EXCLUSIVE features than any other furnace!
ARMSTRONG FURNACE COMPANY
DIVISION NATIONAL UNION ELECTRIC CORPORATION

CORNS Easy-to-use liquid is medicated to dissolve even the toughest corns quickly, safely, painlessly! Don't suffer. Try GETS-IT today! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER


the sun. Only at night, the Algérois prefers to stay indoors, and driving through the city around ten P.M.—two hours before the curfew—is like a visit to a movie set or ghost town. The only human beings in sight are steel-helmeted territorials—civilian volunteers who guard, behind piles of sandbags, the city's nerve centers.

The 1956 crop of assassinations, in Algiers alone, came to about 250. But urban terror did not really get under way until the early summer, when French successes in the mountains turned the attention of the rebels toward the big cities. Algiers, with its great port, its foreign consuls, businessmen, journalists, makes a good showcase.

The pattern is, at first, selective: a French official or collaborating Moslem is shot point-blank by an assassin who quietly steps up behind him and just as quietly drops back into the crowd. A Moslem storekeeper defying a nationalist strike call is taught obedience by a hand grenade. Then, in the fall, a new phenomenon appears. A passenger "forgets" a basketful of fruit in a bus packed with French housewives and their children. Nobody hears the ticking underneath the oranges. On Avenue Franklin Roosevelt, the bomb goes off, wounding and maiming fourteen people. Another bomb explodes in a busy cafeteria, wounding twelve customers. A blast in a department store wounds eleven; another bomb hurts nine in a suburban railway station. And an innocuous-looking beach bag left in a corner milk bar on Rue d'Isly causes the worst disaster yet: fifty-seven wounded, three killed.

In almost every case, the wounds are terrible. Left on the floor, in narrow, crowded places, the bomb strikes from below with the quick fury of a cornered beast, tearing at legs and hands. The milk-bar victims, for example, include a boy of eight who lost a leg; a girl of ten who lost an arm; a girl of eleven with multiple wounds; a woman of sixty-four, a leg amputation; a man of forty-eight, a foot; a girl of five, a leg. And so on down the dreary list of peaceful citizens—most of them Europeans—who had dropped in, during the rush hour, for a cool drink or a dish of ice cream.

From the beginning, the French suspected that these massive outrages were something new. For one thing, the assault is aimless. While the assassin with the shotgun gets his man, the murderer who leaves a time bomb in a fruit basket or handbag cannot know who'll be hurt. For another, these packages of TNT and metal are expertly constructed. Some of them, found before they could go off—one bungler had forgotten to wind the alarm clock—impressed investigators with their excellence, surpassing the crude workmanship of nationalist hand grenades. In short, the French believe that these assaults—unlike the individual attacks on wanted men—are not the work of nationalist rebels. A Frenchman named Fernand Yveton, caught, last November, in the act of depositing a bomb in a locker room of the Algiers gas works, turned out to be a member of the outlawed Communist Party of Algeria—a fact which added a good deal of weight to what had merely been a supposition.

Now, Communism is a diet to which Mohammedans do not take easily. The whole development of the North African rebellion proves that the French are faced with an authentic nationalist liberation movement. A strong Red current runs, however, through Algeria's European colony, affecting such people as doctors, teachers and skilled workers. Considering the fact that in France proper one fourth of the electorate votes Communist, this is hardly surprising.

To the trained Communist, an anti-colonial revolution presents a challenge and an opportunity. He must attempt to penetrate, to dominate and, finally, to lead it. Such an attempt, the French are sure, is being made. They cite, as further proof, the case of warrant officer Maillot, a Communist who, last spring, deserted his French unit with a whole truckload of small arms and joined the rebels; he was killed in a skirmish with the French. Captured documents also show that local Communists, after the Suez occupation, advised the nationalists that they could furnish arms with greater ease and speed than the encumbered Nasser—presumably by direct shipment from Odessa or the Baltic ports. All they demanded, in return, was the control of rebel operations in the field. Their own experiments in butchery, apart from adding to the general tension, may be a demonstration of their superior skill—the sample case accompanying the offer.

Observers here agree that Moslem minds may well turn toward Russia as the fight for freedom becomes desperate. But at this writing there is not a shred of evidence that the Algerian liberation movement has accepted Moscow's overtures. Because most local Communists are Europeans, a love match between nationalists and the disciples of the Kremlin seems unlikely. Nationalist leaders whom I interviewed insisted repeatedly and rather violently on the "anti-foreign" character of their rebellion. "The Communists have tried hard to get in," one of them said. "We have rejected their advances. We are Algerians!" There the matter rests.

Meanwhile, the rebel underground maintains its own momentum by striking terror in the hearts of fellow Moslems. If you can't keep your shop open without having it blown up by a grenade because the nationalists have ordered a strike, you keep the shutters down. If you can't go to school without having your throat slit, you stay away, join the guerrillas and let your education go down the drain. I visited one Moslem high school in a suburb of Algiers, a sprawling, modern structure that would have been the pride of any city. It was deserted except for the headmaster, a French-trained Moslem who sat forlornly in his office—the school strike, he explained, has been in force since May, 1956. Fear even has begun to draw a curtain between friend and friend. Old Moslem acquaintances send their excuses when asked to dinner by French families.

Out in the open country, co-operation of the Moslem villagers may mean survival to a small guerrilla band roaming the woods nearby. In some areas, the rebels are levying a regular tax—about fifty cents a month per family. To carry out an act of sabotage requiring a substantial labor force—the chopping down, say, of a good-sized orchard, the taking up of railway tracks—the rebels may impress the population of entire villages. Informers are assassinated. A French platoon the other night came suddenly upon a kind-looking old Arab struggling to cut down a telegraph pole. "If I refuse, they'll kill me!" he implored the soldiers. "You go ahead, old man," the young lieutenant told him, "and chop it down." Another story tells of a Moslem houseboy who informed his French master he had been ordered to kill him and his family. If not, he would be killed himself. The Frenchman did not argue; he gathered up his family and some belongings and moved away.

As if to keep the *fellaghas* from feeling lonely in their mountain strongholds, a battery of Arab-language radio stations keeps up a cheery chatter. Cairo sells Arab unity, Moscow talks dialectics, Tunisia and Morocco use the simple, nationalist appeal. Radio Damascus really gives its listeners their money's worth, depicting, in a storyteller's singsong, a gorgeous panorama of battles that never took place. The French are on the run! During the Suez crisis, for example, this radio station "sank" a fine French cruiser with 6000 soldiers aboard: "Six thousand Frenchmen eaten by the fishes; the cruiser sank and the six thousand drowned; six thousand Frenchmen were first roasted by Egyptian shellfire, then drowned and eaten by the fishes; the fishes ate six thousand Frenchmen."

This kind of lullaby, received over battered old radio sets in village inns and Arab houses, goes over. It balances, to say the least, the current French line that the rebels will be finished "in a quarter of an hour."

The hero or the villain of the piece, depending on which way you look at it, is the French settler desperately holding on to his Algerian farm. Most of Algeria is unsuitable for farming—nine tenths of it is desert—but in the once-malarial coastal plain, four generations of French colonists have turned a barren wilderness into a smiling Eden.

I visited a 150-acre farm in the flat country east of Algiers, a fertile region rich with fruit, recalling Southern California. My host, Monsieur D., was of Burgundian stock. His grandfather, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, had been rewarded with a small Algerian plot, and the big, rambling house, the orchards, vineyards, wheat fields and tobacco patches we surveyed from his terrace were the handiwork of three generations.

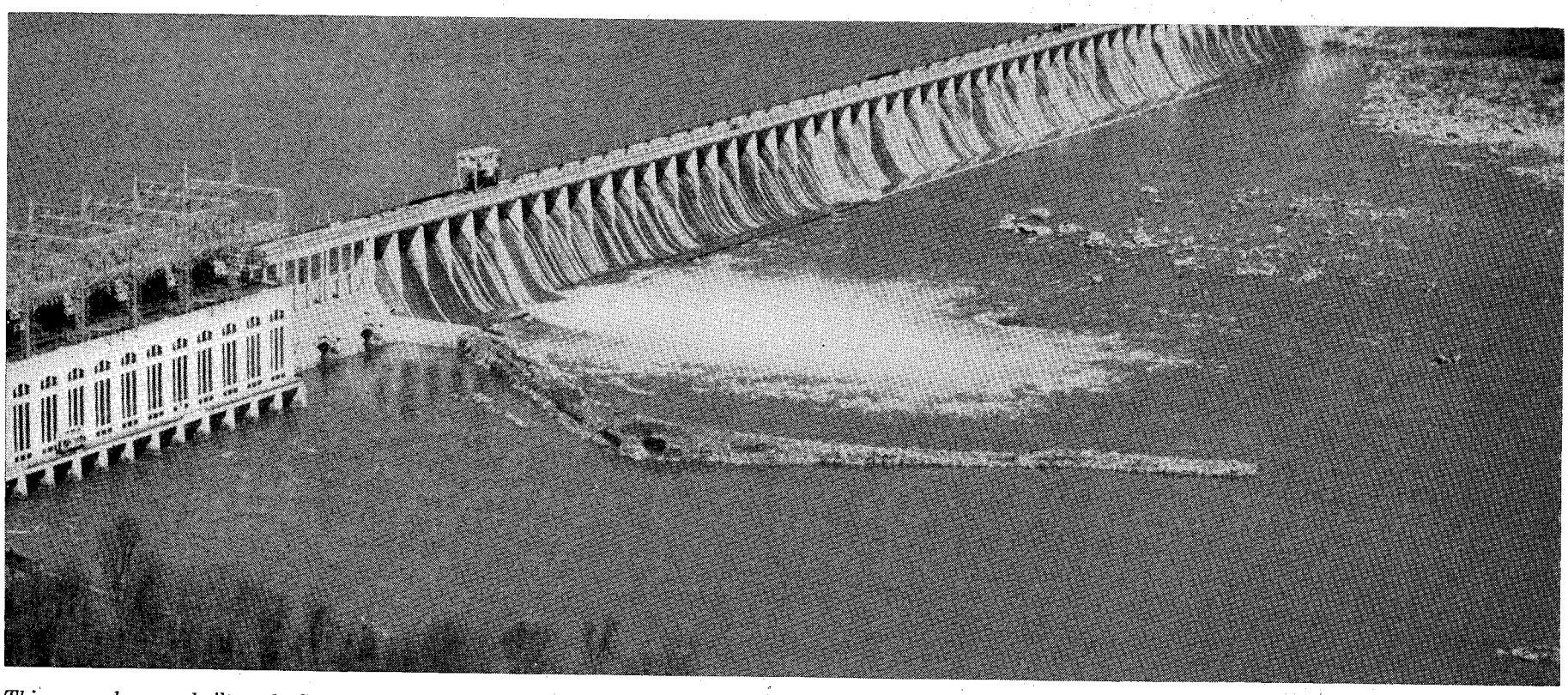
"I'm made for staying," Monsieur D. explained. (*Continued on Page 102*)

"Well, I finally read him to sleep."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

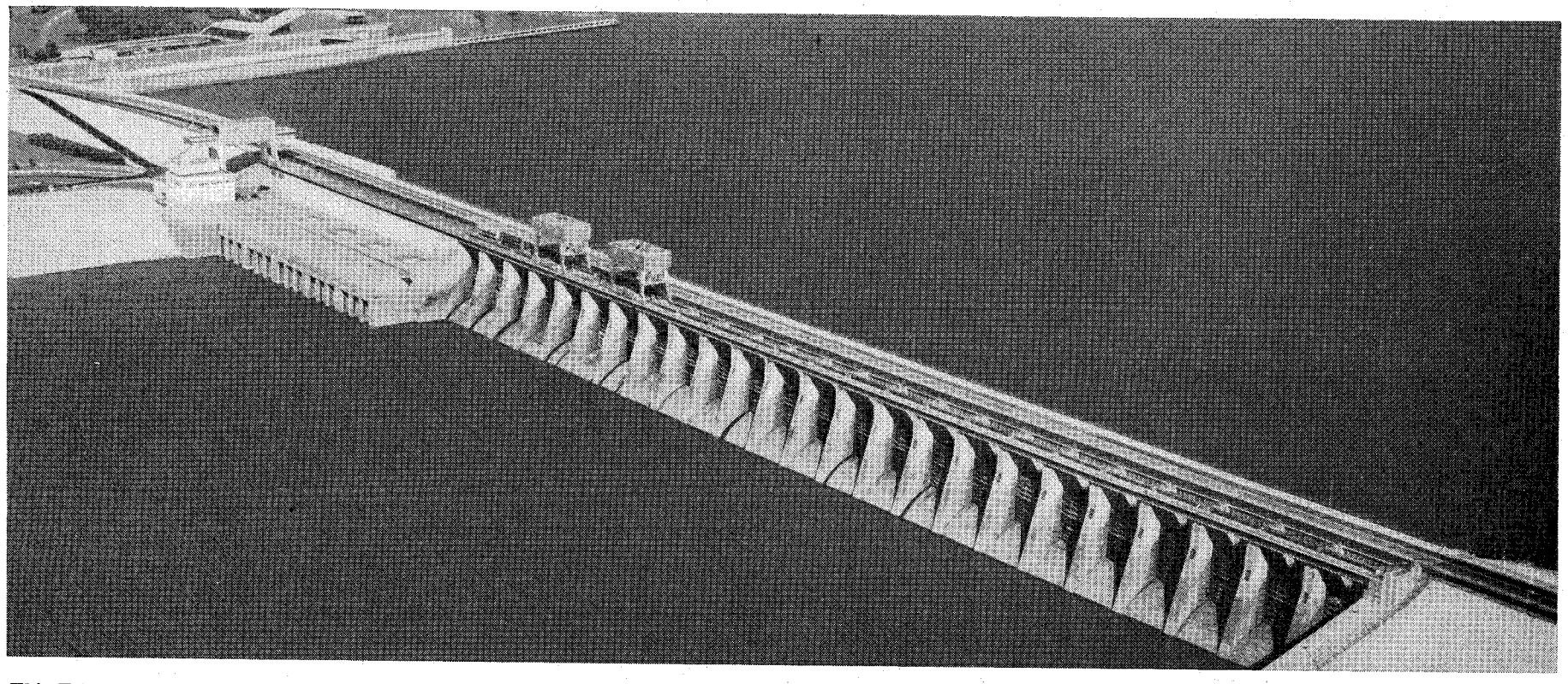
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Why do customers of this power dam...



*This power dam was built on the Susquehanna River near the Pennsylvania-Maryland border by the local independent electric light and power company at no cost to taxpayers.*

# have to help pay electric bills for customers of this one?



*This TVA power dam was built on the Tennessee River near Paducah, Kentucky, by the federal government with millions of dollars that you and other citizens paid in taxes.*

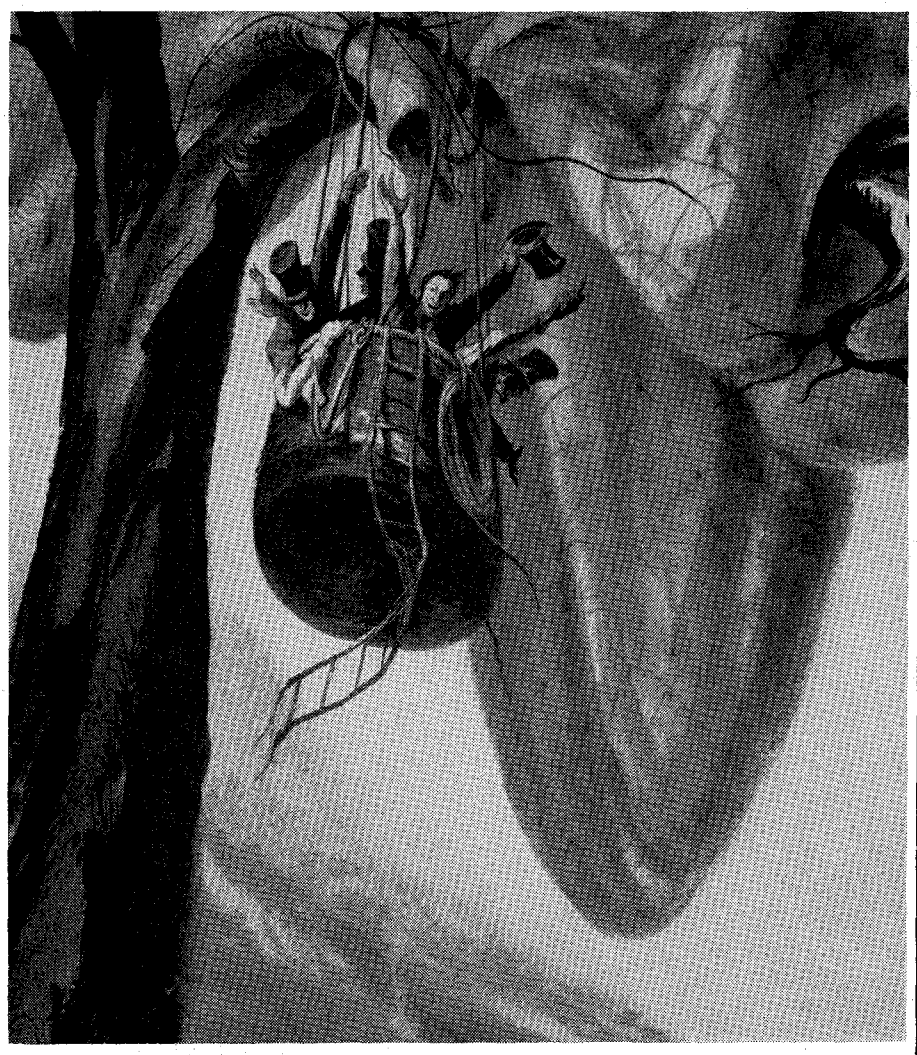
Your taxes help *build* federal government power plants like the one in the lower picture. And these plants *keep on* costing you money year after year. Here's how:

About 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your independent electric light and power company goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, customers of federal power systems escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the federal government's TVA power system, for example. So to make up for the lost tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more*.

Is it fair for you to have to pay extra taxes like this for customers of federal government power systems? Shouldn't something be done about it? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Company names on request through this magazine*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# The old lady gave him what for

*From AMERICAN HERITAGE*

AN OLD LADY living near Henderson, N.Y. in 1859 was shocked at the way the four men had arrived—and said so. Such sensible-looking men in such an outlandish vehicle!

But John Wise and his crew, perched up in a tree, were far too happy to listen. Caught by a storm, their aerial balloon had almost plunged beneath the angry waves of Lake Ontario. Then, after bouncing ashore, they had crashed wildly through a mile of tree-tops before stopping in one.

Now, his poise regained, Wise stood up to proclaim: "Thus ends the greatest balloon voyage ever made." He had come 1200 miles from St. Louis in 19 hours, setting a record unbroken for 60 years.

He had also proved his long-held theory of an earth-circling, west-east air current—and that was far more important to him. For Wise was no carnival balloonist. He was a pioneer scientist of the air, a man whose inquiring mind and courageous spirit helped start the vast forward march of American aviation.

In America's ability to produce such men as John Wise lies the secret of her real wealth. For it is a wealth of human ability that makes our country so strong. And it is this same wealth that makes her Savings Bonds so safe.

168 million Americans back U.S. Savings Bonds—back them with the best guarantee you could possibly have. Your principal guaranteed safe to any amount—your interest guaranteed sure—by the greatest nation on earth. If you want *real* security, buy U.S. Savings Bonds. Get them at your bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. And hold on to them.

**PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS**

*The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.*

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL


(*Continued from Page 100*) "My children and their children live on nearby farms. Where on earth would we go if we had to leave Algeria?" He evidently meant it. There were so many watchdogs in the kennel you could hardly hear your own voice. Trip wires were strung across the fields, a wire around the yard connected with a signal gun, flares could be sent up from a window, and five of D.'s own Moslem farm hands were armed with rifles—you can still do that sort of thing—and taking turns at sentry duty. Monsieur and Madame D., he told me, were sleeping with their individual shotguns by their sides, and, at the slightest noise, the master of the house would rush out to reconnoiter.

"There was this vague, gray mass moving toward the house, the other night," he said. "I called out twice, no answer, so I fired. *Eh bien*, I shot a donkey."

Thus far, only one of D.'s farm hands had been found strangled, but not dead, and only a few of his tobacco sheds had been burned down, but other farmers are less lucky. A farmhouse burned—200 orange trees cut down—a farmer and his wife ambushed and shot—a farm hand massacred: Algeria's farmers' almanac makes nasty reading. Yet, these French settlers have no place to go. France? Only a minority are, like the D.'s, of French descent; the rest are Spaniards, Corsicans, Maltese, whose forebears were invited in by the French to develop the country. They are, by now, a race apart, citizens of a world with wide horizons who would not feel at home in the old country. They are, as D. had put it, "made for staying."

And they are bristling with determination. Fed up with a French policy which has been blowing alternately hot and cold for years, most of these settlers stand for a tough line of action. Together with the local banking, mining and commercial interests, they form a pressure group which even France's present socialist administration does not dare ignore. However, the French settler's plight is but one aspect of the bigger problem—the future of Algeria's 1,200,000 non-Moslems.

The vast majority of this mixed group—which includes nearly 200,000 Jews who have lived here since the dawn of our era and became French citizens in 1870—are "little people": shopkeepers, employees, civil servants, mechanics, taxi drivers and artisans. Thanks to a complicated system which made one European ballot worth eight Moslem votes, they have been able to control the administration on all levels, and, as a group, to maintain a well-defined, well-buttressed superiority. Many of them are ready to admit that you can't turn the clock back, and that only concessions could still save the situation. But, frequently enough, it is the "little fellow" who, worried and confused, may tell you that a show of force is needed and that, once you've killed a million Moslems, things would return to normal very quickly. Stripped of the armor of his caste, with no protection from the French police, he sees his group as an oppressed minority.

When, last December twenty-eighth, a nationalist fanatic shot and killed a leading Frenchman, Amédée Froger, on Rue Michelet, the pent-up feelings of Algiers' non-Moslem population burst into open flame. Froger, whose family had been established in Algeria for 120 years, had represented the "hard" point of view; negotiations with the rebels, to him, were utterly out of the question, and his outspokenness had made him both a mouthpiece and a symbol of extremism. His funeral, on December twenty-ninth, provided the excuse for a non-Moslem rampage during which Moslem shops were sacked, automobiles burned or turned over, and Moslem bystanders pursued and beaten. When it was over, six Moslems had been lynched and about sixty wounded were in hospitals. The tempo of nationalist terror has been stepped up since then—possibly with an eye on the United Nations' Algeria debate—and Algiers, at this writing, registers two or three outrages every day.

What are the chances of a compromise? France's position, there is no denying it, has worsened during the last year. Tunisia and Morocco, which had long fought for independence alongside their Algerian brethren, became free nations in May, 1956, and now keep up the pressure for a free Algeria. France needs the friendship of these two new Moslem states. Last October, the Sultan of Morocco and Habib Bourguiba, Tunisia's able prime minister, invited five Algerian rebel leaders to a conference, in a joint effort to arrange a French-Algerian compromise. The French, however, suddenly decided to force down the plane which was to carry the Algerian exiles from Rabat to Tunis—and the quintet is now in a French jail. This unexpected bit of gamesmanship infuriated both the sultan and Bourguiba, and negotiations for the five Algerians' release are under way.

The French, determined to hold on, are not unwilling to make some concessions. France's resident minister, Robert Lacoste, a stocky, rough trade-union man, backed up by "special powers" voted him by the French Parliament, has set in motion a reform program which would give Moslems equal rights with European voters within the framework of a strictly limited autonomy. As soon as possible after a cease fire, elections for mixed Moslem-European local and general assemblies would be held. At the same time, the educational and living standards of the population would be raised and there would be more government jobs for Moslems.

While many colonists—who liked Lacoste as long as he was merely fighting rebels—oppose this program as too soft, the nationalists look at "reforms" as totally beside the point.

They want one thing, and one thing only: independence. Quite willing to let Frenchmen be, and eager to avail themselves of French experience, capital and skill, they are not likely to lay down their arms until they have been promised independence.

"We do want ties with France," one Moslem said, "but the relationship must not be that of horse and rider."

Behind the rebels stands the Arab world, an angry throng in motion; and behind it loom the great onion steeples of the Kremlin. For the American observer on the spot, the spectacle is not a happy one. While our sympathies go out, intuitively, to people wishing to assume "the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them," the French are our friends and allies. Moreover, their eviction from this strategic corner would leave a vacuum. It is not hard to guess who would rush in.

As bitterness is growing deeper on both sides, time for a talk is running out. But at this moment, talking might still produce an understanding by which both parties pledge themselves to coexist in peace during a period of gradual disengagement. Coached by her former masters until she is ready to assume full nationhood, a free Algeria might then link arms with her two Moslem neighbors, Tunisia and Morocco, to form a commonwealth where French ideas rather than French guns maintain the balance for the West.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to be Happy Though Incompatible

(Continued from Page 30)

and he wants to tell her about the knockout, she is relaxed and interested instead of impatient and scornful. For one of the many marital paradoxes is that though she needs closeness and sharing more than he does, he needs her approval and interest a hundred times more than she ever needs his.

It is hard to realize that something isn't necessarily superior just because we like it, for if we like it, of course, it seems superior. Maybe men can grasp this basic fact more easily than women. An engineer I know told me about having lunch with a bunch of draftsmen and one of them said to another, "I don't see how you can eat French apple pie. I don't like it." The whole table roared and for months afterward they quoted it.

Probably a wife ought to expose herself to the things her husband gets fun out of. She might find she liked fights and baseball if she watched them a while. Even if she never became a fan, she might find she liked being with him enough to make it worth while. If, after a moderate try, she still hates fights and baseball, so what? But it's pretty dumb to feel scornful of what he likes just because you don't like it. Relax and accept him. Let him relax and be himself and he is almost certain to accept you. What's wrong between men and life today is that they can't be themselves enough. Trying day and night to be something they aren't is killing a good many of them and making more of them tense and ailing. When, about a year ago, I first questioned in this magazine (OUR MEN ARE KILLING THEMSELVES, January 28, 1956) whether life today was agreeing with American men I got a letter from a man in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "Few men," he wrote, "can stand the strain of battling the competitive world all day and battling all night with the little woman who is convinced that mother knows best." And I'm afraid he has a point there.

Of course you are incompatible in a hundred different ways. Almost every couple is. But simply liking to live together is being compatible. The dictionary defines this with charming simplicity as "capable of coexisting in harmony," and the really interesting word in that definition is "capable." There is nothing there about liking all the same things or having all the same opinions or even about its being easy.

Probably the happiest couples either naturally follow Thurber's advice and let their minds alone or have learned to. I have often thought how lucky women were who didn't have to talk about everything, who could just accept differences and silences and take love for granted, the way so many men do. But most of us aren't like that. Most of us—and it may be a feminine strength, not to be too accepting, to be forever striving for a better relationship—most of us are apt to give considerable thought to the great gaps in our marriages.

Any woman who finds herself really brooding about how incompatible she and her husband are, might try sitting down and making a list of all the things they don't have in common. It may be a little frightening, but words on a piece of paper never killed anyone and the list won't be any good if it isn't complete. So write down every single irritating incompatibility, however bitter it makes you feel.

One woman made a list something like this: He is naturally quiet. She is naturally noisy. He is undemonstrative. She needs to show affection and have it shown to her. He likes to go to bed early. She likes to stay up and be gay. He likes classical music. She likes jazz. He is careful and meticulous. She is careless and absent-minded. He hates anybody else using his things. She tends to pick the nearest towel off the rack. He hates to talk problems out. She wants to talk everything out. He has a passion for travel. She would rather go native on a deserted beach. But there is one more difference which tends to cancel out all the others on that long list: He likes her. She likes him.

Only why? With such a long list of frustrating differences, why don't those two drive each other crazy? As the wife contemplated that long list, it worried her and then, comically, it began to worry her that they seemed to get along so well in spite of it, that all the things which should have driven them crazy were never more than mildly irritating. How could this be, she wondered. So she tried making another list, of all the things they had in common, and what turned up on that list was rather surprising. Apparently they operated on the same wave length. They both thought fast and talked fast and walked fast. They both ate fast and both periodically worried about it and tried not to. They usually laughed at the same things. The times when they got ready for a party together or did the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

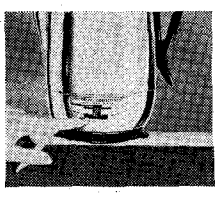
"I get to sleep about ten minutes longer."

UNIVERSAL Coffeematic
with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR

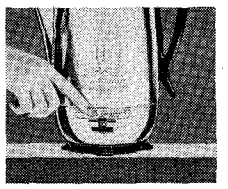
No guessing . . . no watching . . . no reheating
. . . it's Completely automatic!

Coffeematic does it all! The magical Flavor-Selector lets you choose the exact strength you want and from then on you're sure of that same wonderful coffee every time . . . automatically. And whatever brand of coffee you prefer, Coffeematic will bring out the full flavor, for it never boils in a Coffeematic, preventing any bitter taste. It's the fastest, finest way to *good* coffee.

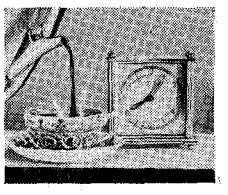
*Ten-cup model shown, $29.95.*
*In copper, $32.95. Other models from* $26.95



**NO GUESSING**
Flavor-Selector gives the exact strength you prefer every single time.



**NO WATCHING**
Redi-Lite glows to show when coffee is brewed to the strength chosen.



**NO REHEATING**
Heat-Sentinel keeps your coffee at the perfect serving temperature.

UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*because it's moved by*

**American Red Ball**

**CERTIFIED PERFORMANCE!**

In all the nation, only American Red Ball offers you a *written guarantee* of complete satisfaction . . . the famous Certificate of Performance! Because of this exclusive feature, all your possessions receive extra-careful, individual attention from pickup to delivery. And remember, it's Certified . . . in writing!

***Excellent storage facilities everywhere.***

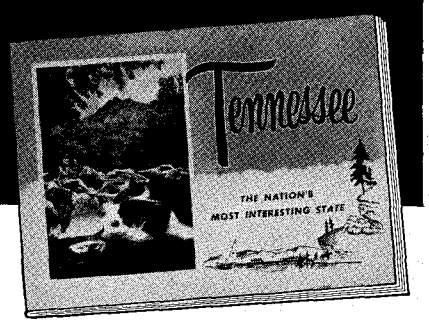
AMERICAN RED BALL

FOR A FREE WRITTEN ESTIMATE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AMERICAN RED BALL AGENT — LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR DIRECTORY

**AMERICAN RED BALL**
TRANSIT COMPANY, INC.
1000 Illinois Bldg., Dept. S-2, Indianapolis, Indiana



THIS YEAR.. see
**TENNESSEE**




send for **FREE COLOR BOOK**

Treat your family to a 3-way vacation that includes mountains, lakes, and history. They'll ride highways into the sky in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park; fish, boat and swim in Tennessee's 20 Great Lakes; see the homes of three presidents, historic battlefields, TVA dams, and the world's only Atomic Energy Museum at Oak Ridge. Yes, for three vacations in one, see Tennessee. Send now for free 40-page color book.

*Mail Coupon Today*

Tennessee Division of Information
1541 Cordell Hull Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.
*Please send Free Color Book*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____


dishes together, they functioned like one person. They never really got in each other's way. They were simply a good team.

It is considerably harder, no doubt, for husbands and wives to live with their incompatibilities if they operate on different wave lengths, if the husband is always prompt and the wife always late, if the husband always has to wonder whether his wife will get the point of the joke, or vice versa. But it may have been just those differences which attracted them to each other in the first place. She may have fitted his dream of a woman who might slow up his life and make existence peaceful and gentle. She may have wanted a dynamo to make her blood run faster. Or it might be the other way around. Differences can be very nourishing if you don't waste your time and energy fighting them.

Here is how that happily married incompatible couple resolved their conflicts.

You can't make a quiet man noisier, but you can make a noisy woman a little quieter. He says, "Hush, dear," now and then, but smiles when he says it.

You can never make an undemonstrative man really demonstrative, but he could realize the need for expressing his love in some fashion, and try. She could realize how desperately important her easy show of affection was to him. This husband once found his wife crying out of sheer frustration. When she said desperately that she could not spend her life doing all the giving, he answered in a rare burst of articulateness, "I know. I know, but that is why I wanted to marry you. Because I needed so terribly what you can give so easily."

They come home early from parties most of the time. At their own parties he goes to bed when he feels like it and the party goes on without him. When they are alone, she goes to bed early with him; then gets up and reads in the middle of the night. Sometimes she goes to operas and concerts with him. Sometimes he goes alone. She finds other people to listen to jazz with her.

He manages to be careful for both of them, which sometimes annoys him, but more often makes him feel indulgent and superior. She has bought him some huge bath towels with his own initials on them which are so sacred the family would dry with the shower curtain before they'd touch those towels.

They seldom talk things out. Occasionally she pushes a discussion, but over the years she has learned that many things can be solved without words. This, she says, has been the hardest incompatibility to cope with, but in the long run it has made her more intuitive than she would once have thought possible.

On vacations they travel, because she can have fun traveling and he can't have fun just sitting on a beach, but she has developed a divining rod for any remote beaches on their itinerary.

It may have emerged which one has done most of the adapting and yielding. And I am afraid this is inevitable, not because it is our duty to revolve around our husbands, nor because men have any God-given right to be set in their ways, but because if we don't adapt, the chances are no one will, and because closeness is apt to be more important to us than doing what we want.

All this doesn't mean there is no point in trying to sell your interests to your husband. Living ought to be an endless corridor with an endless number of doors which have still to be opened. Half the fun of being married is opening those doors together or for each other. Any wife can probably get her husband, in time, to like at least half the things she enjoys which he originally thought were for the birds. But you have to be pretty relaxed about it.

If you say, "Oh, dear, he'll never enjoy this the way I do," or even think, "That dumb cluck, he has no taste," the gap will get wider and wider. But if he doesn't like what you like now and you are relaxed about it, maybe he will next year or year after next. One thing about incompatibilities is that they do offer endless doors which may someday be opened—endless wide-open spaces for each of you to grow into.

Years ago, a book I read gave a diverting recipe for enjoying life to the very end.

Each year, it said, deliberately do something which, a year ago, you would have considered impossible. This can be something as simple as starting to read the funny papers or as difficult as giving up smoking or staying alone in a house when you are afraid. It could even be having too much to drink for once or not asking your husband if he loves you. It could be getting on a horse and going on a pack trip or actually sticking to a budget for six months. My husband has never yet read the funny papers. I consider this cultural impoverishment, but he may walk through that door yet.

Those empty places where you are incompatible have an important use, even if neither of you can ever grow into them. They leave room where each of you can turn around and feel free. What seems like incompatibility may really be just a normal need for privacy. No two people can share everything without getting ingrown and sooner or later feeling trapped. If a man turns on the TV when his wife is trying to talk, maybe he just has a desperate need to be alone for a while. Women, as soon as their children are in school, ordinarily have much more privacy than men. A woman may feel she has too much, and a good many of us have, but we don't realize, often, how we soak up the peace of an empty house. We are apt to be ready for companionship just because we have soaked it up. But the world has been beating all day on most men. They may need to withdraw a good many evenings a week to keep quite literally from cracking up. It can be hard on us, sometimes very hard, but not too hard if we realize we aren't being snubbed, they're just tired.

A man may want to take a walk alone sometimes, and why shouldn't he? Walking alone is the only way some people can work certain problems out. He may want to go to sleep in front of the fire or in front of the TV, and when his wife, looking at him, starts thinking, *That great clod*, she might try adding up the number of people he has had to talk to all day. A doctor I know has to talk and listen to an average of a hundred people a day, seventy or eighty of them patients who need and expect help.

Obviously if a man wants to be alone every night, it only makes sense to start asking yourself why. Maybe life at home isn't very interesting and you can think of ways of giving it a lift. Maybe he's worried or depressed about something and needs to talk about it, but doesn't know how to start. But everyone has to have a certain amount of solitude to marshal his resources, and no woman should go around thinking it is a failure on her part or a failure of her husband's love if he cannot be actively sharing life with her every hour of every evening in the year. No wife has ever lost a husband yet by leaving him free to be himself.

A marriage may seem easier in the early years if all along the line from bed and breakfast to books and barbecue sauce a husband and wife mirror each other. But there is a big question of where, if they start like that, they are going to end up in twenty or thirty or even fifty years. They are bound to grow static if neither of them ever changes, yet as soon as one of them does change there are the makings of an incompatibility, for it may mean opening a door the other is not equipped to walk through. If two people start out with tremendous differences and resolve them over a lifetime of living together, they have a strength, inside each of them and between them, that nothing can take away. A good marriage made of an improbable combination is probably the strongest and most relaxed kind of marriage there is.

The woman who made that long list of incompatibilities and then realized that in spite of it she and her husband seldom got on each other's nerves said to him on their tenth anniversary, "It couldn't be simpler, really. I'd just rather be incompatible with you than compatible with anyone else."

This is the second of two articles, selected from the book Help Your Husband Stay Alive, by Hannah Lees, to be published on March 15 by Appleton-Century Crofts, Inc. —The Editors

"Now, I suppose you want to go home."

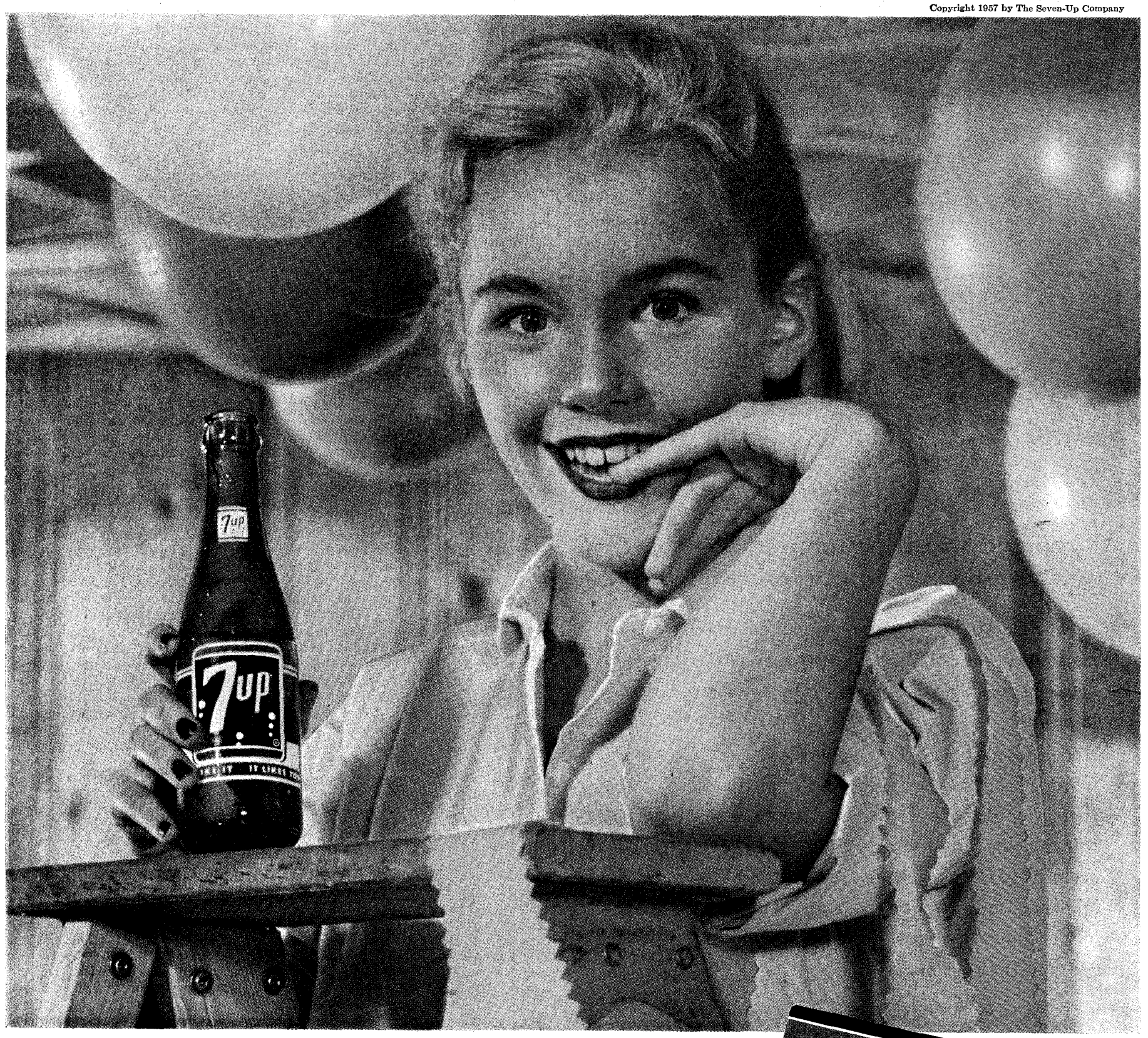
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *You're sure to "have a ball" with this*

# real thirst-quencher !

Copyright 1957 by The Seven-Up Company




● Biggest wing-ding of the semester—or just Saturday night in the rumpus room—a party is fun! And where there's fun, 7-Up is right in step. It's so lively and sparkling!

Happens to be the best thirst-quencher there is, too. When you finish a bottle of 7-Up, there's no come-back thirst . . . no sticky taste in your mouth to bother you.

Ask 7-Up to *your* party! Everybody will be glad you did!

7up®

*"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!*

## Nothing does it like Seven-Up !

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Look, Pal...

**you're wasting money driving with those worn-out piston rings**

Oil-pumping is the first sign of worn-out piston rings. And worn-out piston rings mean power drop-off —costly wastage of gas and oil—expensive repairs later on.

The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he recommends new piston rings, ask him for Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service . . . to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need . . . to stop oil-pumping, save gasoline, restore lost performance.

Truly the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

HASTINGS
PISTON RINGS

*TOUGH on oil-pumping • GENTLE on cylinder walls*

*You can buy these Hastings Products with confidence:*
Piston Rings, Casite, Wear Reducer, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

# My Sister's Mistake (Continued from Page 35)

Well what coud I do as I knew she woud kill me if she found me hideing there while she was kissing somebody, so I just laid low and have never heard anything like the corny remarks that came to my ears from G. Lester Boone II, but I will not repeat what came to my ears as it was mostly all darlings and honeys and oh sweethearts and etc. Then there was a dead silents and I peaked over again and if he didnt pull something out of his pocket and put it on Sue's finger and it was a ring with a dimond as big as one of my peewee marbles. There now we are really engaged is what I heard from G. Lester Boone II and Sue let out a squeek and said oh Lester what a gorjous ring, I feel like I am dreaming.

Well I felt like I did when I ate too much mince pie last Christmas, I ate my regular 2 pieces at the table and then 2 more in the kitchen when everbody else was in the liven room watching TV in a kind of stoopor, but will skip over that as it makes me sick to my stummick just to think of it. But that is the way I felt about my sister Sue getting engaged to G. Lester Boone II. Because I always sapposed she woud marry Tom Stanton which is a swell guy no older than Sue and maybe not as rich as G. Lester Boone II but Tom Stanton woud not be caught dead in a mustash or brass buttons. Also he is a real sailer, sailing his own boat a 28 ft. yawl not a landlubbers house-boat. Also he went to Bay Street School like me, then to Harvard makeing a 90 yd. run for a t.d. against Yale. Tom lives right here where he was born on Main Street in a big old house bilt by one of his family ancesters, and also kicked the goal after t.d. against Yale. He is a pardner in the Lymington Boat Works which aught to be good enough for any girl, as our Boat Works bilds the best motor-sailers also other boats in the whole U.S.A. But wait till you hear what my dum sister said to Tom Stanton about his sticking to the Boat Works. You woud not believe even a girl coud be so dum.

But to go back to G. Lester Boone II, right after he got engaged to Sue he had to leave and good riddants because he had to go to some wedding on Fishers Island with his fokes in their house-boat. He said he woud be gone over night and coud hardly bare to be gone from Sue that long altho I coud bare it if he was gone for good. But anyway he said goodby to Sue and you never heard such mush and more kissing till honestly I woud rather eat too much mince pie again, I am not kidding. So they went out in the hall and I thought I woud wait a few minits to be sure the coast was clear before I climbed down and then I heard sort of mixed voices in the hall and a good thing I waited because all at once here came Sue back in the libary and guess who was with her, Tom Stanton.

Well, they set down on the couch and Tom saw the ring right away and said what is that ring. So Sue told him she just got engaged to G. Lester Boone II, only she called him Lester, and Tom said Sue your crazy you cant marry that guy. So Sue said why not is anything wrong with him and Tom said no, but you cant marry anybody but me, it has been in the cards since we were kids. So Sue said then Im mixing up the cards because I love Lester and anyway I dont want to marry a small town man.

But you are a small town girl Tom said, and Sue said yes but Im not going to be one all my life, oh I know what it woud be like if I married you Tom. I woud set home and keep house for you and dust that old furniture of yours and have people to dinner I have known since we were all in dipers and you woud go to that stupid Boat Works every day till you are old and dottering, and twice a year you woud take me on the Off Soundings Cruise and a 2 weeks cruise to Maine every summer, and who woud do the cooking I woud, in that galley of yours thats so small I have to stand in it edgeways, and ½ the time the hand pump is stuck and the cabin trunk leaks or else I am up foreward blowing the fog horn in a fog or helping you reef down in a blow and I am wet and cold and seasick and woud rather be anywheres on earth but in that leaky old yawl of yours.

Well that was about what Sue said to Tom Stanton and Tom said why Sue if you dont like my boat I will bild you a new one, and Sue sort of squeeked and said no it wasnt just the boat, it was everything about this stupid small town life, she woud have a much more brodening life, that is what she said brodening, with Lester. You woud have more money Tom said and Sue flaired up and said I am not marrying him for his money and Tom said what are you marrying him for his mustash.

Well then Sue really got mad and told Tom he coud go, that she never wanted to see him again. So he said at least you coud kiss me goodby, and Sue said no she woudent kiss him, and Tom said you cant be so sure you love Lester if your afraid to kiss me. So then Sue said you are intirely mistaken I am not afraid to kiss you, then kiss me Tom said and Sue said all right I will, and Tom said go ahead and Sue said all right I will and she did. So that was two she kissed in about ½ hour. So then Tom said goodby Sue, if you are really going to marry Lester I wish you lots of luck, you will need it. Then he went out of the libary.

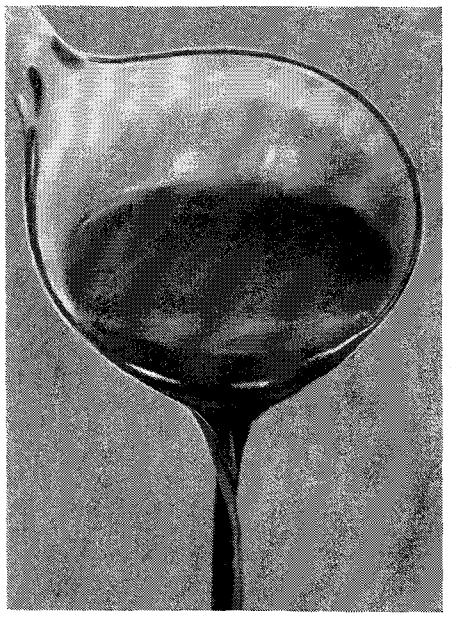
Well Sue bust out crying. Well I do not understand girls because here she had just what she wanted meaning G. Lester Boone II, yet she set there balling till I thought I woud never get down from that book case. But then something happened that took me by suprize also Sue, as I dropped my cap pistol. It landed right in front of her and the cap was still in it and when it hit the floor it went off. Bam and then CRACK. Well Sue jumped up like she was shot, but she is sort of used to things like that happening in our house, she says she can always tell when I am around as funny things seem to happen, so when she saw the pistol she didnt even look up, she just said come down out of there you little retch.

So I climbed down and Sue had my pistol and she said I ought to crack you on the head with this Willie Winship. So I said what for, I was only takeing my nap when you woke me up kissing first one guy then another, and Sue said did you see everything and I said what I dident see I heard, how coud I help it. So then Sue changed her voice and said we have always been friends as well as brother and sister havent we Willie, and I said sometimes, and she said Willie please dont tell mama and papa about this, I dont want them to know Im engaged to Lester just yet. So I said they will know it when they see that dimond as big as a marble on your finger.

So Sue said they are going to the convention at Hartford tomorrow I will show them the ring when they get back. So then she took off the ring and said lend me your hankerchief Willie. Well no sooner said than done as I still had on my Sunday suit with the hankerchief in the pocket that mama always makes me wear to Sunday School. So Sue took my hankerchief and rapped the ring in it and then put it down the front of her dress.

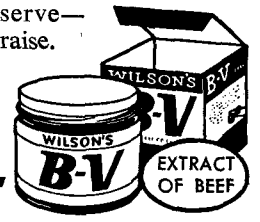
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILSON'S **B-V** gives Gravy that T-Bone Taste

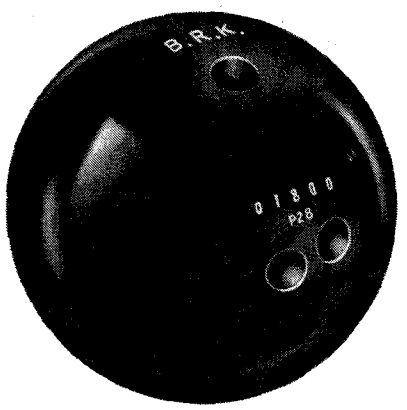


Hearty, rich brown gravy every time. So easy—just blend 4 tablespoons drippings in meat pan, blend in 4 tablespoons flour, add 2 cups hot water or milk with teaspoon of B-V. Cook until thickened—serve—expect high praise.

**Leading Chefs add B-V to hamburgers, meat loaf, stews, soups, too!**




**BOWLING BALL**




YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until May 31, 1957. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**933 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.**

ARMSTRONG
**... more EXCLUSIVE features than any other furnace!**
ARMSTRONG FURNACE COMPANY
DIVISION NATIONAL UNION ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Well the next day was like summer tho the middle of Sept. and mama and papa left early to drive to the convention at Hartford. So I thought of playing hookey from school as school started last week, the worst week in the hole year because it is the farthest week from next summer. But my sister Sue must be a mined reader or something because when it came time for the bus she walked to the bus stop on Main street with me and anyway what is the use of playing hookey just one day in Sept. when you got all those weeks of school streching ahead of you till you think it will never be vacation again.

Well when I got home that afternoon, Sue was waiting for me with a very funny look on her face, a sort of fearce look, also she was wearing the ring that G. Lester Boone II gave her. So I said what are you looking so fearce for and she said Willie I am going to commit a Crime, do you want to help me.

Well naturely I said yes, so she said, can you get the dingey and row it around to that little beach under our sea wall and I said I coud if the tide was right and she said it was slack tide which was O.K., as you can beach a boat on the sand at the foot of our sea wall when it is low tide and calm like today. So then I said, what is the Crime we are going to commit and Sue said we are going to drown Annie. What Annie I said not old Annie Hicks that brings eggs to mama and Sue said no never mind what Annie and I said I woudent do it till she told me what Annie. So then she said here is the Annie I mean, so she reached behind a pillow on the sofa and pulled out her big old doll Annie.

Well I reckonized the doll right away as I was up in our attic with mama one time when she was cleaning our attic and she took this doll out of a trunk to dust it and told me it was Sue's favorite doll when she was little which she named Annie for a aunt that was sapposed to leave Sue some money but left her a prair book instead of the money and mama told me something else about the doll which I forget now. Then mama rapped it up in tisha paper and put it back in the trunk. Well I been practising to be a detective all summer so I knew right away where Sue had been that afternoon. So I said I know where you got that doll, out of that old trunk in the attic, but do not understand your motiv as you can not drown a doll.

Well at least I can sink her in the Bay Sue said, and besides Annie is more than a doll, she is a person and I got to get her out of my life. Well then I said put her in the trash, Mr. Trotter the trash colleckter comes tomorrow, he is my friend and I will tell him not to be suprized at a doll in our trash can. But Sue said she coudent put dear Annie in the trash can, she woud rather drown her. So I said well then just throw her over the sea wall. But Sue said oh no it would be hartless to just throw poor Annie over the sea wall. So nothing woud do but we had to take her out in the dingey and drown her in deep water.

So I went to get the dingey, as it is no use argueing with a girl, and anyway it was better than haveing Sue remember to tell me to practise my piece on the piano. I am learning a piece called Narsissus where you have to cross one hand over the other and it is very hard to do, also who wants to learn Narsissus, so I went out and went over to our next door neigbor Mr. Silas the lobstermans dock where he lets us moor our dingey.

Well Mr. Silas is another friend of mine, a swell guy and has the best lobsters on the hole coast of Conn., everbody says so, also we are both Red Sox fans and sometimes he takes me out in his boat when he is halling his pots. So he came out on the dock when I was pulling the dingey in to the landing stage and said going fishing Willie, as I often fish for flounders from the dingey haveing a fish box bilt like a drawr under the seat. But I said no Im just going rowing and Mr. Silas said well dont row too far, I heard on the radio theres a storm comeing up the coast, the man says it will miss us but I dont like the looks of this weather, its too hot and still. So I said I woudent row far, but did not tell Mr. Silas I was going to help my sister drown a doll as he woud think I did not have good sense trying to drown a doll.

So I rowed away from the dock and back up the shore to our sea wall and Sue had already climbed down the wall to the sand as the stones stick out so you can climb down. So I turned the dingey around and backed in to the sand so Sue coud get in over the stern. Well all at once looking at her standing there on the beach hugging that doll I remembered what else mama told me about that doll. Mama said when Sue was little Tom Stanton woud come over to play with her and they woud play house in the alcove in our libary. Sue was the mama and Tom was the papa and the doll Annie was their baby. Well no wonder I forgot that, as I woud rather think of Tom Stanton running 90 yds. against Yale, but anyway thats what mama told me and she said

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Baxter, I understand your wife has taken a job."

Wait...
Wait...
Wait...

**Why?**

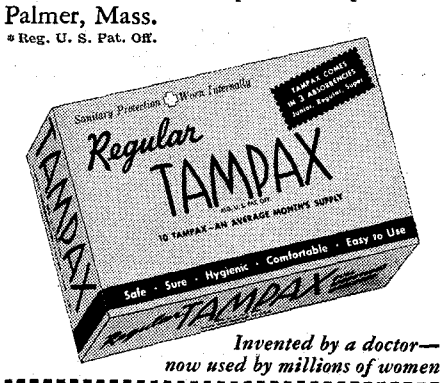
There's absolutely no reason why every normal woman, married or unmarried, shouldn't use Tampax. Millions and millions of women all over the world, have used billions of doctor-invented Tampax. Why shouldn't you?

What are you waiting for? Why should you continue to play "martyr" when Tampax* internal sanitary protection will make you less conscious of "time of the month" . . . permit you to continue all your normal activities unhampered by annoying reminders? It helps women everywhere to be carefree, poised. Why not you?

Just read a few of the many advantages you receive by using Tampax: No chafing! No belt-pin-pad harness! Can't feel Tampax when in place! No chance of odor forming! Easy to dispose of! Convenient to carry extras!

So do try Tampax this very month. You're the one who benefits! Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to provide for individual needs. At drug and notion counters everywhere. Economy package gives average 4-months' supply. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


Sanitary Protection When Internally
TAMPAX COMES IN 3 ABSORBENCIES
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe · Sure · Hygienic · Comfortable · Easy to Use
TAMPAX

*Invented by a doctor—*
*now used by millions of women*

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they never had any other childern, just Annie.

Well then Sue climbed in the dingey and set down in the stern with the doll and I waited till a swell lifted her off her bottom and then started rowing. I rowed out toward the Watch Hill channel and I said to Sue, I know why you want to get rid of Annie. So she said why and I said because she reminds you of Tom Stanton and Sue said not at all and then she said oh you little feend how did you know. So then I told her what mama told me.

Well first Sue got red as a beat and then she looked like somebody which is going to be sea sick. Are you going to be sea sick I said and she said no just shut up and then she sort of shuttered and turned her head to one side and flang Annie over the other side as far as she coud which wasent very far. Splash went the doll and Sue said goodby oh goodby Annie, oh Willie turn around quick and row back, I dont want to see poor Annie drown. So I pulled hard on one oar to turn the dingey around but then I saw Annie in the water. So I said it is not goodby, that doll isent drowning she is floating on top of the water.

So then Sue looked and said oh my goodness Willie we cant leave her floating like that, row close to her and push her under. So I rowed close to Annie and forgot to say she has blue eyes that move. So when I reached out to push her a wave made her roll her eyes and she looked right up at me. Also she has a very strong smile painted on her face and her gold hair was floating all around her pink face and she looked like one of those durn little pink angels in my Sunday-school book with colored illistrations that my Sunday School teacher calls cherrybim only Annie wasent nekked like the cherrybim. She had on a long white baby dress which was the worst thing of all as it made her look like a baby smileing up at me.

So I said to Sue I cant push her, you push her. So Sue said I cant reach her, give me an oar. So I gave Sue an oar and she pushed Annie under the water with the oar. But low and behold Annie popped right up again and Sue gave a kind of ½ squeek ½ laugh. Then she tried it again and the doll popped up again and Sue said Annie doesent drown so easy. Then she said oh look at her, look at her poor sweet face, and then my dum sister bust out crying. Well Sue was crying and laughing all at once which seems to come naturel to girls but I was afraid she would get histeracal so I reached out and pulled Annie back in the boat.

Oh Willie what are you doing Sue said and I said wait and see. So I rowed back to shore and got a rock the right shape and heft and then took a piece of string out of my pocket as I woud not get dressed in the A.M. without some string in my pocket. Im going to tie this rock around Annies neck I said, so then Sue caught on and said it was her place to tie the rock as she was the one who thought up the Crime of drowning Annie. But then she started to cry again so hard she coudent tie anything. So I had to tie the rock around Annies neck. And then all at once Sue said I cant bare it, oh please Willie you do it all without me. You take Annie out and drown her and I will give you some wheat cakes and maple surrup for supper. So I said all the surrup I want and she said yes so I said I woud do it.

So then Sue said Im going back in the house, I dont want to even see it, so I put Annie with the rock around her neck in the dingey and shoved off and Sue climbed back up the sea wall and ran for the house as if a Space Man was chaseing her. So she went in the house and I rowed back out towards the channel, but then I looked down between my feet and there was Annie in the bottom of the boat rolling her big blue eyes and smileing up at me and I begun to have a very funny feeling. Like maybe I was reely doing something wrong.

Well I rowed out pretty near to the channel marker trying not to look at Annie, but that was worse because then I begun to imagin she was a real baby laying there smileing up at me with those blue eyes and I felt funnier than ever. Well it was like the time I ate too much mince pie. I fineally had to get rid of it, so now I knew I had to get rid of Annie. So I did.

So when I got home after mooring the dingey at Mr. Silas dock Sue was waiting for me and asked me right away did you do it Willie and I said werent you watching me and she said I coudent even look, but did you drown Annie. So I said I already told you, you cant drown a doll. Oh you know what I mean Sue said, did you dispose of her and I said yes I disposed of Annie. So that made Sue very quiet. Well I dident feel like hollering myself. I dident even feel hungry as I kept thinking of Annies blue eyes and that seemed to effect my appatite.

But Sue made me the wheat cakes for supper and I ate 3 stacks with plenty of surrup so then I felt better. So then Sue started looking at the ring that G. Lester Boone II had given her, sort of waggling her finger to make the dimond sparkel and pretty soon she got over her silents. Well Willie I commited a Crime today, Sue said or anyway I planned it. But you carried it out so that makes you excessory to the Crime Sue said, so dont tell mama and papa when they come home tomorrow will you. Because the drowning of Annie woud be a kind of hard thing to explain.

So I said I wont tell them, why woud I, the sooner I forget about that doll the better, especially those blue eyes of hers. So that night when mama called up from Hartford to see if we were all right I talked to her but did not say anything about Annie as I had enough of Annie for 1 day and woud not be writing this compasition about Annie except for what happened the next day which was yesterday the day of the Hurracane. But will not write about that as Im sure every kid in our class will write about the Hurracane, also will not stop to tell which day was which as Im writing a compasition not a calander.

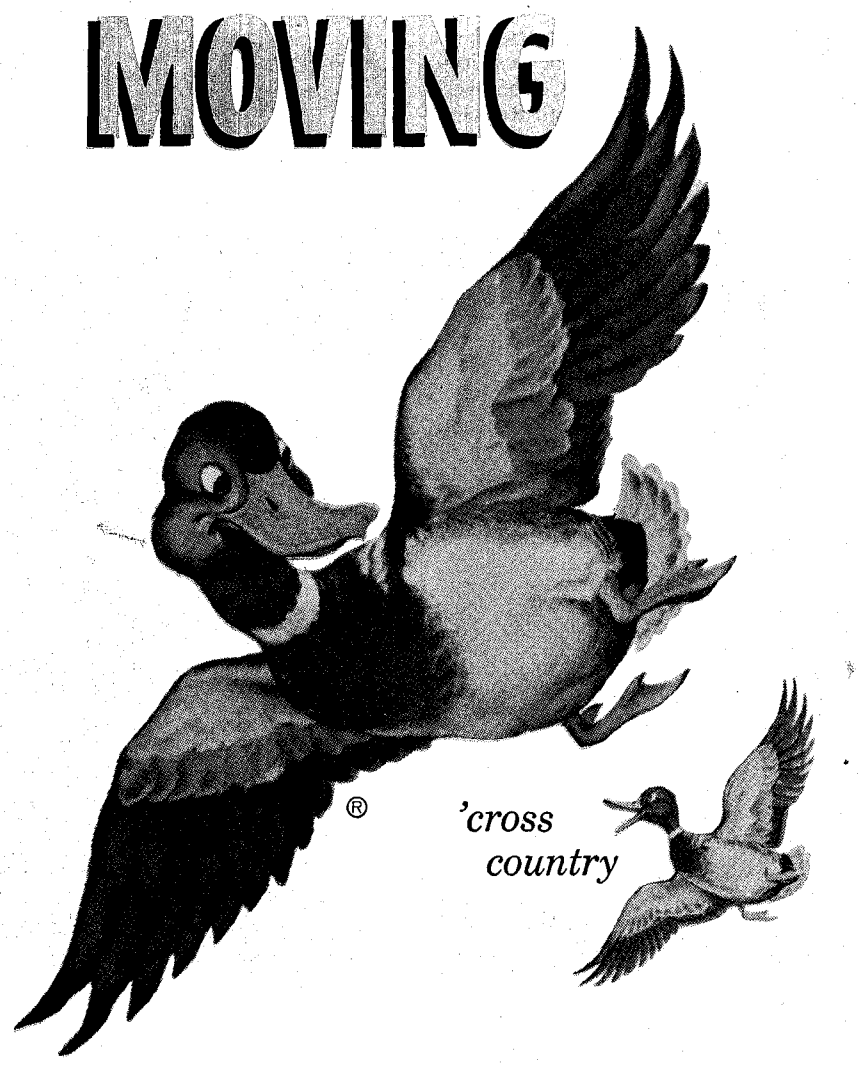
But needles to say mama and papa did not get home yesterday on account of the Hurracane, they got home today, but I am still writing about yesterday and a funny thing, G. Lester Boone II called Sue early from Fishers Island to tell her not to worry about the Hurracane that was comeing up the coast as it woud blow out to sea and then the phone went dead as the Hurracane was already here. But we dident know it because we listened to the radio and the man said only winds of gale force, so we shut all the doors and windows and Sue cooked breakfast on our gas stove and even when the fire siren blew 22 meaning no school that day we still did not think it was a Hurracane. Neither did our neighbers as we have wonderful neighbers and they woud have come to get us, but nobody came thinking it was only a gale which is nothing in Lymington Conn.

Then all at once it seemed like the water was all around our house and running down Bay street at the back of our house which is right on Bay street. Well you coud see it was more than a gale now, also the rain was not comeing down it was blowing past the windows level with the ground when you coud see any ground. So then I looked out our kitchen door which is ½ glass and here came somebody wadeing through the water of Bay street and it was Tom Stanton in oilskins bucking the wind and rain with his head down the way I guess he bucked the Yale line when he made that 90 yd. run for t.d. against Yale.

Well I yelled to Sue which was moping up leaks in the liven room and she came running in the kitchen just as I opened the door for Tom and oh boy was I glad to see Tom, he came stumbeling in and ran right into Sue or the other way around, anyway she had to grab him wet oilskins and all and he grabed her so I coud not tell which was doing the main grabing. Then Sue sort of pulled back and stuck our her chin the way she does when she is going to be ornery and said this is an unexspected pleasure, what brings you here Mr. Stanton, that is just what she said, I have never heard anything so dum with a Hurracane howeling outside.

Well Tom just looked at Sue and said I aught to slap you go get your rain things on and I will take you and Willie back to

for DEPENDABLE MOVING




CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER
...he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.

ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my house. But Sue said we are perfecly safe here thank you as this house went through the 38 Hurracane and anyway what right have you got to come here and tell me what to do. Then she sort of sparkeled her dimond at him and he said oh I get it, you belong to Lester now and Sue said yes I certainly do and Tom said where is Lester and I said he just called us from Fishers Island to tell us not to worry about the Hurracane as it will blow out to sea. So Tom laughed and so did I. So then Sue got mad and said I coud go with Tom, she was going to stay right here where she was.

So then Tom threw his hat on the floor and said all right dam it if your staying here then Im staying with you. Oh dont bother Sue said and Tom said shut up and then he went down celler and pulled

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## The Winter Crop

By Herbert Merrill

The wind fell and the frozen night
Turned quiet as an old man's thought.
Snow in the valley lay blue-white,
And on the pond the ice grew taut.
"We'd better get the gear together,"
Grandpa said, "to help us take
A crop of February weather
Off the acre of our lake."
And all day long, with pike and wedge,
Saw and spudding iron and sledge,
We cut the winter into clean
Shining blocks of blue and green
And hauled it off upon a sleigh
To hoard against a summer day.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

our main switches and shut off the gas and then he went all over the house and it was O.K. except for a few leaks so then we all went in the liven room to watch the waves braking over our sea wall. Well I looked over next door and if I dident see our dingey setting right on top of Mr. Silas dock and farther up the shore I coud see Mr. Silas lobster boat setting in the middle of old Miss Chesminsters lawn.

Well a lot of funny things happen in a Hurracane, there is a boat in our Lightening fleet at the Yacht Club named the Ghost and they found it next day in the cemetary, but I am writing about what happened at our place so will not tell about all the funny things that happened in the Hurracane. Well after the eye of the Hurracane past us, it stopped blowing and then it swang around and blew out of the west. But then all at once it was over, the wind and rain stopped and here came the sun out and the sky was all blue and you never saw such a beautiful day. So then Tom said he woud take a last look around the house to be sure it was safe for us to stay in and then he woud never bother Sue again. So Tom went upstairs and Sue set there looking like she wanted to cry but with her chin still stuck out.

So I had a kind of idea. It seemed to come to me all at once, so I ducked out of the liven room and ran through the kitchen and out the back door to our side yard. Well our hole yard was a sight, full of sand and sea weed and trash from the Hurracane, but I kept running only sliping once when I stepped on something slipery and what do you think it was a tomato. Well I ran over to Mr. Silas place and out on his dock which was about ½ blown down but there set our dingey on some broken lobster pots, so I coud do what I had the idea to do. And a funny thing, I did not seem to have to think about what I was doing I just did it without thinking and it was all done in 2 or 3 minits. So there I was back in our front yard standing near the sea wall when Sue came out of the house with Tom.

Well I coud see he was telling her goodby and was sure he woud turn up the walk to our street gate and then Sue woud never see him again except as the wife of G. Lester Boon II. So I let out such a yell that Tom stopped and then they both came running down to where I was. What is it Willie Sue said, but I just let out another yell like on TV when the criminel sees the corps of his victum and Tom said good lord Willie what is it, so I dident say anything, just pointed to the sea wall.

Well both Tom and Sue looked where I was pointing and then Sue let out a terrable shreek and turned around and started to run back to the house. But she sliped on something believe it or not another tomato, and fell down, and Tom ran and picked her up and said what on earths eating you and Willie. But Sue just shreeked again and hung on to Tom and kind of flapped her hand towards the sea wall. So Tom looked again and what did he see just inside the wall laying on a heap of seaweed but Annie with her pink face and the rock still around her neck.

So then Tom said why thats a doll laying there and then he said, why Sue isent that your old doll Annie. Well Sue dident answer she coudent she was haveing histericks, so I went over and picked up Annie and brought her to where Tom had his arm around Sue. Yes this is Sues doll Annie I said and if your wondering about the rock around her neck its because we tried to drown her yesterday because Sue wanted to get rid of her and I will tell you why. It was because Annie reminded her of you when you were little and use to play house together and Annie was your baby.

Well Tom got red as a beat but also his face brightened up and he said Sue is this true what Willie is saying. But Sue just sort of choked, so I said yes its true and whats more if you ask me I dont think she coud feel engaged to G. Lester Boone II in spite of his ring till she got rid of Annie, because Annie reminded her of you. So then Tom said, Sue take off that dam ring. So Sue took off the ring and handed it to me and then Tom took hold of her chin and made her look up at him and I thought they would never stop looking at each other, you woud think they were hipnatized. So I shoved Annie in between them and that broke their spell as Annie was quite cold and wet from the Hurracane, also she smelled of fish.

So then Tom said, you do love me dont you Sue and Sue said yes, she woud have to admit it what else coud she do. Because she said she tried to put Tom out of her mind by drowning Annie, but here was Annie back again and it took a Hurracane to bring her back so it must be the jugement of heaven. So then Tom kissed her.

So then I went back in the house with the ring that G. Lester Boone II gave Sue and I tied it to my pistol belt to keep it for her to give back to him. But first I mesured the dimond against one of my peewee marbles. It was not as big as the marble, nowhere near. So that is about all I have to tell about the drowning of Annie, except that I never did throw her overboard when I took her out that 2nd time in the dingey. What I did was I got rid of her by putting her in the fish drawr under the seat and she stayed there all through the Hurracane. So when I ran over to Mr. Silas dock after the Hurracane there was Annie still in the fish drawr of the dingey, so I ran back with her to our yard just before Sue and Tom came out of the house.

So if Sue wants to think it was the Hurracane that brought Annie back, well that is partly the truth. And maybe it was the jugement of heaven that she and Tom Stanton shoud get together again. But it was somebody else that had the idea to prop Annie up against the sea wall and I will tell who it was, it was me, Willie Winship. So that is the end of my compasition and I hope it will get a good mark, how about it Miss Tobey.

THE END

YOU'LL FIND IT EASY TO DECIDE
SAFER FOOD STORAGE... LESS DEFROSTING
MORE "EASY-REACH" FOOD STORAGE SPACE
RIGID TESTS ASSURE LIFETIME PERFORMANCE
ROP
COLOR DIAL

BEN-HUR

*America's Finest Freezer*

BETTER—BECAUSE IT'S BUILT LIKE THE FROZEN FOOD CABINET IN YOUR SUPERMARKET

Once you see the new Ben-Hur Chest Freezer it won't take you long to decide that it's the most practical, most beautifully styled food freezer made.

Yes, you'll like everything about the new Ben-Hur—its exclusive safety cover latch that cannot accidently lock itself or latch from the inside . . . its big easy-reach storage capacity . . . its handy basket dividers that prevent dropping, spilling or knocking foods to the floor and make it so easy to store and remove food.

See your Dealer. Learn all about Ben-Hur's complete performance testing . . . extra care in manufacture . . . extra quality in materials—all *good reasons* why you get better performance when you decide on a Ben-Hur.

BEN-HUR

Many models to choose from in Chest, Upright, "Duet" Combinations . . . and the all new Freezer and Refrigerator Built-Ins

the trade name of satisfaction

**BEN-HUR MANUFACTURING CO.**
Dept. C, 634 E. Keefe Ave., Milwaukee 12, Wis.
*Largest Exclusive Manufacturer of Farm and Home Freezers*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Ambush at Blanco Canyon

(Continued from Page 39)

of paper with Julie Maragon's signature that he had intended to display at dinner. He made a wry face at it, folded it carefully and put it away again. Then the sense of loss he had been awaiting struck him like a physical pain; he had to steady himself against the bedpost for a moment before he turned away to pack.

Riding up to Ladder late the following morning, Julie Maragon met Steve Leech with a handful of riders. The Ladder foreman pulled aside to speak to her, sending the others on.

"We were beginning to think you'd forgotten your old friends since moving to town," he said, smiling down at her. It was a smile that always infuriated her.

She smiled at him coolly. "Save that charm for a beautiful woman, Steve; it's wasted on a schoolteacher with freckles. Is Pat around?"

"She's at the house. She'll be glad to see you." Leech saluted her with his hat before clapping it back on his head. He started to turn his mount, and checked the movement. "Oh—did you meet anybody along the road?"

"I didn't come by the road. I came up from Big Muddy. Why?"

Leech shook his head mysteriously, laughed, spun his horse and spurred away, racing to catch the other riders.

Up at the house, Julie stood for a moment in the living room that had seemed like a vision of another world to her as a child, and still did, a little; it was a world she had touched only briefly when she had gone East to school. There did not seem to be anybody around.

"Pat!" she called. "Pat, it's Julie!"

Her friend's voice answered, diminished by distance and, it seemed, a closed door; she went down the hall to the proper bedroom and went inside. Patricia was sitting before the mirror, brushing her hair. She did not turn immediately.

"Throw something off a chair and sit down," she said.

Julie did so. There was a space of silence broken only by the rhythmic strokes of the brush. At last Julie asked, "What's got Steve Leech looking like the cat that ate the canary?"

Patricia looked around and asked sharply, "What do you mean?"

"I met him, riding up. He looked very pleased with himself."

Patricia said angrily, "You've never liked Steve. I think you're just trying to—to undermine him, hinting that he's gloating about what happened. Not that I've forgiven him, you understand; he behaved very badly. But at least—at least he acted like a man!" Abruptly the taller girl buried her face in her hands and burst out crying. "Oh, I'm so m-miserable, Julie, I w-wish I'd die!"

Julie rose and went forward to put her hands on the other's shoulders. "You're talking riddles, Patsy. What's happened?"

Patricia looked up. "You know I detest being called Patsy!"

"Uh-huh," Julie said. "That's better. Now blow your nose and tell me all about it."

Patricia found a handkerchief. "It's been—such a nightmare, Julie!" she said in a muffled voice. "He—he wasn't at all like I remembered."

"This is your Mr. McKay, I take it. Well, people usually do look different after six months."

"I kept remembering the first time I saw him," Patricia said without looking up. "We were going on an excursion in somebody's sailing boat, and he was steering. I watched him at that rudder thing, giving orders to the other men in a calm voice, but you heard him right away. There wasn't any question who was in charge. Then a wind hit us and we started flying along and tipping, and I didn't know but what we were going straight to the bottom, and I looked at him again and he was steering with one hand and lighting his pipe with the other, kind of smiling to himself, and I knew everything was all right, and I told the girl who had brought me, 'I have to meet that man,' so later, while we were having our picnic on board, she introduced him." She drew a deep, indignant breath. "And then he comes out here and acts like a perfect mouse!"

Julie said, "Well, what did you expect him to do, bring his sailboat with him?"

"I don't think that's very funny, Julie!"

"Well, it doesn't sound to me like you're being very fair to poor Mr. McKay. Incidentally, since we're talking about him so matter-of-factly, I assume he got home all right."

"Oh, yes," Patricia said tartly. "He got home, finally. Steve found him just about dusk, wandering around, east of the river somewhere." She looked up abruptly, startled by a thought. "Why, how did you know he was lost, Julie?"

"I didn't," Julie said. "I just saw him yesterday noon. He stopped by Big Muddy. I fed him lunch and—and showed him the trail north. Then, this morning, I got a little worried—after all, he is new to the country—so I decided I'd take a ride over this way and just check that he made it all right with his funny little map and compass. What's the matter?"

Patricia had risen from her chair. Her face was pale. "Julie, is that the truth?"

"Is what the truth?"

"Your saying that Jim—that Jim was clear down to Big Muddy yesterday?"

"Why, yes. I'd just got there myself, when I heard somebody at the pump, so I took my gun and went out, and there he was, filling up his water bottle. He apologized for trespassing. Said he'd wanted to see the place. We—had lunch together and I sent him off—about two o'clock, I'd say." It seemed better to be discreet; the deal they had made was McKay's secret to divulge in his own way.

"He—wasn't in trouble?" Patricia asked.

"Not so you'd notice. He was glad to get something to eat, I will say that. Said he was saving the rest of his grub in case he didn't make it back here by dark. He seemed to know what he was doing, so I let him go off alone." She frowned. "What's this about Steve finding him wandering about, lost, anyway? Did he say he was lost or is that just something Steve made up? What's going on here, anyway, Pat? Where is Jim McKay?"

Patricia licked her lips. She said in a dead voice, "I suppose he's in town. There's no stage East today."

Julie stared at her, profoundly shocked. "You sent him away, Pat?"

The taller girl nodded dumbly.

"But why, for heaven's sake?"

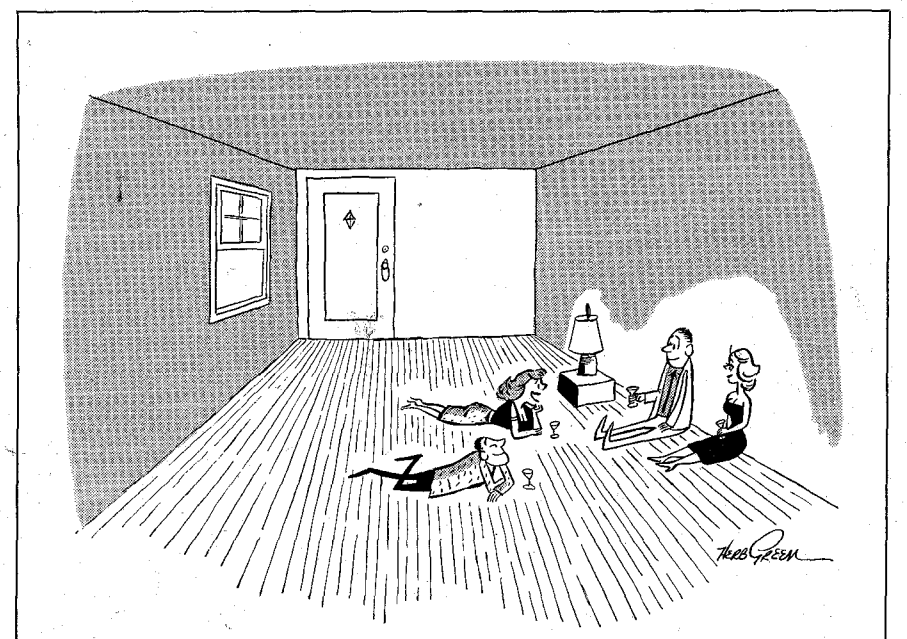
"Because ——" Patricia turned away, and was silent for a long time. "He backed down from Steve," she said breathlessly at last. "Oh, I'm not excusing Steve, it was unforgivable, but Steve knocked him down and Jim just looked at him and got up and walked away. Oh, I know Steve's a big man and has a reputation as a fighter; I know Jim didn't have a chance, but he could have tried, couldn't he? And he didn't have to let Buck Hannesey walk all over him; and when dad wanted him to ride on the Hanneseys, he found five good reasons not to go; and maybe Steve shouldn't have saddled up Old Thunder for him to ride, but it was just a joke and he could have let the boys have their laugh instead of showing he was afraid of the horse. And then getting lost and making a fool of himself."

Julie said, "We just have Steve's word that he was lost. My own impression is that Mr. McKay is a hard man to lose. It seems to me that there's an awful lot of Steve in this story, dear. . . . All right, I don't like the man. He's never met a horse he couldn't ride, a woman he couldn't seduce or a man he couldn't whip; and I hope Buck Hannesey knocks his ears down when they meet. Maybe that'll turn him halfway human."

Patricia said, a little stiffly, "I don't agree with you, Julie. Steve's a fine man."

"I know you think so," the smaller girl said. "Maybe he is. What's this about Mr. McKay being afraid to ride Old Thunder?"

"Why, I saw it myself," Patricia said. "Oh, Jim's not stupid; he saw right away that something was up, the way the boys were watching him. He took one look at the horse, decided he wanted none of it and walked away. It was right afterward that he rode out of here and wasn't seen again for thirty-six hours."



"Of course, there are a few odds and ends we still have to pick up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Julie said thoughtfully, "That's funny. When he came to Big Muddy yesterday I laughed at how stiff and sore he seemed to be. He said he'd had some trouble with a horse. Old Thunder was mentioned. Are you sure ——"

"Of course, I'm sure!" Patricia said sharply. "I was standing right in the door watching."

Julie glanced at her oddly. "And you didn't run to warn him, Pat? What if he'd been hurt?"

Patricia flushed. "Men don't like to have women interfering."

"Well, heaven knows I'd never let my fiancé or husband get on an outlaw horse without knowing it, whether he liked it or not!"

"Well, anyway, he didn't ride Old Thunder. Unless ——" A startled look came to her face. She turned quickly to the mirror and paused to pin up her hair hastily; then, with a glance at Julie, hurried out. The smaller girl followed.

Patricia marched across the dusty yard to Ramon, who turned at the sound of her approach, but his glance went instantly beyond her to Julie, and his face lighted up. He snatched off his big hat and stepped forward.

"The little señorita!" he cried. "Señorita Maragon!"

"Ramon, how are you?" Julie said, taking the old man's hand in hers. "It's been a long time."

"This is very touching," Patricia's cool voice said. "May I just ask one question, and then you can continue the reunion. . . . Ramon, has anybody ridden Old Thunder lately?"

The old man scratched his head thoughtfully. "I think that new fellow that was hired last week gave it a try, Señorita Terrill. That was four-five days ago."

"Nobody else?"

Ramon shook his head. "I do not think so."

Patricia turned to face her companion. "You see, Julie?"

"Uh-huh," the smaller girl said. "I see." She looked at Ramon. "Mr. McKay swore you to secrecy, of course. What reason did he give?"

"Why, he said ——" The old man checked himself. "That was not fair, señorita!" he said reproachfully.

"I'm sorry, Ramon. But we have to know. He did ride the horse, didn't he?"

"*Sí*, he ride him. That is one stubborn man, señorita. Señor Leech may boast of knocking him down, but I would not want that man for my enemy. *Dios*, no! He climb on the horse, and it throw him off. He climb on again, and it throw him off again. I say, 'That is enough, señor; the major will hold me responsible if you get hurt.' He say, 'For a favor, Ramon, this is something I do for myself.' He keep climbing on the horse and it keep throwing him off. Five times. Ten times. Maybe twenty times. What can you do with a man like that? The horse, he give up and walk around the corral like an old gentle burro, tired out from throwing him off. I say, 'The señorita would be pleased to know, señor.' He say, 'I did not do it for the señorita or anybody else.' He say, 'Damn if I know why I did do it.' He say, 'We will not tell, Ramon; it is our secret. Get me another horse and some food. I wish to go for a ride.'" The old Mexican spread his hands. "After that beating, he goes for a ride! So I give him my pony, which is sure-footed and will not fall with him in the bad places of which he has no experience, being new to the country. A man like that should be preserved."

Julie did not look at her friend. She said, "Thank you, Ramon. We'll have to get together soon and talk about old times."

(*Continued on Page 112*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The ideal way to roam and relax...

## Rent a Vacation Car from Avis

Here's a wonderful way to get more days of vacation fun — with a personal car wherever you go. Reserve a Vacation Car through your local Avis office. Start out with it from home or have it greet you on arrival at your vacation spot.

How much does it cost? Here's an example. You can rent a new Ford or other fine car from Avis in Tucson for only $8 a day and 9¢ a mile. And that includes your gas, oil and insurance. There's never an extra charge for extra passengers.

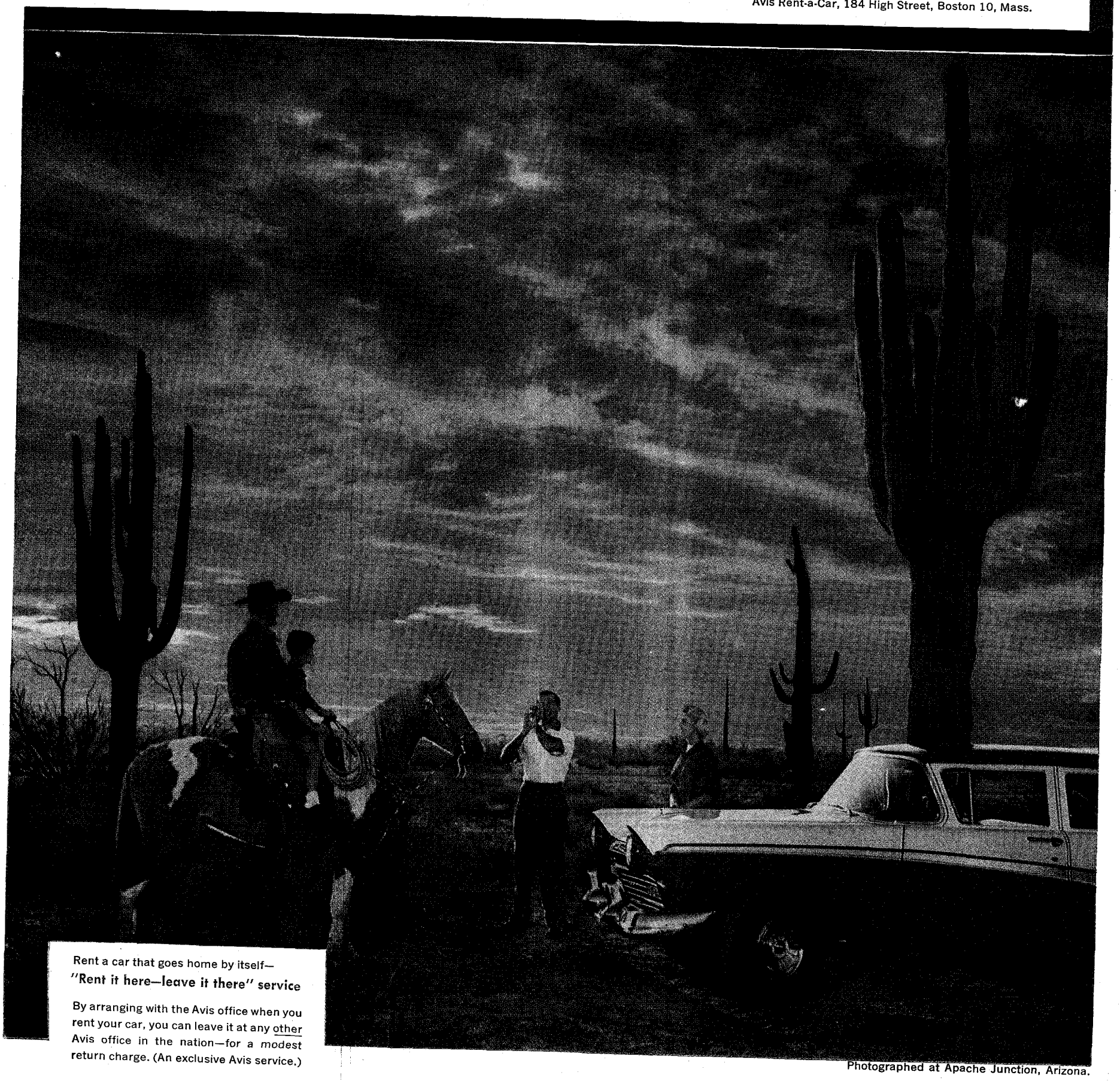
It's easy to rent a car for pleasure or business from more than 1000 Avis offices. Call your local Avis office (listed under "A" in the phone book) to reserve a car anywhere in the world. Or ask the agent who sells your plane, train or steamship ticket.

Avis

RENT-a-CAR

*AWAY OR AT HOME...*
*A CAR OF YOUR OWN*

Avis Rent-a-Car, 184 High Street, Boston 10, Mass.



Rent a car that goes home by itself—
**"Rent it here—leave it there" service**

By arranging with the Avis office when you rent your car, you can leave it at any other Avis office in the nation—for a *modest* return charge. (An exclusive Avis service.)

Photographed at Apache Junction, Arizona.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) They walked back to the house in silence. Not until they were in the living room did Patricia speak, turning sharply to face her companion. "I don't understand, Julie. If he was going to ride the brute, why didn't he ride it when—when it meant something?"

"Why, it's very simple," the smaller girl said slowly. "Obviously your Mr. McKay is a man who, for some reason, is terribly afraid of only one thing in the world, and that is that somebody somewhere may suspect him of showing off before an audience. That, of course, is why he arrived in that ridiculous hat; he didn't want anybody thinking he was even pretending to be a Westerner. Maybe that's why he made no resistance to Buck Hannesey; probably it's why he refused to fight Steve Leech. If there's any doubt in his mind as to his ability to do a thing, such as ride a horse, he does it in private and swears the only witness to secrecy. I think—I think something dreadful must have happened to him sometime, to make him feel this way. I wonder what it could have been."

Patricia's face was pale and angry. "But if he loves me, why would he let me think ——"

Julie said, more sharply than she had intended, "If you love him, why would you think it? How many times does a man have to win you, anyway?"

The taller girl drew an exasperated breath. Her voice was shrill, "Well, I think it's a downright deceitful way of acting; and I'm glad he's gone; and I wish you'd go, too, if you can't think of anything better to do than criticize me. I declare, the way you're standing up for him, a person might think you were in love with him yourself! If you think that much of him, why don't you just take him, Julie Maragon? I'm sure I don't care what happens to him, not one little bit!"

Julie's breath caught. She heard herself say, "You fool, the man loves you! He has no thought in mind but to make you happy! He could have married you back East, but he wanted you to be sure you weren't making a mistake. He's willing to move his whole life out here for you; while you were blaming him for getting himself lost, he was buying Big Muddy for you!"

Her voice choked up, and she turned away so that the other girl should not see the tears that had come to her eyes for some reason she, herself, did not dare to try to understand. She hurried out of the house and mounted and rode away at a dead run, not looking back when she heard her name called behind her.

It was a long ride back to San Rafael without food; before she was halfway, hunger had driven most other thoughts from her mind, for which she was grateful. Then she saw three horsemen riding to intercept her from the south. Long before they drew abreast, she recognized the leader as Buck Hannesey.

Something about the hard and purposeful way he drove his mount toward her made her consider flight, but her horse was already tired from the morning's ride and would stand no chance in a long race. She held him to a walk, therefore, and waited for the trio to come up, but the warning instinct was still at work, and before they were close enough to see what she was doing, she removed her riding gloves and let one fall at the side of the road. After all, if nothing happened, she could always discover the loss and ride back for it.

After leaving Ladder in the dark, McKay had promptly lost the road twice within the space of an hour and a half; it was little more than a pair of wheel tracks in the dirt, plain enough by day, but almost invisible at night. The second time he would have driven team and wagon into a twenty-foot ravine—what they called an arroyo out here—if the horses had not stopped at the edge, of their own accord. This had seemed warning enough, and he had tied the team to a clump of brush, wrapped himself in his heavy traveling coat and lain down to sleep in the bed of the wagon. When he awoke, it was daylight. He got up, pulled his clothes straight, brushed himself off and drove into San Rafael, where he learned that there would not be a stage East until the following day.

Eating in the grubby hotel dining room, he tried to dispel the numb sense of shock that had made the whole trip into town seem like a journey in a dream. For the better part of a year he had single-mindedly shaped and aimed his life toward this one goal, that had now suddenly been withdrawn; the experience left him shaken and purposeless. There was pain involved, too, and regret, and a nagging sense of doubt as to the rightness of his own conduct.

He rose abruptly, paid his bill and walked down the street to the livery stable, where he rented a heavy-footed horse more suited to a plow than to a saddle and rode out of town straight across the undulating plain toward a dark formation on the horizon that looked as if it might be a hill with trees. After two hours of riding he found that the hill was not perceptibly closer; it was a strange country. *A big country, Mr. McKay*, he thought grimly, and turned around. San Rafael was nowhere in sight, being hidden behind a swell of ground. He checked his direction with the pocket compass, confirmed it by the sun, and, deliberately avoiding any help from his own tracks out, returned to town by another route. *I could beat this country*, he thought, *if I had a reason.* When he came into the hotel, the proprietress told him that someone was waiting for him in his room.

"It's something I don't usually allow," she said primly, "but seeing who it is, I reckon it's all right. Couldn't leave her wait down here with all these drunken bums. . . . Yes, I mean you!" she said to a bearded man who looked around.

McKay went quickly up the stairs, knocked when he reached the room, and stepped inside. She was standing, facing the door. Her black riding habit had a Spanish look that contrasted oddly but effectively with her heavy bright hair and fair complexion. She made a picture for a man to remember in that dingy room.

"Jim," she said softly. He took a step forward, but she turned quickly aside, and he noticed the familiar mahogany pistol case on the dresser. She touched it lightly. "I—brought you these. Dad says that under the circumstances, of course, he can't keep them."

"Oh," McKay said flatly. "Why, it was a gift. I would like him to have them."

She shook her head, and smiled rather sadly, and went on as if he had not spoken, "And you never did get around to giving me your mother's brooch; so I have nothing else to return but—but the ring." She looked down and began to remove it from her finger.

He said evenly, "You had a long ride to bring me these things, Patricia, and I appreciate it."

She glanced at him. "Darling," she said, "I never did learn how to tell when you were being sarcastic. I ——" Suddenly she made a sharp little gesture with the hand that still wore the ring, and swung to face him. "Oh, I can't keep it up! I can't be polite and—and proud any longer! Jim, does it have to be this way? I'm not very good at apologies, but ——"

"The fault was mine," he said.

They regarded each other across the room for a moment that had no measure in time; when he stepped forward again, she did not turn away. When she freed herself at last, her breathing was noticeably uneven and there was more color in her face than there had been.

"Darling, you don't have to utterly tear me apart!" she said, laughing breathlessly. "I declare, from the strength of your arms I can well believe you rode Old Thunder to a standstill. Ramon says you are a very stubborn man." The look on his face stopped her.

He looked at her; she seemed to have retreated to a great distance. He heard himself say, "I see. You talked to Ramon."

"Why," she said—"why, yes, darling, and I'm so proud, although I confess I can't see why in the world you had to be so secretive about it! What's the matter?"

"I rode the horse," he said quietly. "So I'm respectable again, fit to be husband to a Terrill."

"Jim!"

He asked gently, "If you hadn't learned that I'd ridden the beast, would you be here, Patricia?"

"Darling, I don't understand ——" She drew a quick breath. "I learned that I'd misjudged you, and I came to see if—if I could apologize. What more do you want, Jim?"

"What about Steve Leech?" he asked, his voice still gentle.

"What do you mean?"

"I've ridden the horse. But don't I have to fight Steve Leech, too, before I qualify for marriage; and is just fighting him enough or do I have to win? And are you quite sure you don't want me to go out and shoot you Buck Hannesey for a wedding present?"

She stamped her foot with sudden anger. "I declare, I don't understand what you're driving at, but I think you're being utterly unreasonable, Jim McKay! Naturally a girl wants to know that the man she's going to marry is strong and brave and ——"

"But I'm not particularly strong, my dear," he said. "And I'm far from brave. Firearms frighten me. I find the prospect of a fist fight very unattractive, and it scares me to get on a vicious horse—and I detest being scared. I prefer to avoid any unpleasantness I can by whatever means seem most sensible. I certainly am never going to fight any man for you, regardless of the provocation. Oh, to save your life or protect you from harm, yes, but not for either your pride or mine."

"Then why did you ride Old Thunder?" she cried.

"Quite frankly, because I was afraid of him, as I said. I'd never encountered an outlaw horse before. There are certain things a man has to prove to himself—but only to himself, not to anybody else."

She said angrily, "I think that's the silliest thing I ever heard of! How's a girl supposed to know ——" She broke off.

"Know what, Patricia?"

Her voice was more quiet, and a little uncertain, "Know if—if she loves a man. *If he won't do anything for her.*" She was silent again.

He looked at her. She was the most beautiful thing in the world, and there was a world between them. He said, "I think we must use different interpretations of the word, my dear."

"I think—I'd better go now," she said. "I can see I shouldn't have bothered to

## You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Fluttering her big blue eyes, attractive Miss Wyles persuaded the railroad ticket agent and conductor to let her poodle Fifi ride with her rather than in the baggage car. They agreed "this once" because Fifi was such a small, friendly creature. But the train ride made Fifi irritable. She nipped a woman passenger's leg severely. The woman sued the railroad for damages.

"I did nothing to provoke that miserable beast into biting me," the woman said. "The railroad is responsible, because it permitted the beast to ride in a passenger car instead of the baggage car where it belonged."

"Fifi appeared well-behaved," railroad counsel replied. "In the absence of any indication that Fifi might bite, the railroad wasn't negligent and isn't to blame."

If you were the judge, would you make the railroad pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The railroad had to pay. The court said that while it was not negligent simply in allowing the dog in the passenger car, its employees should have asked whether train rides made Fifi irritable and should have insisted that the dog be muzzled or leashed to its owner's seat.

*Based upon a 1940 California decision.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come." She pulled the ring from her finger, laid it aside, picked up her hat and moved past him to the door, where she seemed to remember something that had slipped her mind. "Oh, Jim ——"

"Yes?"

"If—you'll be going back East, won't you? And Julie said that—well, that you'd bought Big Muddy from her. Although why she'd sell to you when she wouldn't sell to dad I can't imagine! But you'll be looking for somebody to take it off your hands now, won't you? And dad said that if—if things didn't work out, to tell you —— Why are you looking at me like that?"

He shook his head. "It's nothing. Tell your father I'm not interested in selling right now."

"But why in heaven's name not? Be reasonable, darling!" Something in his face, of which he himself was not fully aware, stopped her. Her mouth tightened. "Oh, very well! I won't argue with you, but I'll be at Julie's overnight, if you should change your mind. You haven't seen her, have you? She started from the ranch ahead of me, but there wasn't anybody at her house when I got there just now. Well, she'll turn up. Good-by, Jim."

"Good-by," he said, and watched her leave.

Presently he closed the door, and crossed the room, and sat down on the bed; then he rose again and walked to the dresser and opened the mahogany case. The dueling pistols were heavily engraved. Each piece had an ornate number on the tang. He took out No. 2 and fitted the handsome walnut grip to his hand and aimed the weapon at the wall. It was a deadly and beautiful thing, not to be matched, he reflected, in this age of clumsy repeating weapons designed for mass slaughter instead of gentlemanly homicide. He wiped the piece off, returned it to the case and left the room.

Outside the hotel there was still warmth in the rays of the low sun. McKay started across the street with no clear destination in mind; he stopped to let a rider pass, without paying attention to the man, who reined in directly before him.

"Señor McKay."

"Why, it's Ramon," he said, looking up. McKay noted that the horse was familiar, and that there was considerable gear lashed to the elaborate saddle. "Are you leaving the ranch, Ramon?" he asked.

"*Sí*," the Mexican said.

"But why?"

Ramon touched his cheek, where a red welt showed. "I am not a dog to be whipped, señor."

"Did Leech do that?" McKay demanded. "Why?"

"Not Leech. I would have cut his throat. Or been killed by him. One or the other."

McKay drew a long breath and released it. "I see. Why did she do it, Ramon?"

"The Señorita Terrill said I had let her make a fool of herself, señor."

"Well, I'm sorry I got you into trouble."

"It is nothing. It was not a good place for a man to work." He reached into a pocket of his shirt and brought out a fringed buckskin gauntlet of small size. "I am looking for the little señorita," he said. "She lose this along the road."

McKay took the little glove. Except for the fringe, it was plain and workmanlike, well worn in the palm and fingers. The Lazy M brand had been worked into the leather at the wrist.

"Miss Maragon hasn't come home," he said.

Ramon looked up, frowning. "She start to town an hour, two hours before me, señor. I have not passed her on the road. Only the glove."

McKay nodded thoughtfully. "Can you remember where you found this?"

"I can remember," Ramon said. "Perhaps you and I, we had better take another look at this place."

It was a strange, silent ride for Julie Maragon. The invitation had been phrased with scrupulous politeness and no threat had been spoken, so that as she rode she could not help wondering what they would have done if she had simply refused to accompany them; yet instinct had warned her that it would not be wise to do so. These were rough men with a definite mission to perform.

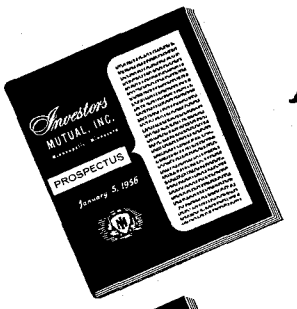
She rode south with them, therefore, as the sun set and darkness fell, never unaware of Buck Hannesey's gaunt shape beside her, even when she was no longer, for hunger and weariness, conscious of the country through which they were passing. When she at last looked up numbly, Blanco Canyon was a ghostly fortress in the moonlight before them. Buck Hannesey whistled twice, in a soft and peculiar way, as they approached the entrance; the whistle was returned from both sides.

Julie felt the tall cliffs on either hand close in on her and knew the first touch of real panic. As she was releasing her pent-up breath, Buck Hannesey fell back alongside and gave her a sharp look; he was like an animal, she thought; he could detect the scent of danger.

They jogged up the canyon, side by side. She had been here once as a child, before the Hanneseys moved into this part of the country; she remembered it as a spectacularly beautiful and frighteningly empty place. It was not empty now, and only the surrounding walls remained beautiful. Even the moonlight could not beautify the (*Continued on Page 115*)

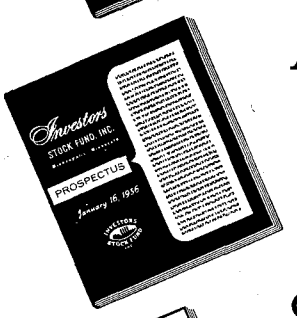

Are you interested in

# MUTUAL FUNDS?



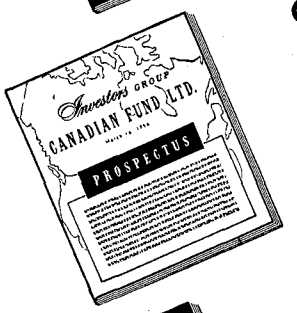

## A balanced fund, for instance?

*Investors Mutual, Inc.*, is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.




## A common stock Fund?

*Investors Stock Fund, Inc.*, offers an open end mutual fund with professional supervision of diversified securities, emphasizing common stocks. The securities for this fund are chosen with objectives of long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income.



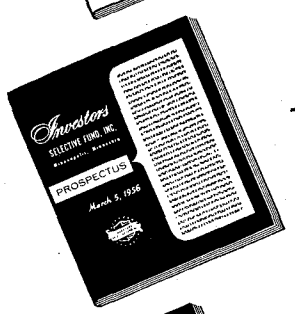

## Canadian investments?

*Investors Group Canadian Fund Ltd.* is a diversified, continually managed mutual fund organized in Canada with investments in Canadian securities, seeking long-term growth possibilities through . . .

(1) Investments in companies participating in the development and expansion of Canadian natural resources, industry, and commerce.

(2) Automatic reinvestment of all dividends and other earnings.

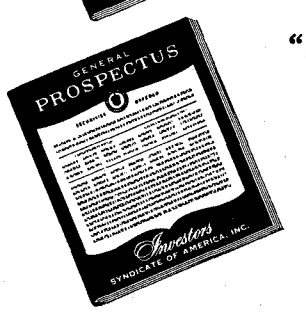
(3) Special tax considerations.




## A bond and preferred stock fund?

*Investors Selective Fund, Inc.*—the primary objectives of this mutual fund are to provide a reasonably stable quarterly income and to conserve the value of the investment.

• • •




## "Installment type" face-amount certificates?

These certificates can help you accumulate money systematically over 6, 10, 15, or 20 year periods. Obtain full information in a free Investors Syndicate of America prospectus-booklet.

To obtain a free copy of any of the prospectus-booklets shown, consult the yellow pages of your telephone directory for the name and address of your local distributor, or write us direct.

*The securities of all these companies are exclusively distributed by*

Investors DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

914 INVESTORS BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

*Founded 1894*


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Mayflower bath, Piedmont lavatories, in Peachblow, one of the six non-fading Kohler colors.*

# KOHLER

## PLUMBING FIXTURES

*First quality only*

This back-to-back arrangement of Kohler Piedmont lavatories moves traffic twice as fast during clean-up rush hours—allowing ample room for two, tall or small, without interference.

The Piedmont, with extended front, permits the luxury of a counter-top installation, with no space-waste in width. The roomy basin and compact mixer fitting are comfortably close to the user. All Kohler fixtures and fittings unite beauty of design with superior functional fitness.

Kohler quality affords many practical advantages. Kohler fittings are entirely of brass, chromium-plated. The easy-to-clean enamel of the Mayflower bath is fused to a non-flexing base of iron, cast for strength and rigidity.

Let your Kohler dealer show you fixtures and fittings for bathroom, washroom, kitchen, laundry. Write for booklet 5-K. Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis. Established 1873.

## KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 113*) shabby cluster of shacks or the rubbish that littered the bare and dusty ground around them. Buck Hannesey guided her toward the largest building, the only one in which a light was burning. The two other riders had turned away and disappeared. A big man came out on the porch as they rode up; he had a beard that concealed most of his face. It looked black and silver in the moonlight.

"Where've you been, boy?" he demanded. "It's past midnight."

"It took half a day to find her," Buck said. "She'd taken a ride up to Ladder instead of heading back to town like we figured she would. Where's Beemis?"

"I had him sober, up to six o'clock; then he found a jug somewhere and now he's out cold. Well, tomorrow'll be time enough."

"The hell with Beemis," Buck said. "We can do without him."

"Maybe we can," Rufus Hannesey said, "but we won't. This is going to be done right and proper, and don't you forget it. . . . Light and come inside, Miss Maragon. . . . Damn it, young Rufus, give your lady a hand down; anybody'd think you'd been brought up like trash."

Buck gave his father a black look, dismounted and came around to her; and Julie extricated herself from the paralyzing grip of her side saddle and allowed him to assist her to the ground—if for no other reason than that she was too tired to help herself. She felt him take advantage of the opportunity to steady her as she swayed; his grip was stronger than necessary, and lasted longer.

She freed herself and turned away, slapping at her saddle in passing and saying lightly, "I suppose there are worse crosses that we women have to bear than riding on these contraptions, but at the moment it doesn't seem possible."

Rufus Hannesey, awaiting her on the porch, smiled approvingly. "You've got gumption, ma'am," he said. "I reckon you didn't steal it; your grandpa was a lot of man."

"He'd be glad if he could hear you say that, Mr. Hannesey. He always had a lot of respect for you."

The bearded man glanced at her. "He had a funny way of showing it; siding with those high-nosed Terrills."

"He sided with nobody, Mr. Hannesey. He dealt equally with both of you."

"He drank the major's liquor. He never drank mine."

"Did you offer it? As I recall, right after you settled here he rode down to pay a neighborly visit, and was greeted with guns and the announcement that this was Hannesey range now and he'd better stay in his own yard if he wanted to stay healthy. Gramps wasn't one to offer his friendship twice."

Rufus Hannesey shrugged. "So? Well, maybe it happened that way; too late to change it now. Come inside, girl. I reckon you could use some food."

She passed him and went through the door into the yellow light of a lamp, the glass of which was cracked and grimy. The bare room had a stove at one end, a table, some chairs, and a cot upon which a man slept, face down, snoring. There was a woman at the stove and food on the table. Julie moved forward, feeling the two men behind her, father and son.

"Help her with her chair, young Rufus," the older man said gently. "Where are your manners, boy?" After they were seated, he said, "I'm real pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Maragon. I've heard a lot about you from my boy here. Why didn't you run?"

"What?"

"You ain't mussed up any and you still had your gun on your saddle, so I reckon they had no trouble with you. Why not?"

"Gramps always said only a fool takes a licking till he has to. What do you want, Mr. Hannesey?"

"Well, girl," the big man said, "that's a damn good question. I've wanted things all my life, it seems; things I couldn't have. Right now I want Big Muddy. Now ask me what young Rufus wants."

She glanced at the son, eating at the far side of the table in grim silence. His eyes came up and met hers, and she felt fear cold and hard in her throat and stomach.

"I know what he wants," she said quietly.

"You've led him on for a long time, girl."

"I admit that. It's a woman's privilege. Does he need to call in his dad and armed riders to carry out his love affairs for him?" Rufus Hannesey chuckled, but Buck did not. Julie went on quickly, "Gramps was pretty well liked and respected, and the people of this district have thought well enough of me to let me teach their children, winters. I don't think they'd stand still for having me molested. As for Big Muddy ——"

She broke off, realizing suddenly that she could not reveal the fact that the ranch was no longer hers without giving the name of the buyer. Even if she refused to tell, Hannesey would probably guess, since there had been only one newcomer recently with money enough for such a purchase. Hannesey would also know that there had been no time for a formal contract of sale to be drawn up and entered in the proper official records; he would guess, correctly, that the only proof would consist of a short signed document in McKay's possession—legal enough, perhaps, but easily destroyed. And if Hannesey, having at last decided to make his move, was so ruthlessly intent upon his purpose as to abduct a woman, he certainly would not hesitate to kill a man who stood in his way.

"As for Big Muddy," she said, "I'll discuss that with you at a more suitable time and place. Let's put the cards on the table, Mr. Hannesey. At the present moment I have no grounds for complaint. I was invited here, I came, I had dinner and we talked. If I were to return home now, I could not truthfully say that anyone had offered me a single threat or indignity." She rose. "I think it would be a good idea if you had my saddle put on another horse—mine's pretty well played out—and showed me the shortest trail back to town. That way I can stop any hasty action on the part of my friends who may have missed me."

The big man laughed deep in his chest, rising to face her. "I like you," he said. "Maybe if I'd met a smart little girl like you when I was young, instead of —— Well, never mind that. As for your friends, they should be on their way pretty soon. I've already sent for them."

"What?"

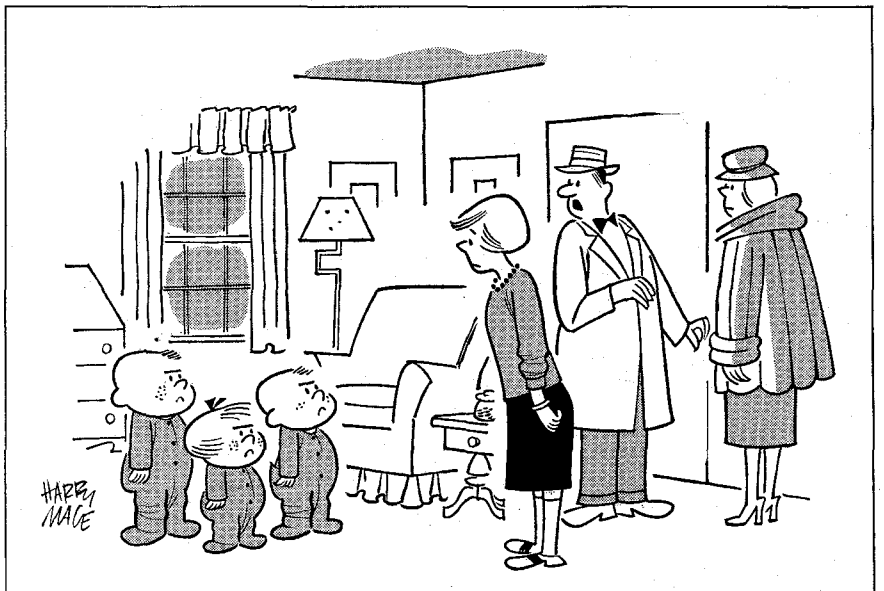
"Just about now," Rufus Hannesey said, "a fellow named Jackman is riding up to Ladder on a wind-broke horse. You remember Jackman, I reckon; your grandpa kicked him off the Lazy M some years ago for stealing. Jackman don't hold much love for the Maragons, but few people will remember that when they hear what he has to say. He'll gasp out a story that'll make their hair curl: little Miss Maragon, that he used to work for, was brought into Blanco Canyon this evening all bruised and tied to her horse like a quarter of beef. She recognized him in the crowd as an old Lazy M hand and signaled him to ride for help, which he did for old times' sake. . . . The major's been looking for an excuse to wipe us off the map; well, there it is. He's got no fear of this place; I've let him come barging in here twice with no trouble at all. He'll come riding a third time with his whole crew; and this time there'll be a loaded rifle behind every rock and bush up along the canyon wall. A dozen marksmen will be waiting at the entrance to turn back those who try to break out."

"You'd kill them all?" she whispered.

"They talk often enough of wiping us out like some kind of varmint! And don't tell me I won't get away with it, ma'am. Maybe I will and maybe I won't, but that won't help them after tomorrow. If it makes me an outlaw, there's still a lot of country west of here where nobody'll come after me. I'm gambling the major hasn't got that many friends to take up for him after he's dead—that is, if it comes to shooting. That's up to you, girl."

"To me?" she breathed. "How?"

"Why," the big man said gently, "the major will order us to deliver you up—order, not ask. People like the major don't ask things of people like us. So you and I and young Rufus will show ourselves, and you'll be looking fresh and pretty after a good night's sleep. There won't be a mark on you, so they'll know Jackman was lying; and you'll be delighted to see your friends and invite them to the wedding." Rufus Hannesey took a step toward the cot and rolled the sleeping man over; he fell to the floor with a brutal crash and continued sleeping on his back, a whiskery old man in a grimy black broadcloth suit and a dirty white shirt that lacked a collar. "Miss Maragon, allow me to introduce the Reverend Mister Beemis, who'll perform the ceremony, drunk or sober. If you do it right and smiling, so your friends never doubt you're acting of your own free will, maybe those guns up in the rocks won't have to go into action. It's up to you."




"Watch them, they're small but they operate well as a team."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Later, she lay on a straw mattress on the crude bunk in the room in which she had been put. Two boards had been fastened across the window with heavy spikes, leaving too little room for a cat to get through, let alone a human being. There was light under the door and she could hear the rumble of voices in the other room. Once she heard Buck Hannesey's laughter, mocking and mean, and her hands tightened convulsively at her sides. Then the door opened, throwing light across the bunk, and she knew that he had been waiting.

"All right, ma'am," Buck Hannesey said, "school's out and teacher's gone to bed. We can play now."

She did not move or open her eyes. She heard him at the side of the bunk.

"Don't play possum with me, you little teaser. You've made me wait a long time for this. Just a kiss, now, for a start ——"

She felt the touch of his hand, and her body contracted like a coiled spring and lashed out again, driving her feet, still in riding boots, into his stomach. She heard his breath go out in a rush of air and whisky fumes; then he was on the floor and she was up and kicking at him with both feet as if stomping a snake. For a moment she had him at a disadvantage, concerned only with protecting his face; a moment later he had caught her foot and dumped her to the dusty floor beside him.

She tried to scramble away, but the riding skirt slowed her and he caught her; now she was fighting without caution or restraint, using her feet, knees, elbows, fingernails and teeth. She heard him curse, and felt herself flung aside so violently that the impact when she struck the wall knocked the breath from her and she slid to the floor, gasping.

He came toward her deliberately, his small eyes never leaving her. She drew her feet under her and launched herself sideways to avoid him, but the heavy skirt betrayed her again, and he caught her. He shoved her back against the wall and cuffed her hard along the face, so that the tears came and the room reeled around her; then there was the sound of a blow, and she was standing there alone.

She blinked until her vision cleared, and saw Rufus Hannesey before her, holding a revolver poised like a club over his son, who was on hands and knees on the floor like a great, dazed animal.

"Get out!" the older man snapped. . . . "No, like you are! If you're going to act like a dog you might as well walk like one!"

He raised the pistol barrel. It was a crazy scene. She watched Buck Hannesey hesitate, weigh his father's temper, and obediently shuffle out of the room on all fours. There was no humor in the sight at all; she shuddered, knowing that she would be the one to pay for this humiliation if no miracle came to save her.

"I suppose I should thank you," she gasped, as the older man turned to face her. "But why did you bother? Tonight or tomorrow night, where's the difference?"

"Why," Rufus Hannesey said, "I'm not going to have goings on like that under my roof. Tomorrow night it will be all legal and proper."

TO BE CONCLUDED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Take the President Out of the White House!

(Continued from Page 25)

plan: It would flout tradition by taking the President out of the Executive Mansion during working hours, and placing him in a new resplendently antiseptic seven-story office building next door.

Under the Heller proposal, offices that are now badly squeezed would be enlarged. Space would be doubled for press rooms, for the cabinet secretary, for lobbies and reception rooms. The President would have four conference rooms plus a cabinet room in his vicinity. Among the innovations would be a briefing and chart room, plenty of basement parking, a press conference auditorium with seats for 300, high ceilings for "adequate lighting, ventilation and camera angles," and built-in TV studios. In addition to a slightly larger staff mess, a staff cafeteria and an "executive dining room" were suggested.

This plan is now being studied, and President Eisenhower is willing to make the move. Sentiment, however, might block action. And sentiment is one employment benefit which a lot of presidential aides can do without—for example, Col. Andrew Jackson Goodpaster.

A brilliant thinker with a Ph.D. degree in international relations, Colonel Goodpaster was transferred to the White House two years ago to become President Eisenhower's staff secretary. He is the President's personal link with the State Department, the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency. Every ultra-secret paper Mr. Eisenhower sees on national security affairs is brought to him—and often digested or explained—by Goodpaster. He fills one of the most pressure-ridden jobs in what is possibly the world's most pressure-ridden office.

Before coming to the White House, Colonel Goodpaster was the Army's chief engineer for the San Francisco District, occupying a king-sized private office, with a ten-chair conference table. When he moved into his White House quarters, he got a shock. His room measured twenty-three by ten feet. It contained, in addition to files and other trappings, the persons and desks of four people—his assistant, L. Arthur Minnich, Jr.; William J. Hopkins, the executive clerk; and two secretaries. There was no desk for Goodpaster, so he shared one with his assistant. Late one Saturday night the colonel drew a sketch of the room and cut out five paper rectangles representing desks. It was delicate work, but he maneuvered the pieces until he hit upon the one possible pattern permitting him to move a desk of his own into the room.

"That was my first great achievement in the White House," he says.

Since then, Goodpaster has managed to add nine feet to his office's width by annexing and walling off the back end of the West Wing's entrance lobby. Also, he created a haven—a little partitioned corner of the basement—where he can spread out his most secret reading matter in private.

Now, when the President buzzes for him and Goodpaster comes barging up the stairs ("I move like a deer"), the colonel feels called upon to explain his delay. "I was in my hide-out," he tells the President apologetically.

Many another presidential adviser has become a fast trackman. Some, like Harold Stassen, the assistant for disarmament problems, are housed in the Executive Office Building next door. Summoned by the President, they run outdoors, trot across West Executive Avenue and frequently arrive at Mr. Eisenhower's desk out of breath. Dr. Gabriel Hauge, the scholarly consultant on economic trends, reports with pride that he has gradually cut down his transit time to two and a half minutes.

Kevin McCann, a former college president and Mr. Eisenhower's chief speech writer, is one of several aides who cannot reach the boss nearly that fast. The President likes to tackle speeches when he finds a little unexpected time between callers. If he buzzes for McCann between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning, he creates one of the most frustrating traffic jams in the Federal service. During those hours, the White House ground floor is awash with sight-seers. The shortest route from McCann's office in the East Wing to the President's office is via the tourists' trail through the residence. It is not advisable to elbow these taxpayers out of the way. Often, therefore, McCann has found himself clutching the draft of a presidential statement and plodding along with the sight-seers as they paused to admire a chair here and a painting there.

Like their predecessors, the present White House tenants have been playing musical chairs to make the best of what they have. One Saturday in the closing days of the 83rd Congress, for example, the President called for Maj. Gen. Wilton B. (Jerry) Persons, his chief liaison man with Capitol Hill. Persons has a weakness for loud silk vests, but he is superbly fleet-footed for a man of sixty-one. His office was then in the East Wing, and that morning he was a shade slower than usual in arriving.

"How many times have you come over here today?" inquired Mr. Eisenhower.

"Thirteen," said the general, puffing for breath.

Whereupon the President ruled that Persons should have an office in the West Wing. This change required the removal of the President's counsel to the second floor, which forced the removal of the stenographers' pool to the Executive Office Building.

Anyone walking into the West Wing can see why President Eisenhower says, "We sure need more space." The press room near the door is smaller than its equivalent in a fair-sized city hall. Just beyond, Secret Service agents are shoehorned into a windowless cubbyhole; their "protective-research" files, with extensive data on unannounced White House callers who harbor erratic notions, must be kept across the street. Press Secretary Hagerty's five clerks are crammed into a hallway and another space too tiny to hold a visitor. Hagerty's two news tickers are in his private bathroom. The second floor, honeycombed with ever-new partitions, some of them movable, is now so full of people that an architectural consultant who makes the White House a specialty condemns it as a firetrap.

Like several colleagues, Appointments Secretary Bernard M. Shanley operates in a room with two secretaries who answer about 250 phone calls daily. From this boiler room the dapper Mr. Shanley, whose equipment includes three phone lines, the President's buzzer, two intercommunication systems and a carnation in his buttonhole, manipulates the flow of presidential callers. His job requires agility. Some of the most important callers duck into the premises "off the record," and cannot be exposed to the reporters who populate the lobby. Others must be kept isolated so they won't know who is calling on the President next. Since there is no waiting room, Shanley keeps his VIPs "stacked" in a conference room across the hall, in the cabinet room or in whatever offices of absent staff members he can commandeer.

When Shanley uses his own office as an emergency way station, he may be unable to talk coherently over the telephone because the visitor is at his elbow. "So I leave the room," says Shanley, "and take the call wherever I can find a clear phone."

Presidents have no place near the office where they can meet with more than thirty people without danger to somebody's toes. So the 200-odd reporters who flock to presidential press conferences herd themselves, along with batteries of TV cameras, into the unair-conditioned Indian Treaty Room of the Executive Office Building, unchanged since its completion during the administration of Grover Cleveland. To get there, the President must walk across the street, rain or shine. He doesn't mind ("Let's go over to the Indian Treaty Room and see the Indians," he says). But in summer the heat makes the room so unbearable that he has publicly apologized to the correspondents.

"Pay no attention to him until you hear my side of the story."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Founding Fathers did not foresee that the President's office was destined to become a huge department of the Government. In 1792, George Washington was appalled at the sweep of the plans by James Hoban, an Irish architect who won the assignment of designing the $400,000 presidential "palace." The first President ordered the size cut down. Even in reduced form, the place was "big enough for two emperors, one Pope and the Grand Lama," according to Thomas Jefferson.

By 1842, however, the White House was bursting with citizens who were free to look in on President John Tyler whenever they felt so inclined. Lincoln was so besieged by favor seekers milling through the halls during the Civil War that he had a side door cut through from his living quarters to his office, so he could sneak to work without being badgered.

In 1873 Congress received a depressing report from Maj. Gen. O. E. Babcock, in charge of public buildings and grounds. He noted that the White House was falling apart: "One large ceiling fell in last year, but fortunately when the room was unoccupied." The place was so damp that three employees had lately "died of pulmonary disease, no doubt accelerated, if not induced, by their continued residence in the building." He quoted from a report of the District of Columbia Board of Health: "The large number of persons having business with the President renders the executive mansion unfit for occupancy as a private dwelling."

Nine years later, Congress got another plaintive report from General Babcock's successor, Col. A. F. Rockwell: "The present mansion is old and dilapidated. Its floors are sunken; its basement is coated with mold."

When Benjamin Harrison moved into the White House in 1889, the basement was a playground for rats. After the President spotted one rodent helping itself from a dining-room side table, Mrs. Harrison lobbied money out of Congress to get the basement floors redone.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, one of the six children President Theodore Roosevelt brought to Washington, remembers life on the second floor of the White House in 1901. Tourists swarmed through the place. "For a debutante it was shaming, shaming, absolutely horrible," she says. "There we were, living in a seven-room flat with the American public. You kept bumping into people all the time."

Her father got action the following year. The first family, he ruled, must stick to tradition and live in the White House, but there simply had to be a separate office section. The best location was the site of the White House greenhouses. T.R. cried, "Smash the glass houses!" and so it happened. The New York architects, McKim, Mead & White, built a "temporary" West Wing and did a $475,445 remodeling job on the residence.

The wing proved adequate for nine years. Then, President William Howard Taft, sacrificing Teddy's beloved tennis courts, had it doubled in size. By Herbert Hoover's day, the President's Army and Navy aides had to be shoved into storage rooms in the west terrace, and the first full-time White House physician, Lt. Comdr. (now Vice-Admiral, retired) Joel T. Boone, worked from a second-floor linen closet. President Hoover was shaken to discover this fact the day after he moved into the mansion.

Feeling indisposed, he called his doctor in and inquired, "Where's your office?"

"I have no office," said the doctor.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Hoover.

(*Continued on Page 118*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## From KROEHLER . . . world's largest furniture manufacturer

# Springtime Feature Values

### Your opportunity to SAVE on newest furniture fashions

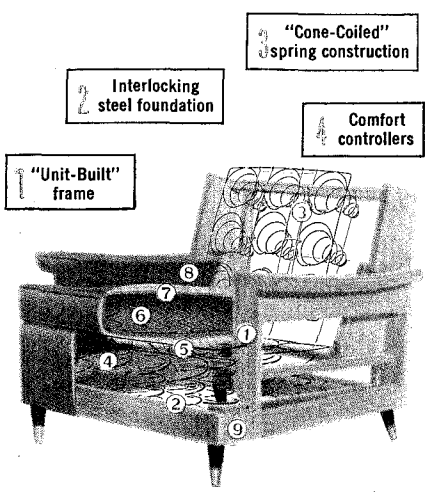
Bring the spirit of spring into your home right now with the sprightly new-style "Carmel Group" of living room furniture by Kroehler! Everything about it is the accent on NEW!

Definitely here is the new slender look of loveliness . . . new fashion tailoring . . . new decorator fabrics and colors . . . blended with comfort beyond compare! Furniture with a built-in future . . . Plus-Built for lasting enjoyment. See it now! SAVE with these outstanding pre-spring Kroehler values!

**SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER**

The "Carmel Group" as shown in bouclé metallic texture or 100% nylon friezé: Open-end sofa, each $119.50. Quarter circle, $135. Twin-sectional sofa, each $115. Also available, not shown: Sofa, $159.50. Chair, $89.50. Sleep-or-Lounge, $289.50. Foam rubber cushions at extra cost. Low budget terms at most Kroehler dealers.

For lasting luxury, comfort and beauty
Kroehler brings you
these 9 PLUS-BUILT lifetime features




PLUS Built® Cushionized® Furniture by

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

# KROEHLER

(pronounced "KRAY-ler")

General Offices: Naperville, Illinois — In Canada: Stratford, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 116*) "Where do you treat people?" Doctor Boone asked the President to follow him, and treated the Chief Executive in the hall in front of his linen closet.

This experience caused the President to command, "You take any room in the White House you can find." The doctor seized Grover Cleveland's old billiard room on the ground floor. The medical office is still there.

The New Deal filled the White House to bursting. Almost overnight, the office staff was doubled. The mail room went on day and night shifts. In 1934 the ingenious Lorenzo Winslow—White House architect, and perforce a camouflage artist—contrived to double the West Wing's floor space without giving more than a shadow of a hint to passers-by. When Mr. Roosevelt had finished scribbling on the blueprints, Winslow enlarged the basement. He rebuilt the ground floor and scratched out room for a new oval President's office and other rooms—including six new toilets—principally by nudging the outer walls a shade farther onto the lawns. His triumph was the almost invisible second floor, hidden behind an artistic balustrade on which the Fine Arts Commission insisted. By reconstructing the roof, he managed to hold the increase in the building's height to a mere five feet.

Still, Mr. Roosevelt was short of space. In 1939, when he appointed six new administrative assistants "with a passion for anonymity," the White House established its first beachhead in the Executive Office Building next door, then known as the State, War and Navy Building. It was the preserve of the State Department, and the diplomats would not evacuate until F.D.R. rolled his wheel chair down the halls, peeked into offices and announced, "I'll take this one . . . and this one . . . and this one."

The squeeze got tighter after December 7, 1941. That day, Winslow returned from a walk and was told by his wife that Pearl Harbor had been attacked and the White House wanted him at once. F.D.R., knowing that emergency agencies would shortly flood the premises with more people, saw his architect right away. "The Japs are on us," he said. "We have to have some new buildings here."

The next year the big new East Wing was opened and immediately filled with the headquarters of the White House police, Mrs. Roosevelt's correspondence section and a collection of aides, including Harry Hopkins. The East Wing balanced the old West Wing, making the mansion look less lopsided.

The crowding became worse than ever when President Truman began putting the postwar world back on its economic feet and managing the cold war against the Soviets. In 1946 he persuaded Congress to appropriate $1,650,000 to double, again, the floor space of the West Wing. New offices, a 375-seat auditorium and other facilities would have been added to the rear (or south) end of the West Wing. Invisible from Pennsylvania Avenue, it would still have been a protuberance that altered the balance of the mansion.

Led by the Washington Star and a newly elected Republican Congress, the traditionalists rose in fury. GOP Rep. John Jennings, Jr., of Tennessee, charged Mr. Truman with trying to "mutilate" the White House by converting it into "a movie theater, a radio station, a restaurant or cafeteria, a museum and an office building." Protests came from the American Institute of Architects, the Garden Club of America, the American Planning and Civic Association, the Society of Natives and the capital's Oldest Inhabitants Association, whose spokesman declared, "God knows where this thing will end if we can't stop it now." The day before the bulldozers were to start excavating, Congress disappropriated the appropriation.

Mr. Truman had little time to brood about this defeat, for he soon observed suspicious movements in the White House floors. Truman's Commission on the Renovation of the Executive Mansion decided to rehabilitate the old residence, and in its final report declared: "The direct office facilities of the Chief Executive are not only insufficient but the whole arrangement of scattered offices and personnel is inconsistent with efficient and well co-ordinated management."

The Eisenhower team agreed. Sherman Adams vividly remembers his first trip through the West Wing's second floor. "It reminded me," he observes, "of my grandfather's attic."

The new crew did what it could. It put up drapes along a rough stone wall of the former kitchen, which is used as a TV-radio studio; this didn't improve the acoustics, but at least the President no longer appeared to be broadcasting from a cave. It made room for office machines in the basement, and partitioned the unpartitionable. More and more, the load of housing new assistants and commissions fell on the Executive Office Building. It, too, is overflowing. Its space allocator, E. Frederic Morrow, has had to tuck away one commission—the one investigating the Government's loyalty programs—in the General Accounting Office Building, eleven blocks from the White House.

"I've seen guys literally run when they see me coming with blueprints," Morrow says. The creation of new commissions is dreaded by his tenants. "I tell 'em to move over," he says.

When the administration engaged Robert Heller & Associates to look over this mess in Washington, there was an understanding that the "traditional lines, simple dignity and sense of permanency of the White House will not be changed."

The Cleveland firm's investigators interviewed White House functionaries to discover not only what space was needed now but also what might be needed within the next twenty years. They concluded that an increase of about 200 persons was predictable. Broken down by duties, the increases would be small; from five to nine for the staff of speech writers, for example; from twenty-nine to forty-three for the National Security Council.

The only dramatic gain, 130 newcomers, would be in White House commissions, each captained by a special assistant to the President. Such teams now wrestle with knotty but presumably temporary problems—making the air lanes safer, for instance. The administration is convinced that as the nation grows even bigger, more and more of its chronic headaches will have to be doctored by special task forces.

Finally, the Heller experts decided that the President's office should have space for an extra 700 workers above the twenty-year forecast. This space would be used at first by other departments, and vacated as need arose. According to their calculations, therefore, shelter would be wanted for nearly 2400 employees. They would have to be housed without interfering with (1) maximum security and convenience for the President, (2) a true divorce of White House residence and office functions, and (3) close contact between the President and the officials he sees regularly.

In its report to the President, the Heller men paid their respects to the venerable Executive Office Building and "the air of grandeur which has endeared it to many of its occupants." But they noted that elevators and toilets required renovation, that fire doors and fire alarms were needed, that the heating and plumbing systems were existing on borrowed time.

The experts weighed three ideas. Under the first, the President and his immediate staff would move to the East Wing for two and a half years, while the East Wing personnel moved temporarily to rented quarters. The West Wing would be razed and rebuilt with more space underground. The Executive Office Building would be modernized and connected by a tunnel with the West Wing. But the planners rejected this idea, because remodeling the Old State Building would cost $6,100,000, and in "a relatively few years" it would have to be torn down anyhow.

Under the second plan, there would be minor surgery on the West Wing, and Old State would be replaced with a new office building. This idea was discarded because it would have left the President still separated from most of his staff.

Instead, the Heller team recommended eviction from the East Wing of everybody but the White House police office and the First Lady's staff; remodeling of the West Wing as quarters for presidential house guests who now use Blair House across the street; razing the Executive Office Building; and housing the President, his entire staff and 700 other Government workers in a new seven-story building, to "harmonize with, but not duplicate, the exterior of the Treasury Building" to the east of the White House.

The total cost is estimated at $31,725,000. That would include $100,000 for moving, $3,375,000 for rentals during the two and a half or three years of alterations, $250,000 to tear down Old State, $25,500,000 for the new building, $350,000 for a tunnel between the new building and the mansion, $2,000,000 to remodel and furnish the West Wing and $150,000 to touch up the East Wing.

Parking, press-conference auditorium and cafeteria would be in the two-level basement of the new building. The front third of the first four floors would house presidential offices: on the ground floor, files, records, mail rooms and other services; on the second floor, press rooms, military and naval aides to the President, dispensary, communications and transportation offices, consultants and advisory groups; on the third floor, the President (whose office, as a lone concession to tradition, would again be oval-shaped), his briefing and cabinet rooms, conference rooms, cabinet secretary, staff mess and the President's closest advisers; on the fourth floor, special assistants and their staffs.

The rear portions of the first three floors would shelter the Bureau of the Budget. The front sections of the fifth, sixth and seventh floors would be reserved for the Office of Defense Mobilization, the National Security Council and Operations Coordinating Board, and the Council of Economic Advisers. This would leave the rear sections of the upper four floors for non-White House departments.

Discussing the proposed changes with his intimates, Mr. Eisenhower firmly indicated that he thought the President and his family should never live outside the White House. He believes it may be possible to leave his own office and his closest advisers in the West Wing, and move the rest of the staff to a new building next door. But the President would not object to moving his own working headquarters too.

Not long ago, Sherman Adams asked him, "When you come to the office in the morning, would it make any appreciable difference if, instead of going to the ground floor, you went through a tunnel to an elevator and then upstairs to the office?"

"It wouldn't make any difference to me at all," replied the President.

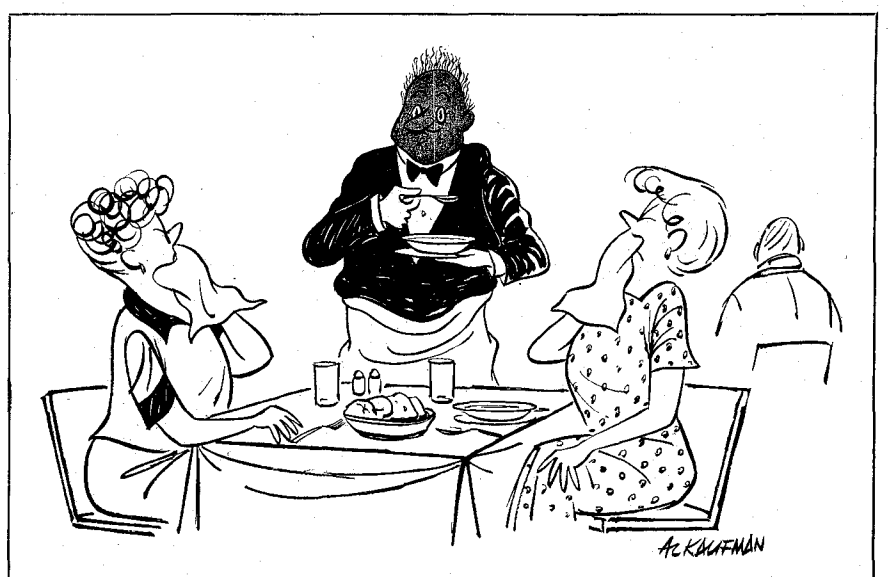
It is questionable, however, whether the new building will materialize as envisioned by the Heller experts.

"It's too big," says one influential outside authority. "Nothing should overpower the most important residence in the United States. Whatever is done must be respectful of the White House." His solution: a smaller office building next to the White House for the President and his own staff; another building on Government-owned land just across Pennsylvania Avenue, for lesser toilers, like clerks of the Budget Bureau.

To iron out differences of opinion, President Eisenhower organized a commission of two congressmen; two senators; General Services Administrator Franklin G. Floete; architect Douglas W. Orr, of New Haven, Connecticut; and a chairman, Robert V. Fleming, board chairman of Washington's Riggs National Bank. The commission is supposed to agree on one solution and recommend it to the next Congress. It hopes to have an answer by late spring.

If the commission agrees on one answer, and the White House agrees, and the editorial writers agree, and Congress agrees, it would still take about three years to make the changes. And as long as the Constitution frowns on third-term Presidents, President Eisenhower can only hope that he will be invited over someday to admire the new layout. Because he won't be in office to enjoy it.

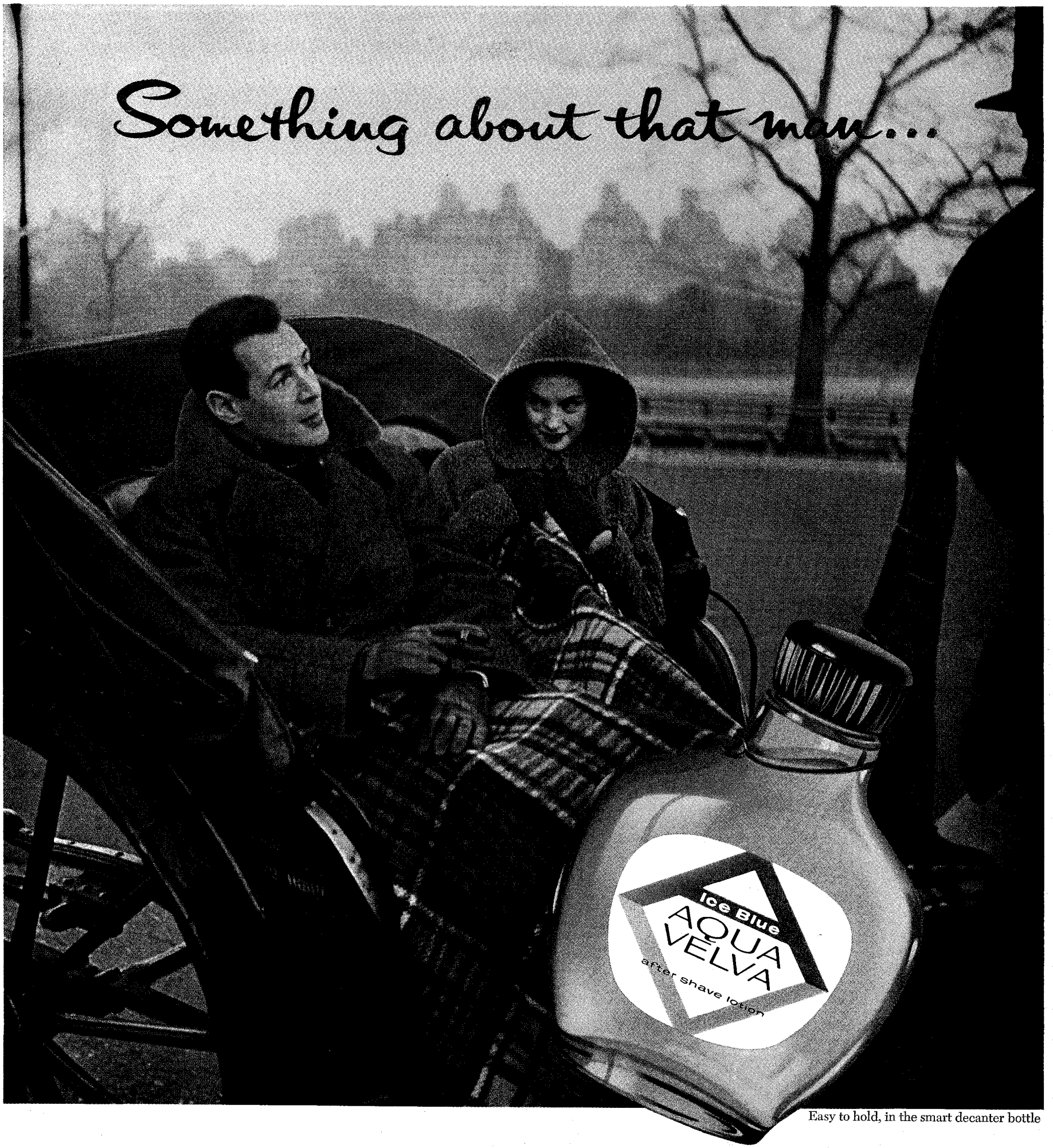
THE END




"Spicy, isn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Easy to hold, in the smart decanter bottle

# NEW ICE BLUE AFTER SHAVE

### New aroma!

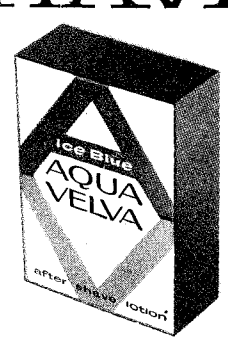
A unique scent-prolonger, M-10, makes the ice blue aroma of New Aqua Velva really *last*. 1500 men tested leading after-shaves. New Aqua Velva won hands down. And their girls loved it.

### New action!

A new skin-conditioner, Humectin, in Ice Blue Aqua Velva "gives your skin a drink." It restores skin moisture removed by today's closer shaving razors and skin-parching push-button shaves.

### New feel!

New Ice Blue Aqua Velva refreshes in a new way. It cools without bite—tingles without sting. Helps nicks heal faster, too. At better drug counters everywhere, 60¢ and $1.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Queen's Justice is Quick

(Continued from Page 41)

curly-wigged barristers in the court; they bow back. The judge sits down. Everyone sits down. The business of the court, which is crime and punishment, can now start.

Every day, in the morning and after lunch, each of the five judges at the Old Bailey is bowed to his place in his court by several of these costumed gentlemen—sheriff, undersheriff, alderman. The great affair of each session's opening day takes about five minutes; the daily rite lasts a minute. It is long enough; the purpose has been served. The purpose is simply to remind everyone of the ancient majesty of the law and of the profound respect in which it is held. The system works, and looks wonderful as well.

After the useful pomp, the High Court judge readies his fountain pen—for he will take notes of everything said in the trials—peers over his glasses, and says, "Ye-es?" A prisoner is brought into the dock and stands there, looking always small, frozen, shabby, depressed and curiously unreal. The charge against the prisoner is read. Guilty or not guilty? The prisoner answers in a barely audible voice and the judge indicates that the prisoner may now sit down.

The order of the trial is what we all know: counsel for the Crown, trying to prove guilt, presents his case, calls his witnesses, extracts their evidence, turns them over to counsel for the defense for cross-examination. Counsel for the defense then does the same thing, trying to demolish the case that counsel for the Crown has built up. The order is familiar, but that is all.

How thorough these trials are, and how quick! Nothing is said that does not bear immediately on the crime; everything is said once and clearly. No voice is ever raised in anger or rhetoric, no voice is raised at all above the tone of the most polite conversation. The judge rules supreme, rules with a murmur, a word. The barristers seem to have in their bones not only an instinct for courtesy but for fairness. That man in the dock, you are never allowed to forget, is innocent until proved guilty.

When both counsel have finished their work, the judge takes over. The judge has made up his own mind on the evidence he has heard; he is allowed to show what he thinks. He has heard evidence for years and years; it is assumed that he is wise, experienced and completely just. In summing up all the evidence for the jury, the judge has the right to suggest what the jury should think and why they might think it. The jury has the equal right to disagree with the judge. The judge would not dream of giving orders to a jury—that would be fatal bad manners—but he can try to shape their conclusions.

The jury goes off to deliberate. They will find in their pleasant jury room twelve clean, old-fashioned, wood-backed hairbrushes and twelve clean white bone combs, in case they ruffle their hair while thinking, and want to tidy up before reappearing in court. The prisoner will go down to the cells, where he will get a cup of tea to help him wait. Another case will have started in the court. Presently the jury returns and announces its unanimous verdict. The judge sentences the prisoner or sets him free. If the jury is not unanimous, there must be a retrial later in the month.

Should the prisoner plead guilty, as an amazing number do, all of this, which goes fast enough, goes even faster. The judge hears the Crown's evidence of guilt, the defense's plea for understanding and mercy, and delivers his sentence. Next prisoner.

There are twenty-five High Court judges and the Lord Chief Justice of England who preside in Court No. 1 at the Old Bailey, taking turns, a month at a time, year after year. They are the only ones who can try treason—which is always tried at the Old Bailey—murder, and the graver felonies. One of these visiting High Court judges, and the four permanent Old Bailey judges—who never move from that place—are the men in command of the five Old Bailey courtrooms. This month the High Court judge happens to be Mr. Justice Donovan. He has the reputation of being a "nice" man; in England, that usually means kind.

Mr. Justice Donovan is a stocky red-faced man of fifty-eight, with a long Irish nose, a rumbling, deliberate voice, and the look of one who likes to laugh. He creates his own climate in court, as every judge does; he is helpful to barristers and

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### There is a Time

By Helen Harrington

There is a time when a man
should stand,
Nothing in mind and heart
and hand,
Easy and open and still and
dumb,
And listen and wait; and
there will come
Whisper of sky and bush
and tree—
All he has ever known to
be—
And, trembling out of the
otherwhere,
What he has thought,
sometimes, was there.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

willing to consider anything good that can be said of the prisoners. Like all judges, he has special dislikes. How can the atmosphere of his court be described? Firm but merciful, perhaps.

This morning, Mr. Justice Donovan will sentence prisoners who have pleaded guilty to manslaughter, incest, murder, arson and other felonies. Counsel for the Crown, having settled his curled wig, pulled his black gown straight on his shoulders, taken a chance that his white neckbands are in correct order, rises, says, "May it please your lordship," and tells the judge when, where, how and why the miserable dark man in the dock struck his baby such a blow that the baby died. Counsel for the Crown seems so relaxed as to be almost sleepy. This amiable, detached, effortless manner is the normal courtroom style.

Counsel for the Crown tells the judge that the prisoner has a slut of a wife, is a good worker, lives in three rooms with five other adults—his wife's relatives—and five children, supports them all and does most of the housework as well. The baby was crying and crying, he couldn't make it stop, he lost his temper, he hit it too hard.

Counsel for the defense has been hired by the state to help this prisoner, who is too poor to pay any legal fees himself. Most of the prisoners in the dock are far too poor; most are defended in this way by barristers who have volunteered to give "legal aid" and are paid a pittance by the state. Now counsel for the defense makes a brief, quiet, sincere plea for mercy; the prisoner is not a bad man, he is a man driven beyond endurance. "My lord, the prisoner is more deeply punished by his own remorse and guilt than any court can punish him. I do not think I can assist your lordship further." This is the usual phrase; the barrister's job is properly to assist his lordship in obtaining all the relevant facts of the case.

The judge asks a few searching practical questions to make sure that someone will straighten out this wretched household, and sentences the prisoner to nine months in jail. The maximum penalty for manslaughter is life imprisonment. All penalties were fixed in Victorian times and are harsher than now seem decent. Mr. Justice Donovan has never lived in three rooms with ten other people, been desperately poor and exhausted and at the end of his rope, but he has imagination and the sense that justice is no hard, absolute thing. A judge can be as lenient or as severe as he thinks right.

The next prisoner is a twenty-three-year-old boy who surrendered himself to the police, pleading guilty to incest with his sister. Counsel for the Crown, explaining that the prisoner does not want anyone to defend him, feels it only fair to say everything that can be said for the boy, as well as against him. The story unfolds in the limpid English that is a constant pleasure to hear. The reason for the glorious absence of gobbledegook is that the prisoner, usually uneducated, usually not very intelligent, has the right to understand everything said about him. English courts are not squeamish; the words used are the real words; facts are stated in detail. This story is a Greek tragedy, transposed into a working-class English family. No one is evil, all are doomed. The boy was one of five children. Poverty forced the widowed mother to send this boy away from home when a baby. He returned, a timid, lonely young man, and found a fifteen-year-old sister who was a stranger; they fell in love; their child is to be born in two months. His lordship calls for medical opinion on the child's chances of being born normal. His lordship wants to know how the child will be looked after. When he sentences the boy to twelve months in prison, the judge solemnly warns the boy that the only way he can atone is to work for this child, the innocent, forever-marked victim, to protect the child however he can.

The prisoner now is a man of fifty-seven, all gray, bent, wearing a hearing aid, and already he seems far beyond concern for this court or anything else. He is charged with murdering his wife; he pleads guilty. There is nothing more to be said: the crime of murder is punishable with death. The judge's clerk places on the judge's head the square of black cloth; it sits on his wig like a black wool tea napkin. The prisoner stands and the judge pronounces the death sentence: "And if this sentence be carried out upon you, may the Lord have mercy on your soul." This murder case lasted exactly two and a half minutes.

A scruffy blond young man stands in the dock and on being charged with robbery, he asks for a "dock brief."

"Have you two pounds four and six?" says his lordship, momentarily changed into a cashier.

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well, you may choose."

The prisoner looks at the spare barristers, who sit on their benches to the right of the dock, listening to cases because they want to learn or because they enjoy listening. He sees a face under a curled wig that he likes, and points. The barrister so selected rises, bows to the judge, who vaguely mumbles, "Ah, yes, Mr. Norton." The young barrister, Mr. Norton, now gets from Crown counsel the evidence against the blond prisoner, leaves the court to read it quickly, goes below to see his client in the cells, finds out what he can, advises his client whether to plead guilty or not guilty, comes upstairs, makes some notes and is ready to plead the case whenever his lordship decides to hear it. His fee is the aforementioned two pounds four and six, or $6.23, paid by the prisoner.

The judge has already called for another prisoner, a middle-aged man with a tuft of hair and a bemused face, who pleads guilty to arson. The judge is studying the papers of the case, and he is worried. He now peers over at the unoccupied barristers and sees a young woman, whose black curls show oddly beneath her wig.

"Ah, Miss Heppel," says his lordship; Miss Heppel is at once on her feet. "Would you like to represent this man? Because, you see, it's a serious matter and there may be things to be said in mitigation which would not occur to him. Would you like to see him, and I'll take the case when you are ready."

"Thank you, my lord."

Miss Heppel now does exactly what Mr. Norton did before her. Her fee will be $13.58, paid by the state.

All day long, bewigged counsel pass through the dock on their way to the cells below the courts, to see their clients. All day long, in their cells, the prisoners are drinking great mugs of the sweet strong tea which the English adore, trying to keep up their spirits or comfort themselves, having heard the worst. In spare moments they pencil gloomy or angry remarks on the cell walls: "Tom Perkins. Ain't got a charns." "Three years for beating a quier!" "Think of the months, think of the yeres, think of it all, then shed tiers." "Do you wish you never done it? I do." The unhappy newcomers are made welcome by those who have been there often before, who know the warders and the judges and the form, and know too well the prisons they will go back to.

Now it is one o'clock. His lordship leaves the court, goes to his "chambers," a large pleasant study, nips out of his wig and robe, and joins the four other judges and whatever guests have been asked in their stately, rather bleak dining room. Here, every working day for eleven months of the year, the judges and their company lunch as the guests of the Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs of London, who pay for the food and wine—both reportedly excellent—out of their own pockets, as is the immemorial custom. There are usually between ten and sixteen men at lunch, never any women. The two exceptions in recorded history are a woman who was invited by hideous mistake, and the Duchess of Kent.

The judges are all appointed for life, and before that, for at least ten years, they were all practicing barristers. The senior Old Bailey judge, called the Recorder, has presided in these courts for nineteen years. The three other Old Bailey judges were appointed only two years ago, after a general retirement of very old men. Judges seem to live long in England—the Lord Chief Justice is eighty, the Recorder is seventy-two—and work hard and apparently enjoy their work, for they do not choose to retire early. They are very well paid according to their category—£10,000 for the Lord Chief Justice, scaling down to £3000 for the junior judges at the Old Bailey—a range of

(Continued on Page 122)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Slow heating up?* *Shrinking picture?* *"Octopus" outlets?* *Fuse gone pfft?*

# Somebody ought to tell them about full HOUSEPOWER TRADE MARK

Another fuse gone pfft? Home a maze of extension cords and double sockets plugged into double sockets? Appliances take too long to heat up? TV picture shrink? Lights flicker? Better get a HOUSEPOWER Rating on *your* home.

Truth is, 4 out of 5 homes suffer from low HOUSEPOWER (old-fashioned electrical wiring, outlets and switches). It's easy to find out if you're one of the four: just call your electrical contractor or electric company for a HOUSEPOWER Rating. If added wiring is needed to bring your HOUSEPOWER up to par, your electrical contractor will do the job quickly and neatly . . . economically, too.

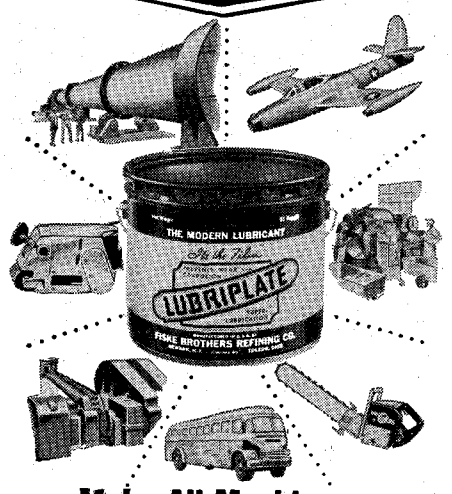
**During National Electric Week** (February 10 to 16) lots of your neighbors will be getting HOUSEPOWER Ratings. So why not call your electrical contractor or electric company now. Remember, full HOUSEPOWER increases the value of your home—helps you LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY.

Your electrical industries sponsoring

**HOUSEPOWER** TRADE MARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUBRIPLATE
LUBRICANTS




**Make All Machinery Run Better . . . Last Longer**

**LUBRIPLATE INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS** reduce friction and wear to a minimum, prevent rust and corrosion and save power. There's a LUBRIPLATE Lubricant best for every industrial use . . . high temperatures and low, high speeds and heavy loads, under moist, humid conditions, in the presence of acids and alkalis. LUBRIPLATE does a better lubricating job.

**YOUR MACHINERY DESERVES THE BEST...USE LUBRIPLATE, YOU'LL SEE THE DIFFERENCE IMMEDIATELY!**

*At Industrial Supply Dealers*
*(See Lubriplate listing in Classified Telephone Book)*

**OTHER LUBRIPLATE PRODUCTS**

LUBRIPLATE H.D.S. MOTOR OIL for cars, trucks and tractors
LUBRIPLATE AUTO-LUBE "A" for general automotive lubrication
LUBRIPLATE 2-C MOTOR OIL for outboards
LUBRIPLATE OUTBOARD GREASES for underwater gears
LUBRIPLATE in handy tubes for sports and household uses

**LUBRIPLATE DIVISION,** Fiske Brothers Refining Co.
Newark 5, N. J., Toledo 5, Ohio.



**HOW TO MEET EXPENSES**

YOU can earn extra cash to meet your expenses by selling subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *Jack and Jill*, and other popular magazines. Earn generous commissions in your spare time. We'll send details without obligation. Write to

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**932 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.**



**What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?**

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.



ARMSTRONG
... more EXCLUSIVE features than any other furnace!
ARMSTRONG FURNACE COMPANY
DIVISION NATIONAL UNION ELECTRIC CORPORATION


(*Continued from Page 120*) $28,000 to $8400—and they are comfortably pensioned when they decide to retire. They are as safe in their work as men can be in this world, since it takes both Houses of Parliament, with the assent of the Queen, to unseat a judge, and that has never happened. They are everywhere treated with deference and beautifully looked after—most honored servants of the nation. The only professional setbacks they can have are occasional juries that flout them and occasional reversals in the Court of Criminal Appeal. They earned their privileged position by their ability; somehow they manage not to be corrupted by their very great power.

On the floor above the judge's dining room, the barristers will be lunching, not so well, in the Bar Mess, and paying for it themselves. The barristers are a mystery. Crime certainly does not pay; there seem to be no rich criminals to reward a barrister with a handsome fee, and the state is a miserly employer. If a barrister prosecutes a case for the Crown, he gets a basic fee of $19.60, rising if the case is long or complicated. If a barrister defends a prisoner—legal aid—at state expense, he gets a basic fee of $13.58, again slightly increased should the case drag on, but cases do not drag on; that is one of the triumphs of English law. The fee for a "dock brief," when the prisoner himself pays, is even more derisory, as we have seen.

If the judge feels that a barrister is wasting the court's time or is in any way out of bounds, the judge has only to observe that he does not care for it. The barrister will have to be a very old hand and very sure of himself to protest; usually he says, "If your lordship pleases," and drops the matter. If the barrister dares to argue, he says, "With respect, my lord," and states his point. If his lordship still does not care for it, that is that. And it is best to know your job so perfectly that you never have any words with his lordship.

The barrister must please and convince two audiences—the jury and the judge—and the judge is the more important because he has the last decisive word with the jury. If a barrister is pompous, theatrical, disagreeable, hectoring or just plain slow, he will never get anywhere. He must never lose his temper. It takes a man three years to prepare for his bar examinations and it is said that if, after five years at the bar, he cannot earn £1000 a year—the humble sum of $2800—he had better give up and find other work. To survive at all, a barrister has to be, and is, very, very good indeed. One can only conclude that those barristers who regularly practice criminal law love their work for its own sake.

The judges have all been bowed back into their courts. The prisoners are again in the docks. The work goes on. The atmosphere in each court is as different as the judges themselves. The Recorder's Court is flawlessly correct and hard as stone; the Common Serjeant's Court is pleasant, mild, rather dull; Judge Maude's Court is unpredictable, chatty, kind; Judge Aarvold's Court is healthy, cool, competent.

The Recorder is hearing with distaste the sort of evidence all judges hate: psychiatry cannot be proved, it is not law; a man has led a blameless life and suddenly slashes his beloved wife with a razor. The Common Serjeant is dealing with the ambiguous case of a man charged with robbing a woman of £3—$8.40—and also punching her in the stomach, but they seem to have been on their way to a hotel for the night, at the time. Judge Maude has two Pakistani in the dock, tiny, black, insectlike men, accused by a sickly young Irishman of beating him up in a quarrel about a girl. Judge Aarvold is trying an immensely tedious fraud case, involving mops and someone being cheated of £57.3.0—$160. Mr. Justice Donovan is listening to counsel defending a troubled colored man who may or may not have attempted rape. Everything is heard with painstaking care; every case is of the greatest importance. Judge Maude, when summing up his Pakistani-Irish assault case, spoke symbolically for all the cases, for English law, for the will of the English people: "It might not seem to matter much if a man knocks another man about, but it does matter; it matters tremendously. We lead comparatively peaceful lives because of the severity with which we apply these laws."

After weeks of enthralled listening at the Old Bailey, the smallness of these crimes seems their real quality. The thefts are pitiful, the frauds are foolish, the sex crimes, the crimes of violence are done by ignorant, hopeless people, moving out of their depth into actions they hardly understand. Crime appears as an endless, sad, dingy failure. Even this failure is small, for there are so few crimes. The Old Bailey is the superior Criminal Court of London; only the crimes considered grave ever reach it. In the enormous area under the jurisdiction of this court, some 10,000,000 people live together in the largest city in the world. But there are, on average, only 110 crimes each month tried at the Old Bailey. The English would not agree that their crime is either modest or scant; to them, any crime is too much and a scandal. They are a fervently law-respecting people.

If the criminal side of crime seems inefficient, the law-enforcement side is dazzlingly competent. No accused man is left to languish in jail while more evidence is collected or the mills of justice dawdle at their job. Within twenty-four hours of an arrest, the prisoner must be brought before a magistrate, who hears the evidence against him and decides whether to throw it out as insufficient or to send the case to the Old Bailey. (I am talking only about indictable, serious offenses; the flea-bite crimes, the majority of them all, are judged by the magistrate on the spot.) Within a very few weeks after his arrest, the prisoner will be standing in the Old Bailey dock, hearing and understanding every word of his careful, quick, no-nonsense trial. As soon as the judge has spoken, the prisoner will either step sadly into the Black Maria and go to jail or step gladly into the dismal street in front of the Old Bailey, and catch a bus back to his life.

The cornerstone of English law is the great principle of justice: a man is innocent until proved guilty. The cement that holds together the structure of the law, built from this cornerstone, is the judges. The English do not like to freeze rules into words; they have not written a constitution for the nation, nor a formal code of law. They prefer to change very slowly, as life changes around them; they rely on their native common sense and on their character. They therefore trust thirty men, in all England, to be the judges of their gravest crime; and by custom, tradition and acts of Parliament growing through the centuries, they give these men such freedom, such power, as would hardly seem safe. The English make a bet on the fairness, wisdom and humanity of their judges, Englishmen like themselves, and apparently win the bet.

After weeks of seeing your miserable fellow men in the Old Bailey dock, you may decide that it is absurd for anyone to talk about justice. There is no justice, there is only luck. If you didn't have the luck to get the parents you did—and the grandparents and great-grandparents and infinitely on and around in heredity—the home you were brought up in, the food you ate, the schools you went to, the people you love, you could be standing in the dock like any of the unlucky creatures who stand there. Over the door of the Old Bailey, engraved in stone, are the words: "Defend the Children of the Poor and Punish the Wrongdoer." It is a limited objective, but the English are a realistic people. To defend the children of the poor and to punish the wrongdoer may be the best that they, or anyone, can expect of man-made justice.

THE END

"We'll have to get used to those bifocals, Mr. Parker!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Where Baseball Stars are Born

(Continued from Page 29)

of what it should be," observed John Murphy, the former Yankee relief ace who is now farm director of the Boston Red Sox. Murphy delivered this opinion at the Red Sox's rookie camp in Sarasota last February. "The kids starting out in Class D are the ones who need the biggest amount of good instruction. Instead of that, you have most of it in the majors, where a club has a manager and three or four coaches. In the top minors, there's a manager and one coach. From there on down, it's a one-man job. So a manager in the low minors doesn't have enough time to work with all his kids. And nothing can be done about it, because the payroll limits in the lower leagues don't allow any coaches. These rookie schools are a way of making up for it."

A majority of the big-league teams have adopted the rookie-camp idea as a periodic thing, and with several it has become an annual fixture. This year there are six of these early camps. The Philadelphia Phillies opened school for their youngsters in Clearwater last week. The St. Louis Cardinals and the Yankees are getting under way this week in St. Petersburg, and the Cleveland Indians in Tucson. Next week, rookie sessions begin for the Detroit Tigers in Lakeland, Florida, and the Baltimore Orioles in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Along with the major-league uniforms and instructors, most clubs make it a point to provide major-league living accommodations and playing facilities at their rookie camps. They want to give the boys the "feel" of the big time. All in all, a rookie school in operation looks much like a regulation training camp. However, the underlying atmosphere isn't the same. At a major-league camp, the tone is set more by the established players than by the hungry young hopefuls. At a rookie camp everybody is in the hungry class.

You'll seldom, if ever, find one of these boys out on the town in the small hours of the morning, as occasionally will happen with some of the older players next month. The kids are too much in earnest for that. Quite a few of them have come here at a financial sacrifice, cutting short the winter jobs with which they supplement their minor-league earnings. They wouldn't risk spoiling this chance to make a personal impression on the big club's high command.

The boys are absolutely right in believing that they come under the closest sort of observation by the top brass. When the instructional staff at the Detroit camp in Lakeland sat down to dinner after a typical day last February, the conversation dealt entirely with the ballplayers.

Johnny McHale, the Tigers' boss of minor-league operations, who used to be a Detroit first baseman, remarked about one youngster, "He looks strong, but he doesn't seem to get any distance with the bat. He seems to hold the bat with the whole hand. There are no fingers in the grip, no finger action."

Coach Joe Gordon, a great second baseman in his own playing days, jumped to his feet and began demonstrating another flaw in the boy's hitting form. Gordon, who has since left the Tigers, pantomimed a style of swinging in which the back leg fell away from the plate in a kind of collapsing action.

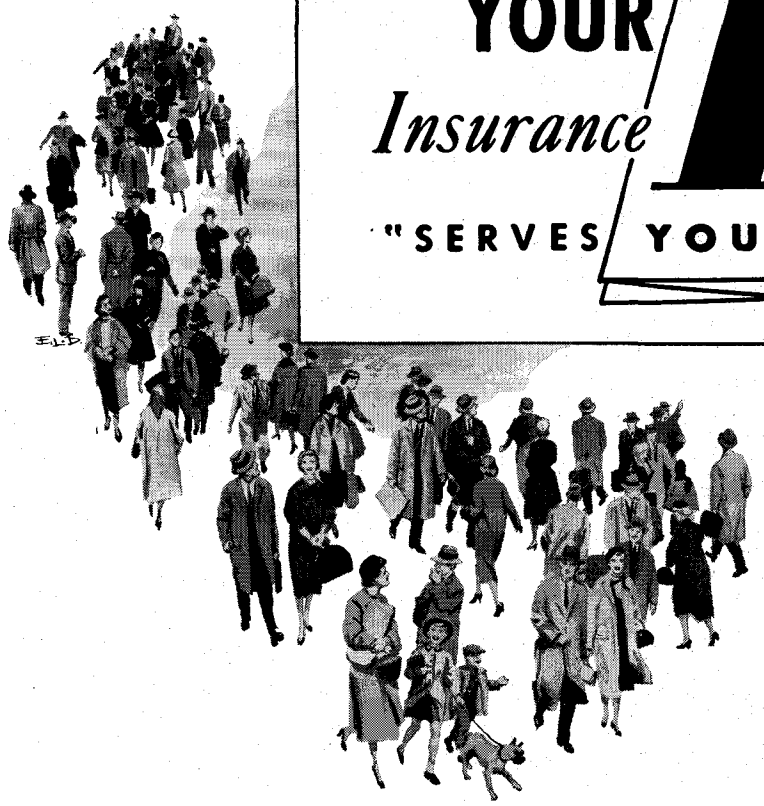
Manager Bucky Harris—also since departed—said, "Well, if he isn't a power hitter, let him be a sharp hitter. Let him meet the ball sharply—line drives and sharp grounders—and get singles and doubles. Not everybody can hit the long ball."

So it went. The characteristics of one individual after another were hashed over. At a rookie camp these bull sessions are a daily occurrence. From such discussions emerge the final decisions as to what level each boy should play at during the coming season.

Last year's rookie schools had their quota of prize pupils to talk about. No fewer than three of the newcomers at the Cardinals' advance camp went on to become big-league regulars in 1956—infielder Don Blasingame from Omaha, catcher Hal Smith from Houston and outfielder Jackie Brandt from Rochester. Blasingame and Smith were due to spend at least the training period with the Cardinals in any event, being listed on the parent team's preseason roster, but the ebullient Brandt, who was only twenty-one, originally was ticketed for another year at Rochester. Jackie showed so much in St. Petersburg that he won himself a job in the St. Louis outfield. Then, in June, Brandt went to the New York Giants as part of the deal that brought Alvin Dark to St. Louis.

Several of Detroit's young baseball scholars last year spent at least part of the season with the Tigers. The longest leap was made by pitcher Hal Woodeshick, who advanced from Class B ball at Danville in 1955 to Triple A at Charleston in 1956, and finished out the year at Detroit. Similarly first baseman Ed Bouchee, of the Phillies, jumped from Schenectady (Class A) to Miami (Triple A), and ended up in Philadelphia. (*Continued on Page 125*)


**A good point to remember when you buy insurance...**



YOUR *Independent* *Insurance* AGENT

"SERVES YOU FIRST"

This insignia is the hallmark of the agent who is qualified to provide superior service, *sound* protection ... *and more for your money.*

Great American

GROUP OF INSURANCE COMPANIES

FIRE · MARINE · AUTOMOBILE · CASUALTY · SURETY

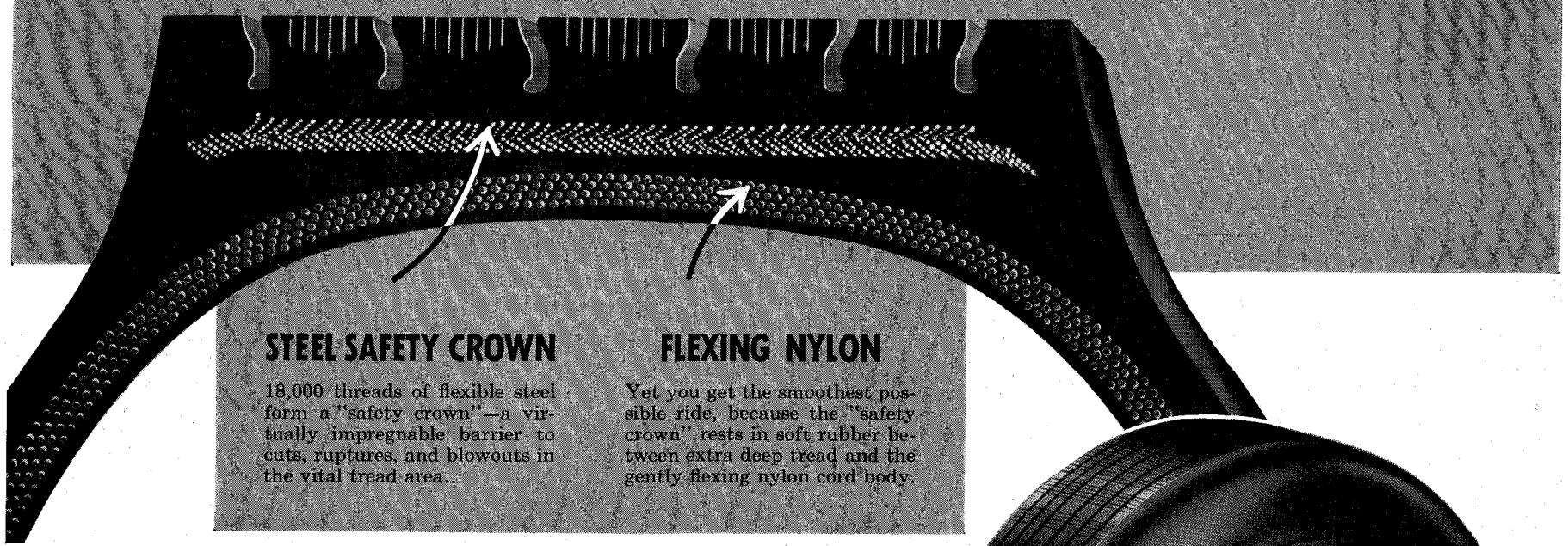
Great American • Great American Indemnity • American National Fire • Detroit Fire & Marine • Massachusetts Fire & Marine • Rochester American


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Most indestructible of tires

# U.S.ROYAL

## STEEL FOR STRENGTH
## NYLON FOR COMFORT



**STEEL SAFETY CROWN**

18,000 threads of flexible steel form a "safety crown"—a virtually impregnable barrier to cuts, ruptures, and blowouts in the vital tread area.

**FLEXING NYLON**

Yet you get the smoothest possible ride, because the "safety crown" rests in soft rubber between extra deep tread and the gently flexing nylon cord body.

## See the man who sells U. S. ROYALS

See the safest tire ever built—the Safety Age U. S. Royal Master! This unique combination of nylon and steel makes it *the most indestructible of tires.*

Your U. S. Royal Dealer will be glad to allow the full value of your present tires toward the purchase of U. S. Royal Masters. If you're buying a new car, ask your car dealer about his attractive changeover plan.

All U. S. Royals are available on convenient credit terms. You can actually ride on U. S. Royals for as little as $1.25 a week.

US RUBBER

**United States Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

When in New York visit the United States Rubber Exhibit Hall in Radio City


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 123*) The most conspicuous graduate of the Red Sox's rookie school was pitcher Dave Sisler, whose father, George, is in the Baseball Hall of Fame, and whose older brother, Dick, played several years in the big leagues, and is now playing-manager at Nashville. Young Dave was just back from two years of military service, and he'd had only a single season of Class A experience before that. The Red Sox slated him for their top farm at San Francisco in 1956, and were afraid that might be too high. But Dave bloomed so promisingly at the rookie camp that they kept him on when regular training started, and they wound up keeping him all year. Appearing frequently in relief and occasionally as a starter, Sisler had a nine-and-eight record.

The Yankees didn't come up with any immediate new big-league successes last year, the way they have in some other seasons, although outfielder Norm Siebern was one pupil who saw a fair amount of 1956 action with the parent club. But by and large, the Yankees have dominated the rookie-camp picture in recent years, just as they have the baseball seasons that followed. The Yanks have been putting on these schools every winter since 1950, and they have more results to show than anybody else.

Most baseball men agree that the whole idea originated with Casey Stengel and the Yankees. It's something different from the tryout camps that ball clubs occasionally conduct. Those are for brand-new prospects. It also is different from instructional experiments like the "early-bird" camp Branch Rickey staged with the St. Louis Cardinals in 1938. There the pupils ranged from kids who had never played professional ball to men already playing with the Cardinals, such as Terry Moore and Mickey Owen and Mort Cooper. Today's rookie camps, in contrast, are primarily for the man in between these two extremes—the promising player who is part way up the baseball ladder.

Casey Stengel, who can be as direct in his speech as anybody else, was talking about it one day in St. Petersburg last spring. The famous Stengelese brand of double-talk did not enter in until he had completed the main body of his discourse.

"When I took the job as manager of the Yankees in 1949," he said, "we had a splendid team. But Henrichs (sic) had a bad knee. Keller had a bad back. DiMaggio was wearing out from years of effort. Replacements were needed fast.

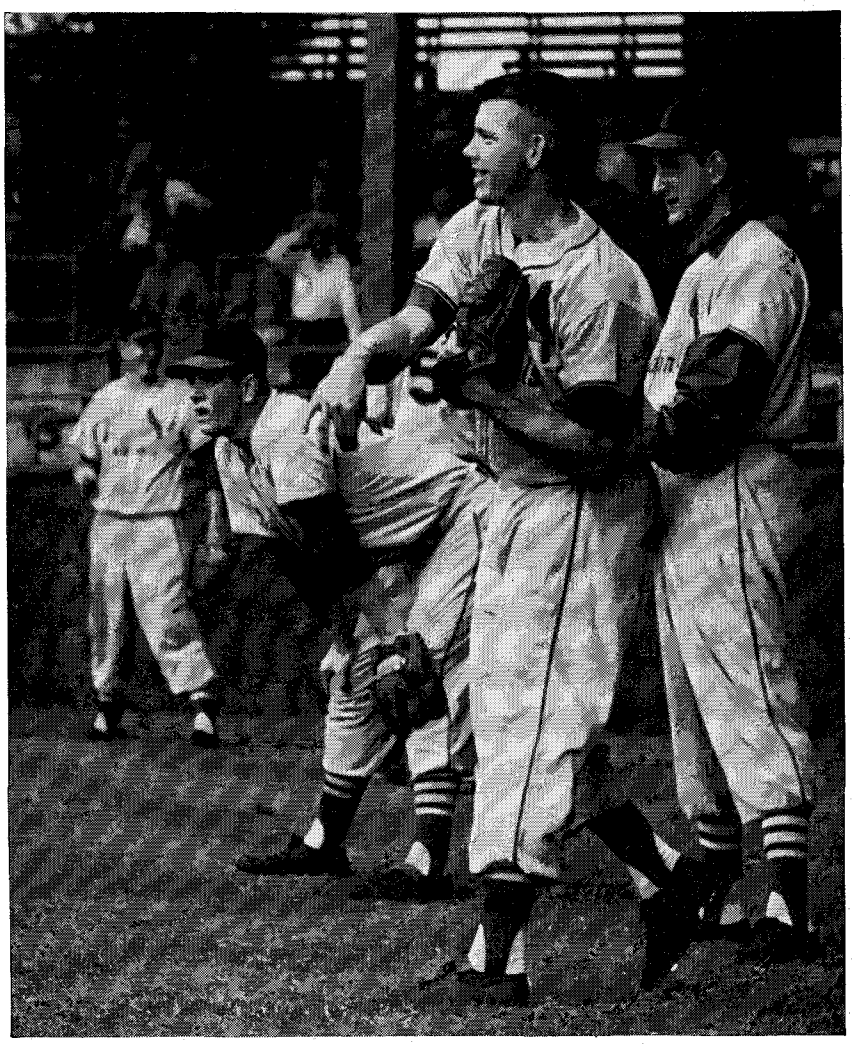
"It's hard for us to buy good players from other teams or trade for them. The other clubs expect so much when they deal with the Yankees. So we decided to have this school the next winter for some of the boys from our minor-league clubs. Each boy gets an expert in his own position to instruct him. We work on their weaknesses. Maybe we can move them along faster in the farm system. If we find a boy who can make our team, that's wonderful. He goes right up to the regular roster.

"It isn't true what the scouts for other clubs tell boys, 'Don't sign with the Yankees. You have no chance of making the team.' Why, we've been bringing up new men right along. Of the Yankees I started with in 1949, only Bauer, Berra and Rizzuto are left." And before the end of last season, Rizzuto, too, was gone.

The first Yankee school in 1950 sent no youngsters straight to New York, but a number of the boys were to be heard from as big-leaguers, including twenty-one-year-old infielder Gil McDougald, who was promoted from Class B ball to the Texas League on the strength of his rookie-camp showing. The next year three boys went all the way—McDougald, pitcher Tom Morgan and Mickey Mantle, a kid shortstop they decided to convert into an outfielder. McDougald went to New York for keeps; Morgan and Mantle both dropped back briefly in the middle of 1951 for additional seasoning in the American Association.

Almost every year since then, some boy has made the big jump. The 1953 school sent Andy Carey up to stay. In 1954 it was pitcher Bob Grim; in 1955, pitcher Johnny Kucks. Last year Norm Siebern had a regular outfield berth all but clinched until he hurt his knee in an exhibition game on March twenty-second. He was never quite the same for the rest of the year, spending part of it at Denver.

There are other current Yankees who went through rookie camp in the course of working their way up—Bill Skowron and Elston Howard. And at least ten alumni of Yankee schools have made the big time with other clubs, including such current regulars as Lew Burdette, of Milwaukee; Bill Virdon, of Pittsburgh; Gus Triandos, of Baltimore; and Lou Skizas, of Kansas City. Skizas was at the 1956 rookie school.



Prize 1956 pupil: Outfielder Jackie Brandt at the Cardinals' rookie camp. As a 21-year-old, he won a berth with St. Louis, later went to New York Giants on a trade.

How much does all this cost? It comes to less than the price of a single good utility player on today's major-league market—about $25,000 for the eighteen-day Yankee school last year. At the other 1956 rookie camps, which varied in duration from sixteen to twenty-two days, the total expenses ranged—with one exception—between $20,000 and $30,000. Costs are expected to run about the same this year.

The Detroit Tigers are the exception. They operate their rookie school in a manner that adds less than $5000 to their spring-training bills. They hold the school not at the main Tiger camp in Lakeland, but at their Tigertown minor-league setup outside the city. Tigertown is a converted military air base. The boys train on its practice diamonds, live in its dormitories and eat in its cafeteria.

Everybody else uses the major-league training site for the rookie school, and puts the boys up in hotels. It's the same hotel the big-leaguers will stay at next month, except in the Phillies' case—they quarter their rookies in less expensive hostelries. All clubs either pay for the boys' laundry, dry-cleaning and tips, or give the youngsters cash allowances for the purpose. The Red Sox last year gave twelve dollars a week to rookies who were on farm-team rosters. Those who were on the Boston roster—eleven out of the thirty-one boys—got the regular twenty-five-dollar weekly spring-training allowance for big-leaguers, plus the option of living away from the hotel with their families.

The St. Louis Cardinals were the only team to give the full major-league allowance and privileges to every pupil in their rookie camp, whether he is on the parent-club roster or not. "I can't see bringing these boys here to make big-leaguers out of them, and then not treating them like big-leaguers," general manager Frank Lane declared last year. "If you're going to do it at all, you should do it right. If this camp enables just one boy to come up to the big leagues one year faster, it's cheap at the price. Even if none of them have major-league ability, it's worth the money to us to find that out."

The Cardinals last February had one of the largest enrollments—forty-seven players—and certainly the most diversified. In addition to minor-leaguers, most of them from the higher brackets, half a dozen men who had spent the preceding season with St. Louis were brought along for special instruction, including two 1955 regulars—Ken Boyer and Rip Repulski.

General manager Frank Lane and team manager Fred Hutchinson both were new to the St. Louis organization. They wanted to see all the more-advanced talent at first hand. This year the same need doesn't exist. The 1957 Cardinal group is, on the whole, somewhat smaller and greener.

An important benefit of any instructional school is the opportunity it affords to the parent team's manager and coaches to familiarize themselves personally with farm-team standouts. This is especially true on a club which is holding a rookie camp for the first time, as was the case with the Philadelphia Phillies last year.

The Philadelphia school at Clearwater is frankly patterned after the Yankee model. The Phillies' general manager, Roy Hamey, was previously the chief lieutenant of George Weiss in New York, while their field boss, Mayo Smith, was a Yankee farm manager. Now in the process of trying to beef up a minor-league chain which has been sadly unproductive, the Phils consider the rookie camp an integral part of the program. Last year, starting from scratch, they had more boys from C and D leagues at their school than anybody else.

However, they bring along some fellows with major-league experience too. The most striking example on the 1957 list is veteran infielder Granny Hamner—the Phils are hoping to make a pitcher out of him.

A unique permanent feature of the Phillies' setup is that all of their farm-club managers, from Triple A to Class D, are on the camp staff. During Mayo Smith's time in the Yankee organization, he had the experience of working at Casey Stengel's school, and felt that he learned as much from it as any of the player-pupils. He thinks that every farm manager should get the same break. In addition, the Phillies believe this will help to standardize managerial procedures throughout their minor-league system.

Elsewhere they generally bring just the top two or three farm managers to the rookie school. The "faculty" also includes, as a rule, some experts in individual specialties, such as bunting and sliding. Often these are men who work as scouts for the parent club. The organization's farm director usually is in administrative charge of the camp, with the general manager overseeing things for at least part of the school term.

The predominant teaching philosophy is that instruction should be given on the field, where the ballplayers can learn by doing. You never see a blackboard at the Yankee camp, although they do show instructional movies to the boys a couple of nights a week at the hotel. The Cardinals took some movies of their boys in action at the plate and then went over the results with the players concerned, much as football teams study films of their own workouts.

Everywhere the lessons and drills are supplemented by frequent intrasquad games. Last year there was one intercamp game, with the Card rookies and the Red Sox rookies playing to a twelve-inning, 1–1 tie at Sarasota before 1200 spectators who paid the nominal admission charge of fifty cents. The Cards' Frank Lane favors the establishment of a regular winter rookie league among the clubs which have rookie schools in Florida.

On an average day the boys get on the field about ten o'clock in the morning and stay until around three-thirty or four in the afternoon, with a lunch break for whatever kind of snack the club trainer favors. The Phillies last year limited their athletes to a cup of clear soup and crackers; the Yankee youngsters could build sandwiches for themselves at a buffet table of bread and cold cuts.

The rookie school which looks most like a school is Detroit's Tigertown lay-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out. It was designed to handle minor-leaguers in wholesale lots. Four adjacent diamonds fan out from a central "command post" which features an observation platform and public-address system. Periodically the boys are all summoned to this central area for lectures. A blackboard often is used. A coach will diagram the duties of each man in a cutoff situation, for instance. Questions are invited and answered.

Detroit had the biggest of all rookie squads last year, although it was much smaller than during the farm-team training later on, when a total of nearly 250 boys went through Tigertown. To the February rookie school the Tigers brought fifty-one players, fifteen of them from the Detroit roster. None of the latter were full-fledged major-leaguers, however.

This year the Tigers have almost as large a rookie-camp squad, including an even greater proportion of players from their big-team roster. They have adopted the plan of having the rookie school overlap the big-league training program. The rookies don't start until February twentieth, but they will stay on until March seventh.

During the last part of this period many will get an opportunity to work along with the major-leaguers, and compete against them in intrasquad games.

The Boston Red Sox believe in rookie schools, but they don't believe in holding them year in and year out. They had their first one in 1952, and it produced four players for Boston that year—Ted Lepcio from Triple A, Jimmy Piersall from Double A, Faye Throneberry from Class A and Gene Stephens from Class D. All have had their ups and downs since then, but each is on a major-league roster this year, and Piersall in particular has become a solid success.

The Red Sox didn't have another rookie camp until last year. They are omitting it again in 1957. When the next one will take place is problematical. As general manager Joe Cronin explains it, Boston conducts such camps primarily for the purpose of taking inventory of its farm-club talent.

They also give the boys concentrated instruction, and endeavor to accelerate their development. But the Red Sox don't think that either the inventory taking or the instruction is necessary every year.

They had the smallest group in Florida last February—thirty-one players—and gave the longest course of schooling—twenty-two days. Cronin pointed out one of the less obvious values of this intensive program.

"It gives them experience in daylight baseball," he said. "We're a little different from most big-league clubs that way. In Boston we play only fourteen night games, but our boys in the lower minors hardly get any day ball at all."

At every rookie school, the older coaches remark upon how different it all is from their own early days in baseball, when a veteran would never dream of helping a newcomer, and a youngster got little or no instruction. Del Baker, of the Red Sox, was one who made this observation. Asked whether he thought the new approach was improving the caliber of baseball, he said reflectively, "I'm not sure. It's nicer for the boys today, but it could be too easy for them. In my time it was a dog-eat-dog business. Maybe the fellow who survived that, turned out to be a better ballplayer."

In any event, the modern trend toward more careful handling and training of ballplayers is here to stay. The rookie camp is one manifestation of this. In addition to the six teams which are operating these schools this year, others have done it in the recent past, and doubtless will be doing it again in the future.

The New York Giants gave considerable thought to starting a rookie camp in 1957, but finally decided to wait. The Kansas City Athletics, who tried it in 1955—their first year after acquiring the franchise from Philadelphia—expect to resume eventually. They aren't doing it this year, because they don't feel they have enough good farm talent yet to make it worth while.

The Pittsburgh Pirates had a February rookie camp for four straight years under Branch Rickey, who retired after the 1955 season. Rickey, of course, pioneered both the farm system and the mass-processing of young ballplayers, beginning on the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1920's. With the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1946 he ran a huge Returning Servicemen's Camp at Sanford, Florida. He went on to develop the Dodgertown base at Vero Beach, where the Dodgers and all their farm clubs now do their preseason conditioning.

This is the biggest and most elaborate training setup in baseball, and the Dodgers consider it the best. However, they, too, have gone in for the added wrinkle of assembling top minor-leaguers in February for extra schooling. In 1955 they had an early camp for thirty youngsters, beginning February fifteenth. Last year eight farm-club boys reported a week in advance with the Dodger batterymen, and the same procedure has been planned for this year.

The Baltimore Orioles had advance training for a total of forty-two players last February out in Scottsdale, Arizona. It wasn't a purebred rookie camp. Although the athletes were mostly younger players, the bulk of them—twenty-four—were from the major-team roster.

This year Baltimore's early camp definitely is of the rookie-school variety. The emphasis has swung over to boys on Oriole farm-club rosters, with twenty-eight minor-leaguers in an enrollment of forty-five. Like the Detroit Tigers, the Orioles are going to have their 1957 rookie camp overlap the regular training period. Some of the pitchers report February fifteenth. The rest of the boys will start work on February twenty-second, and then remain for another ten days when the main camp opens.

The Cleveland Indians, whose advance camp gets going this week in Tucson, never had a rookie school before. They didn't plan one for this year, either, but at the urging of their new manager, Kerby Farrell, the Indians agreed last month to give it a try. Farrell wanted a chance to screen as well as to instruct some of Cleveland's top prospects. He has a group of twenty-three to work with, fifteen of them from farm-team rosters. All or most of the players are due to stay on at Tucson until mid-March, when the minor-league clubs start their own training.

The Chicago White Sox had twenty-four minor-leaguers come to camp early with the batterymen last year. This year they merely plan to have four or five leading prospects take their spring-training with the White Sox squad. Almost every team goes at least that far in rookie schooling.

One club official who is outspokenly against the whole rookie-school idea is Gabe Paul, vice-president and general manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs. Cincinnati always brings enough minor-leaguers to its regular camp at Tampa to maintain both A squad and B squad exhibition schedules. Frank Robinson, the National League's Rookie of the Year in 1956, was an example. But when it comes to having separate advance camps for rookies, Gabe Paul is opposed.

"My ideas are a little bit different than some clubs', and that doesn't mean that I'm right and the others are wrong," Paul says. "But it is my feeling that the so-called rookie schools are unnecessary. For one thing, they keep the boys in training too long before their salaries start. The other thing is that I don't subscribe to the theory that a manager or coach or scout can tell too much about a boy's potentialities in an early game.

"You might say that fellows like Kucks and Grim came out of rookie schools, but the fact of the matter is that these were prospects, and everyone in the Yankee organization and everyone in every other organization knew these fellows had a pretty darned good chance to make the grade. They probably would have made the grade if there was never anything like a rookie school. Material comes from scouting and development, not from rookie schools."

Anyway, this writer talked to a random sampling of boys at the different rookie camps last February. Almost every one of them, in addition to professing general enthusiasm for the course of instruction, mentioned some specific way in which he had been helped.

With Sam Suplizio, the happy possessor of Mickey Mantle's uniform at the Yankee school, it was sun glasses—"I never really knew how to use them in the outfield before." Suplizio progressed from Binghamton in 1955 to Birmingham in 1956, and is earmarked to go a notch higher with Denver this year. Bob Martyn, an even more advanced outfield prospect, who went on to a good 1956 season at Denver, said the school had taught him more fine points of bunting technique than he knew existed.

Jackie Brandt credited the Cardinal instructors with showing him how to block a ball properly in the outfield, "so that it won't go through you even if you miss it. It will hit you instead."

Jimmy Coker, an eager kid catcher who bounced up from Class D to Class B in the Phillies' system last year, exclaimed fervently, "You spend a whole season doing something wrong, and then you come here and they straighten you out in five minutes. All my life I've been going down on one knee to block wide pitches. Now they've taught me how to go down on both knees, and go forward at the same time."

At the Detroit camp, ex-bonus-boy Rene Bertoia—he played most of 1956 in Triple A—said his tutors had helped him "to be loose as an infielder. I've always tended to be too stiff in my fielding." Rookie schools are made to order for bonus boys—those youngsters who must be kept with the major club for two years after signing, and seldom get to play very much, like Tommy Carroll with the Yankees. Jimmy Small, of Detroit, was one bonus pupil who showed real promise during the 1956 season. He got to the plate ninety-one times with the Tigers and batted .319.

Aside from the rookie-school graduates who come direct to the majors, there are others who make tremendous strides in the minors. The Yankees look upon shortstop Tony Kubek as a "can't-miss" prospect; he went from Quincy to Denver last year at the age of twenty. The Cardinals are equally high on young shortstop Eddie Kasko, who had a fine year in Triple A, as did Dick Schofield, a former bonus boy. The Phillies expect major-league help this season from last year's fine Miami pitching staff, many of whose members prepped at the 1956 rookie school. Detroit has such boys working up as pitcher John Tsitouris, who climbed from a D league to Class B and then to Class A, and looked good every step of the way.

If any of these boys eventually come through, the credit won't all belong to their rookie camp, naturally. Nobody claims that these schools can make something out of nothing. And the boy with exceptional talent admittedly is going to reach the big time regardless. However, rookie-school boosters do maintain that these camps can accelerate the progress of the youngster with major-league potential by as much as a year or two. At worst, it is hard to see how a rookie camp could do a kid any harm.

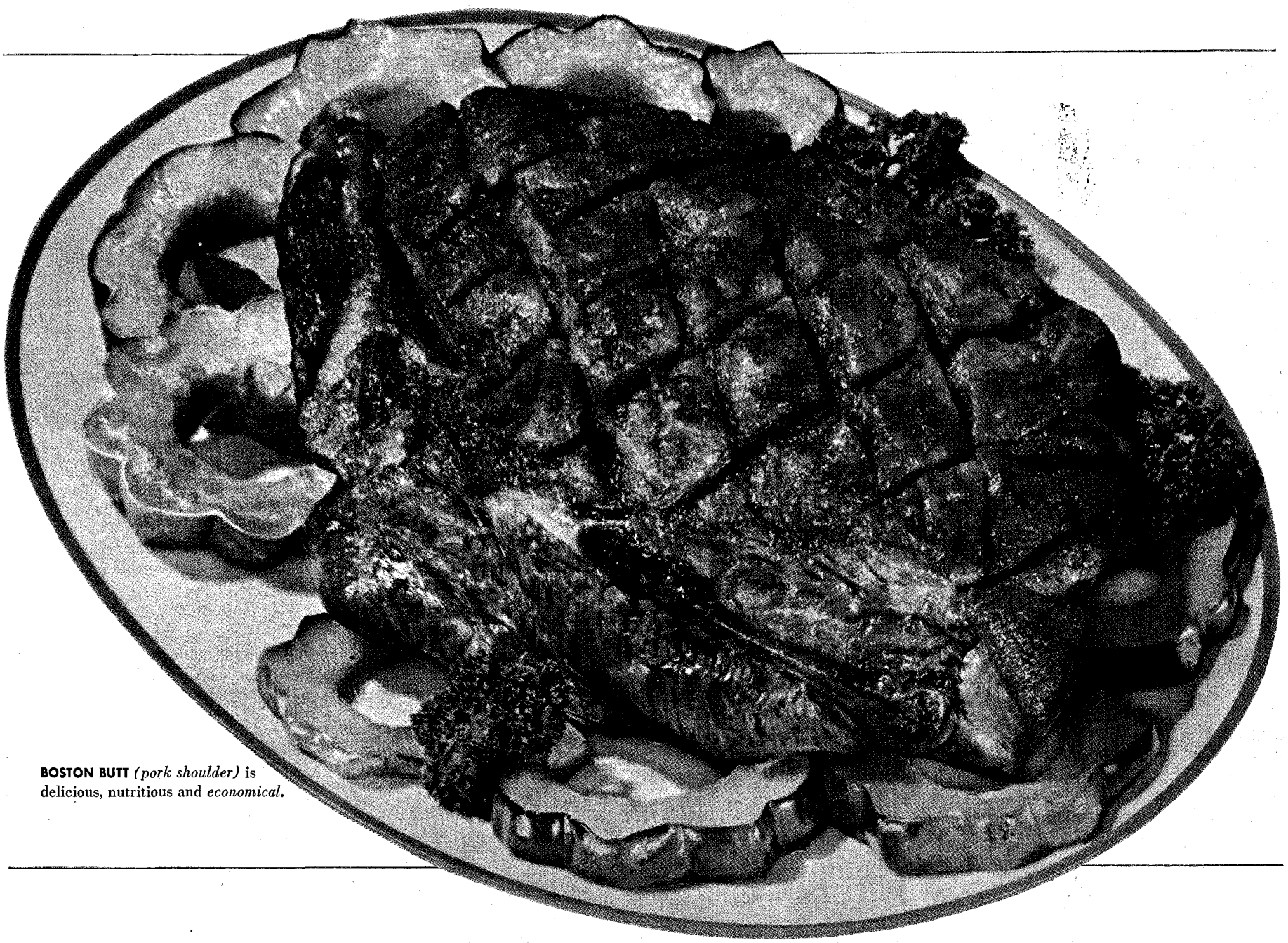
It all adds up to one of baseball's most appealing new developments. As always, it is going to be interesting to watch this February's crop of pupils and see how they finally turn out. THE END

"For you, Elvis."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Why the PORK that tastes so good *does us so much good*



**BOSTON BUTT** *(pork shoulder)* is delicious, nutritious and *economical.*

## Pork High in Nutrition!

VALUE OF PORK AS A SOURCE OF COMPLETE PROTEIN, VITAMIN $B_1$ (THIAMINE), FOOD IRON AND FOOD ENERGY

| COOKED MEAT (All Pork is 96-98% digestible) | Complete Protein | Vitamin $B_1$ (Thiamine) | Food Iron | Food Energy |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **PORK LOIN** | Excellent | Excellent | Excellent | Excellent |
| **HAM** | Excellent | Excellent | Excellent | Excellent |
| **BACON** | Good | Good | Good | Excellent |
| **PORK SAUSAGE** | Good | Good | Fair | Excellent |
| **PORK SHOULDER** | Excellent | Excellent | Good | Excellent |

Every tasty bite of pork is rich in complete, high-quality protein, food iron, and the B group of vitamins—as all meat is. Pork is an especially good source of $B_1$ (thiamine), a vitamin essential for growth, good appetite, and healthy nerves. And pork is easily digested — so easily that it is used in many baby foods. Enjoy pork often . . . enjoy its tasty goodness; enjoy the good nutritional health that *all* meat helps maintain.

• The nutritional statements made in this advertisement have been reviewed by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association and found consistent with current scientific opinion.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

*Headquarters, Chicago . . . Members throughout the U. S.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DON'T BE FROZEN OUT"

NOW REMOVE WINTERTIME DANDRUFF

WITH VERY FIRST SHAMPOO!

"Watch out for wintertime dandruff," says TV's *Miss Debbie Haley*. "Cold weather causes over-active scalp glands. Dry, overheated rooms make scalp flake more. Tight hats may interfere with circulation." So, you need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo *more than ever* in winter. It's the *only* shampoo specially made and guaranteed to remove dandruff with the very *first* lathering . . . or you get your money back!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

AT THE SAME TIME!

Use new, milder Fitch for *every* shampoo —not just to remove dandruff. It *brightens* hair up to 35% as it removes dulling dandruff and relieves itching scalp. Tests *prove* it! Helps recondition hair too. Leaves it softer, easier to manage and wave.

ONLY FITCH GUARANTEES DANDRUFF-FREE, BRIGHTER HAIR —OR MONEY BACK!

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo *today*. It *must* leave hair dandruff-free with just one lathering, must brighten hair too, or return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask at your Barber or Beauty Shop for a professional Fitch shampoo.

*Also available in Canada*

# Keeping Posted

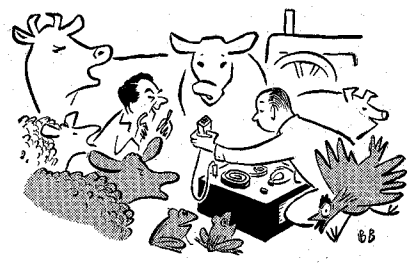
## How the Victor Borge Story Was Written

Victor Borge, who begins his autobiography on page 19, and collaborator Dean Jennings began their warm personal rapport four years ago when Borge was trying out in San Francisco what was to become his record-breaking Comedy In Music show. Jennings, then a show-business columnist on the local Chronicle, and his wife, Mary, took Borge on tours of the city which the Jenningses love best. That the writer and actor hit it off well may have been, Jennings suspects, "because in my youth I had studied piano, violin and voice, knew something about the classics, and sympathized with Borge's raised-eyebrows attitude toward stuffy music critics and people who attend classical concerts only because they think it's fashionable." In the picture Jennings is accompanying Borge's eyebrows on the pianoforte.

Last year Jennings, lugging his recording machine, breathlessly pursued the incredibly busy comedian as he toured the country. When there were moments to talk, Borge would make up for silent periods by pouring material into the recorder like floodwater proceeding over a broken dam. Jennings, after being backstage at Borge shows until he knew the routine by heart, was amazed by how the familiar lines kept right on melting him into teary-eyed mirth convulsions.

Finally Jennings managed some catch-as-catch-can interviews at the comedian's Southbury, Connecticut, farm, where Borge insisted on talking outdoors because those were the only chances he had to breathe fresh air. Later, in transcribing the recordings, Mrs. Josephine Giannetti, Jennings' secretary, found that sentences would disappear into sounds made by farm bulldozers, cows, sheep, Borge children, and loudmouthed bullfrogs. Sentences like, "Now, back in Copenhagen roar moo bleat-bleat!" can gradually break a secretary's heart.

Then Borge took off on a European tour, and Jennings, in Borge's attic and in New York, winnowed from clippings, letters, radio-show scripts, transcripts of old broadcasts, and from people a rich supply of material which was woven into the



story. Borge told Jennings to be sure to read his most ancient scrapbooks; so they proved to be all in Danish, of which Jennings knows one word, "og," meaning "and." A translator knew more words.

When Victor Borge, who knew no English on his arrival in America, went over the final manuscript, he frequently remarked, "I don't think this word expresses the precise meaning," and he would suggest another word. "Humph!" mutters Jennings, "every single time the dictionary showed him right."

## They Live Where They Happen to Be

Le Grand Henderson and his wife live in Sandypoint, Maine, unless they are living somewhere else, such as in a thatched cottage in Yucatán. One night in Yucatán some wild goats held a dance on a crag above their cottage and one fell through the roof, but Henderson pulled himself together and went right on writing the story about Maine on page 22. That's a different cottage in the picture—belongs to some Mayan Indians. Henderson, who has composed some thirty books and illustrated many of them, writes about Yucatán when he's in Maine.

Once the Hendersons bought a 24-foot sloop in the West Indies and undertook to sail it 4000 miles to Maine. That took eight months and they came through fine, even though Mrs. H. hails from Thomaston, Georgia, where, says her husband, the only visible water lies in shallow brooks called branches and is useful only as in the sentence, "I'll have bourbon and branch water."

## The "Mary Deare" Sails On

All's well with Hammond Innes' The Wreck of the Mary Deare, which was serialized in the Post last spring. The book, by Knopf, has been best-selling of late, and word now comes that Alfred Hitchcock will produce and direct the motion-picture version for M-G-M—meaning that a true virtuoso of suspense will be at the helm.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"Roughing it at Miami Beach"

Do you crave luxury? Want your every whim satisfied? Read about a $16,000,000 paradise for fast spenders and high livers, the fabulous Hotel Fontainebleau.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED